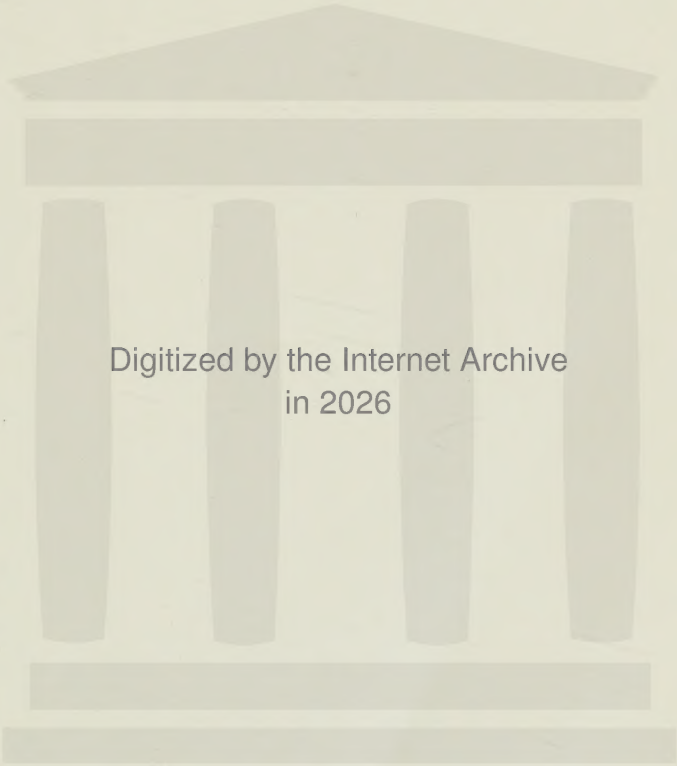

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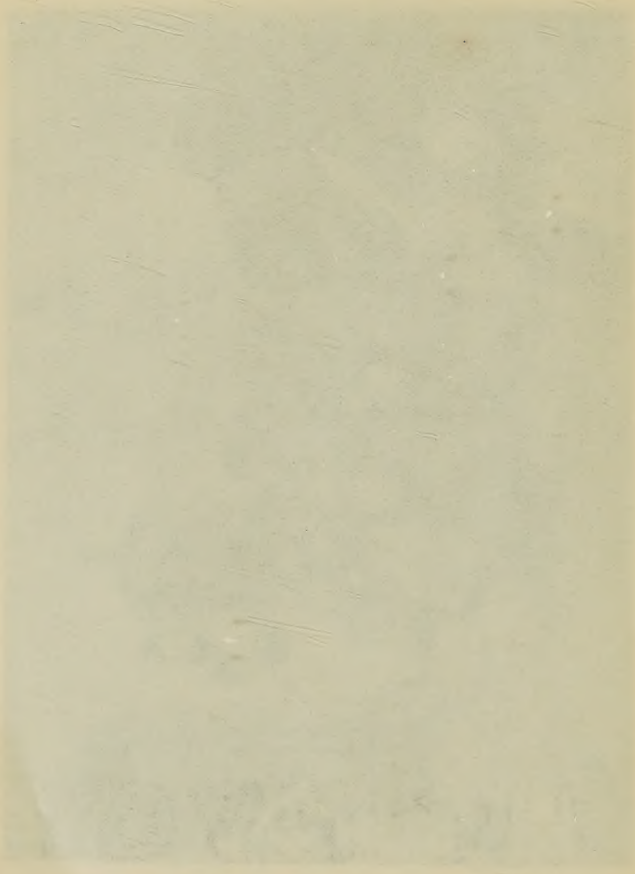
LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

XXIV

RESURRECTION

VOLUME II



VISITORS WAITING AT THE PRISON GATE

CHAPTER XXXVIII, BOOK I

THE NOVELS AND OTHER WORKS OF

LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

RESURRECTION

VOLUME II.

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1902

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RESURRECTION

BOOK II.—Continued.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAND SETTLEMENT.

It was morning before Nekhlúdoff could fall asleep, and therefore he woke late. At noon seven men, chosen from among the peasants at the foreman's invitation, came into the orchard, where the foreman had arranged a table and benches by digging posts into the ground, and fixing boards on the top, under the apple trees. It took some time before the peasants could be persuaded to put on their caps and to sit down on the benches. Especially firm was the ex-soldier, who to-day had bark shoes on. He stood erect, holding his cap as they do at funerals, according to military regulation. When one of them, a respectable-looking, broad-shouldered old man, with a curly, grizzly beard like that of Michael Angelo's "Moses," and grey hair that curled round the brown, bald forehead, put on his big cap, and, wrapping his coat round him, got in behind the table and sat down, the rest followed his example. When all had taken their places, Nekhlúdoff sat down opposite them, and leaning on the table over the paper on which he had drawn up his project, he began explaining it.

Whether it was that there were fewer present, or that he was occupied with the business in hand and not with

himself, anyhow, this time Nekhlúdoff felt no confusion. He involuntarily addressed the broad-shouldered old man with white ringlets in his grizzly beard, expecting approbation or objections from him. But Nekhlúdoff's conjecture was wrong. The respectable-looking old patriarch, though he nodded his handsome head approvingly, or shook it and frowned when the others raised an objection, evidently understood with great difficulty, and only when the others repeated what Nekhlúdoff had said in their own words. A little, almost beardless old fellow, blind in one eye, who sat by the side of the patriarch, and had a patched nankeen coat and old boots on, and who, as Nekhlúdoff found out later, was an oven-builder, understood much better. This man moved his brows quickly, attending to Nekhlúdoff's words with an effort, and at once repeated them in his own way. An old, thick-set man with a white beard and intelligent eyes understood as quickly, and took every opportunity to put in an ironical joke, clearly wishing to show off. The ex-soldier seemed also to understand matters, but got mixed, being used to senseless soldier's talk. A tall man with a small beard, a long nose, and a bass voice, who wore clean, home-made clothes and new bark-plaited shoes, seemed to be the one most seriously interested. This man spoke only when there was need of it. The two other old men, the same toothless one who had shouted a distinct refusal at the meeting the day before to every proposal of Nekhlúdoff's, and a tall, white, lame old man with a kind face, his thin legs tightly wrapped round with strips of linen, said little, though they listened attentively. First of all Nekhlúdoff explained his views in regard to personal property in land. "The land, according to my idea, can neither be bought nor sold, because if it could be, he who has got the money could buy it all, and exact anything he liked for the use of the land from those who have none."

"Just like tying one's wings in order to fly," said the white-bearded man with the laughing eyes.

"That's true," said the long-nosed man, in a deep bass.

"Just so," said the ex-soldier.

"A woman gathers a little grass for her cow; she's caught and imprisoned," said the white-bearded old man.

"Our own land is five versts away, and as to renting any it's impossible; the price is raised so high that it won't pay," added the cross, toothless old man. "They twist us into ropes, worse than during serfdom."

"I think as you do, and I count it a sin to possess land, so I wish to give it away," said Nekhlúdoff.

"Well, that's a good thing," said the old man, with curls like Angelo's "Moses," evidently thinking that Nekhlúdoff meant to let the land.

"I have come here because I no longer wish to possess any land, and now we must consider the best way of dividing it."

"Just give it to the peasants, that's all," said the cross, toothless old man.

Nekhlúdoff was abashed for a moment, feeling that these words implied doubt as to the honesty of his intentions, but he instantly recovered, and made use of the remark, in order to express what was in his mind, in reply.

"I should be glad to give it them," he said, "but to whom, and how? To which of the peasants? Why, to your commune, and not to that of Demínsk." (That was the name of a neighboring village with very little land.)

All were silent. Then the ex-soldier said, "Just so."

"Now, then, tell me how would you divide the land among the peasants if you had to do it?" said Nekhlúdoff.

"We should divide it up equally, so much for every man," said the oven-builder, quickly raising and lowering his brows.

"How else? Of course, so much per man," said the good-natured lame man with the white strips of linen round his legs.

Every one confirmed this statement, considering it satisfactory.

"So much per man? Then are the servants attached to the house also to have a share?" Nekhlúdoff asked.

"Oh, no," said the ex-soldier, trying to appear bold and merry. But the tall, reasonable man would not agree with him.

"If one is to divide, all must share alike," he said, in his deep bass, after a little consideration.

"It can't be done," said Nekhlúdoff, who had already prepared his reply. "If all are to share alike, then those who do not work themselves—do not plough—will sell their shares to the rich. The rich will again get at the land. Those who live by working the land will multiply, and land will again be scarce. Then the rich will again get those who need land into their power."

"Just so," quickly said the ex-soldier.

"Forbid to sell the land; let only him who ploughs it have it," angrily interrupted the oven-builder.

To this Nekhlúdoff replied that it was impossible to know who was ploughing for himself and who for another.

The tall, reasonable man proposed that an arrangement be made so that they should all plough communally, and those who ploughed should get the produce and those who did not should get nothing.

To this communistic project Nekhlúdoff had also an answer ready. He said that for such an arrangement it would be necessary that all should have ploughs, and that all the horses should be alike, so that none should be left behind, and that ploughs and horses and all the implements would have to be communal property, and that in order to get that, all the people would have to agree.

"Our people could not be made to agree in a lifetime," said the cross old man.

"We should have regular fights," said the old man with the laughing eyes. "The women especially would tear each other's eyes out."

"So that the thing is not as simple as it looks," said Nekhlúdoff, "and this is a thing not only we but many have been considering. There is an American, Henry George. This is what he has thought out, and I agree with him."

"Why, you are the master, and you give it as you like. What's it to you? The power is yours," said the cross old man.

This confused Nekhlúdoff, but he was pleased to see that not he alone was dissatisfied with this interruption.

"You wait a bit, Uncle Simon; let him tell us about it," said the reasonable man, in his imposing bass.

This emboldened Nekhlúdoff, and he began to explain Henry George's single-tax system. "The earth is no man's; it is God's," he began.

"Just so; that it is," several voices replied.

"The land is common to all. All have the same right to it, but there is good land and bad land, and every one would like to take the good land. How is one to do in order to get it justly divided? In this way: he that will use the good land must pay those who have got no land the value of the land he uses," Nekhlúdoff went on, answering his own question. "As it would be difficult to say who should pay whom, and money is needed for communal use, it should be arranged that he who uses the good land should pay the amount of the value of his land to the commune for its needs. Then every one would share equally. If you want to use land, pay for it—more for the good, less for the bad land. If you do not wish to use land, don't pay anything, and those who use the land will pay the taxes and the communal expenses for you."

"Well, he had a head, this George," said the oven-

builder, moving his brows. "He who has good land must pay more."

"If only the payment is according to our strength," said the tall man with the bass voice, evidently seeing what the plan led to.

"The payment should be not too high and not too low. If it is too high, it will not get paid, and there will be a loss; and if it is too low, it will be bought and sold and people would deal in land. This is the plan I wish to introduce among you here."

"That is just, that is right; yes, that would do," said the peasants encouragingly, fully understanding the arrangement.

"He has a head, this George," said the broad-shouldered old man with the curls. "See what he has invented."

"Well, then, how would it be if I wished to take some land?" asked the smiling foreman.

"If there is an allotment to spare, take it and work it," said Nekhlúdoff.

"What do you want it for? You have sufficient as it is," said the old man with the laughing eyes.

With this the conference ended.

Nekhlúdoff repeated his offer, and advised the men to talk it over with the rest of the commune and to return with the answer.

The peasants said they would talk it over and bring an answer, and they left in a state of excitement. Their loud talk was audible as they went along the road, and up to late in the night the sound of voices came along the river from the village.

The next day the peasants did not go to work, but spent it in considering the landlord's offer. The commune was divided into two parties—one which regarded the offer as a profitable one to themselves and saw no danger in agreeing to it, and another which suspected and feared the offer it did not understand. On the third day, however, all agreed, and some were sent to

Nekhlúdoff to accept his offer. They were influenced in their decision by the explanation some of the old men gave of the landlord's conduct, which did away with all fear of deceit. They thought the gentleman had begun to consider his soul, and was acting as he did for its salvation. The alms which Nekhlúdoff had given away while in Panóvo made this explanation seem likely. The fact that Nekhlúdoff had never before been face to face with such great poverty and so bare a life as the peasants had come to in this place, and was so appalled by it, made him give away money in charity, though he knew that this was not reasonable. He could not help giving the money, of which he now had a great deal, having received a large sum for the forest he had sold the year before, and also the hand money for the implements and stock in Kousmínski. As soon as it was known that the master was giving money in charity, crowds of people, chiefly women, began to come to ask him for help. He did not in the least know how to deal with them, how to decide, how much, and whom to give to. He felt that to refuse to give money, of which he had a great deal, to poor people was impossible, yet to give casually to those who asked was not wise. The only way out of this difficulty was to go away and this he hastened to do. The last day he spent in Panóvo, Nekhlúdoff looked over the things left in his aunts' house, and in the bottom drawer of the mahogany wardrobe with the brass lions' heads with rings through them, he found many letters, and amongst them a photograph of a group, consisting of his aunts, Sophia Ivánovna and Mary Ivánovna, himself as a student, and Katúsha, pure, lovely, and full of the joy of living. Of all the things in the house he took only the letters and the photograph. The rest he left to the miller who, at the smiling foreman's recommendation, had bought the house and all it contained, to be taken down and carried away, at one-tenth of the real value.

Recalling the feeling of regret at the loss of his prop-

erty which he had felt in Kousmínski, Nekhlúdoff was surprised how he could have felt this regret. Now he felt nothing but unceasing joy at the deliverance, and a sensation of newness, something like that which a traveller must experience when discovering new countries.

CHAPTER X.

NEKHLÚDOFF RETURNS TO TOWN.

The town struck Nekhlúdoff in a new and peculiar light on his return. He came back in the evening, when the gas was lit, and drove from the railway station to his house, where the rooms still smelt of naphthaline. Agraphéna Petróvna and Cornéy were both feeling tired and dissatisfied, and had even had a quarrel over those things that seemed made only to be aired and packed away. Nekhlúdoff's room was empty, but not in order, and the way to it was blocked up with boxes, so that his arrival evidently hindered the business which, owing to a curious kind of inertia, was going on in this house. The evident folly of these proceedings, in which he had once taken part, was so distasteful to Nekhlúdoff after the impressions the misery of the life of the peasants had made on him, that he decided to go to a hotel the next day, leaving Agraphéna Petróvna to put away the things as she thought fit until his sister should come and finally dispose of everything in the house.

Nekhlúdoff left home early and chose a couple of rooms in a very modest and not particularly clean lodging-house within easy reach of the prison, and, having given orders that some of his things should be sent there, he went to see the advocate. It was cold out of doors. After some rainy and stormy weather it had turned out cold, as it often does in spring. It was so cold that Nekhlúdoff felt quite chilly in his light over-

coat, and walked fast hoping to get warmer. His mind was filled with thoughts of the peasants, the women, children, old men, and all the poverty and weariness which he seemed to have seen for the first time, especially the smiling, old-faced infant writhing with his calfless little legs, and he could not help contrasting what was going on in the town. Passing by the butchers', fishmongers', and clothiers' shops, he was struck, as if he saw them for the first time, by the appearance of the clean, well-fed shopkeepers, like whom you could not find one peasant in the country. These men were apparently convinced that the pains they took to deceive the people who did not know much about their goods was not a useless but rather an important business. The coachmen with their broad hips and rows of buttons down their sides, and the door-keepers with gold cords on their caps, the servant-girls with their aprons and curly fringes, and especially the smart *isvóstchiks* with the nape of their necks clean shaven, as they sat lolling back in their traps, and examined the passers-by with dissolute and contemptuous air, looked well fed. In all these people Nekhlúdoff could not now help see some of those very peasants who had been driven into the town by lack of land. Some of the peasants driven to the town had found means of profiting by the conditions of town life and had become like the gentlefolk and were pleased with their position; others were in a worse position than they had been in the country and were more to be pitied than the country people.

Such seemed the bootmakers Nekhlúdoff saw in the basement lodgings; the pale, dishevelled washerwomen with their thin, bare arms ironing at an open window, out of which streamed soapy steam; such the two house-painters with their aprons and stockingless feet, all bespattered and smeared with paint, whom Nekhlúdoff met—their weak, brown arms bared to above the elbows—carrying a pailful of paint, and quarrelling

with each other. Their faces looked haggard and cross. The dark faces of the carters jolting along in their carts bore the same expression, and so did the faces of the tattered men and women who stood begging at the street corners. The same kind of faces were to be seen at the open windows of the eating-houses which Nekhlúdoff passed. By the dirty tables on which stood tea things and bottles, and between which waiters dressed in white shirts were rushing hither and thither, red, perspiring men with stupefied faces sat shouting and singing. One sat by the window with lifted brows and pouting lips and fixed eyes as if trying to remember something.

"And why are they all gathered here?" Nekhlúdoff thought, breathing in together with the dust which the cold wind blew toward him the air filled with the smell of rank oil and fresh paint.

In one street he met a row of carts loaded with something made of iron, that rattled so on the uneven pavement that it made his ears and head ache. He started walking still faster in order to pass the row of carts, when he heard himself called by name. He stopped and saw an officer with sharp-pointed moustaches and shining face who sat in the trap of a swell *izvóstchik* and waved his hand in a friendly manner, his smile disclosing unusually long, white teeth.

"Nekhlúdoff! Can it be you?"

Nekhlúdoff's first feeling was one of pleasure. "Ah, Schönbock!" he exclaimed joyfully; but he knew the next moment that there was nothing to be joyful about.

This was that Schönbock who had been in the house of Nekhlúdoff's aunts that day, and whom Nekhlúdoff had quite lost out of sight, but about whom he had heard that in spite of his debts he had somehow managed to remain in the cavalry, and by some means or other still kept his place among the rich. His gay, contented appearance corroborated this report.

"What a good thing that I have caught you. There

is no one in town. Ah, old fellow; you have grown old," he said, getting out of the trap and moving his shoulders about. "I only knew you by your walk. Look here, we must dine together. Is there any place where they feed one decently?"

"I don't think I can spare the time," Nekhlúdoff answered, thinking only of how he could get rid of his companion without hurting him.

"And what has brought you here?" he asked.

"Business, old fellow. Guardianship business. I am a guardian now. I am managing Samánoff's affairs —the millionaire, you know. He has softening of the brain, and he's got fifty-four thousand *desiatíns* of land," he said, with peculiar pride, as if he had himself made all these *desiatíns*. "The affairs were terribly neglected. All the land was let to the peasants. They did not pay anything. There were more than eighty thousand roubles debts. I changed it all in one year, and have got 70 per cent. more out of it. What do you think of that?" he asked proudly.

Nekhlúdoff remembered having heard that this Schönbock, just because he had spent all he had, had attained by some special influence the post of guardian to a rich old man who was squandering his property—and Schönbock was now evidently living by this guardianship. "How am I to get rid of him without offending him?" thought Nekhlúdoff, looking at this full, shiny face with the stiffened moustache and listening to his friendly, good-humoured chatter about where one gets fed best, and his bragging about his doings as a guardian.

"Well, then, where do we dine?"

"Really, I have no time to spare," said Nekhlúdoff, glancing at his watch.

"Then, look here. To-night, at the races—will you be there?"

"No, I shall not be there."

"Do come. I have none of my own now, but I back Grisha's horses. You remember; he has a fine stud.

You'll come, won't you? And we'll have some supper together."

"No, I cannot have supper with you either," said Nekhlúdoff with a smile.

"Well, that's too bad! And where are you off to now? Shall I give you a lift?"

"I am going to see an advocate, close here—round the corner."

"Oh, yes, of course. You have got something to do with the prisons—have turned into a prisoners' mediator, I hear," said Schönbock, laughing. "The Korchágins told me. They have left town already. What does it all mean? Tell me."

"Yes, yes, it is quite true," Nekhlúdoff answered; "but I cannot tell you about it in the street."

"Of course; you always were a crank. But you will come to the races?"

"No. I neither can nor wish to come. Please do not be angry with me."

"Angry? Dear me, no. Where do you live?" And suddenly his face became serious, his eyes fixed, and he drew up his brows. He seemed to be trying to remember something, and Nekhlúdoff noticed the same dull expression as that of the man with the raised brows and pouting lips whom he had seen at the window of the eating-house.

"How cold it is! Is it not? Have you got the parcels?" said Schönbock, turning to the *izvóstchik*.

"All right. Good-bye. I am very glad indeed to have met you," and warmly pressing Nekhlúdoff's hand, he jumped into the trap and waved his white-gloved hand in front of his shiny face, with his usual smile, showing his exceptionally white teeth.

"Can I also have been like that?" Nekhlúdoff thought, as he continued his way to the advocate's. "Yes, I wished to be like that, though I was not quite like it. And I thought of living my life in that way."

CHAPTER XI.

AN ADVOCATE'S VIEWS ON JUDGES AND PROSECUTORS.

NEKHLÚDOFF was admitted by the advocate before his turn. The advocate at once commenced to talk about the Menshóffs' case, which he had read with indignation at the inconsistency of the accusation.

"This case is perfectly revolting," he said; "it is very likely that the owner himself set fire to the building in order to get the insurance money, and the chief thing is that there is no evidence to prove the Menshóffs' guilt. There are no proofs whatever. It is all owing to the special zeal of the examining magistrate and the carelessness of the prosecutor. If they are tried here, and not in a provincial court, I guarantee that they will be acquitted, and I shall charge nothing. Now then, the next case, that of Theodosia Birukóff. The appeal to the Emperor is written. If you go to Petersburg, you'd better take it with you, and hand it in yourself, with a request of your own, or else they will only make a few inquiries, and nothing will come of it. You must try and get at some of the influential members of the Appeal Committee. I think that is all?"

"No; here I have a letter . . ."

"I see you have turned into a pipe—a spout through which all the complaints of the prison are poured," said the advocate with a smile. "It is too much; you'll not be able to manage it."

"No, but this is a striking case," said Nekhlúdoff, and gave a brief outline of the case of a peasant, in one village, who began to read and discuss the Gospels with his friends. The priests regarded this as a crime and informed the authorities. The magistrate examined him and the public prosecutor drew up an act of indictment, and the law courts committed him for trial.

"This is really too terrible," Nekhlúdoff said. "Can it be true?"

"What are you surprised at?"

"Why, everything. I can understand the police-officer, who simply obeys orders, but the prosecutor drawing up an act of that kind. An educated man . . ."

"That is where the mistake lies; we are in the habit of considering that the prosecutors and the judges in general are some kind of liberal persons. There was a time when they were such, but now it is quite different. They are just officials, only troubled about pay-day. They receive their salaries and want them increased, and there their principles end. They will accuse, judge, and sentence any one you like."

"Yes; but do laws really exist that can condemn a man to Siberia for reading the Bible with his friends?"

"Yes, to exile, if you can only prove that reading the Bible they took the liberty of explaining it to others not according to orders, and in this way condemned the explanations given by the Church. Blaming the Greek orthodox religion in the presence of the common people means, according to Article 196, exile to Siberia."

"Impossible!"

"I assure you it is so. I always tell these gentlemen, the judges," the advocate continued, "that I cannot look at them without gratitude, because if I am not in prison, and you and all of us, it is only owing to their kindness. To deprive us of our privileges, and send us all to the less remote parts of Siberia, would be an easy thing for them."

"Well, if it is so, and if everything depends on the *Procureur* and others who can, at will, either enforce the laws or not, what are the trials for?"

The advocate burst into a merry laugh. "You do put strange questions. My dear sir, that is philosophy. Well, we might have a talk about that, too. Could you come on Saturday? You will meet men of science, literary men, and artists at my house, and then we might

discuss these general questions," said the advocate, pronouncing the words "general questions" with ironical pathos. "You have met my wife? Do come."

"Thank you; I will try to," said Nekhlúdoff, and felt that he was telling an untruth, and knew that if he tried to do anything it would be to keep away from the advocate's literary evening, and the circle of the men of science, art, and literature.

The laugh with which the advocate met Nekhlúdoff's remark that trials could have no meaning if the judges might enforce the laws or not, as they liked, and the tone with which he pronounced the words "philosophy" and "general questions" proved to Nekhlúdoff how very differently he and the advocate and, probably, the advocate's friends, looked at things; and he felt that in spite of the distance that now existed between himself and his former companions, Schönbock, etc., the difference between himself and the circle of the advocate and his friends was still greater.

CHAPTER XII.

WHY THE PEASANTS FLOCK TO TOWN.

The prison was a long way off and it was getting late, so Nekhlúdoff took an *isvóstchik*. The *isvóstchik*, a middle-aged man with an intelligent and kind face, turned round towards Nekhlúdoff as they were driving along one of the streets and pointed to a huge house that was being built there.

"Just see what a tremendous house they have begun to build," he said, as if he was partly responsible for the building of the house and proud of it.

The house was really immense and was being built in a very original style. The strong pine beams of the scaffolding were firmly fixed together with iron bands and a plank wall separated the building from the street.

On the boards of the scaffolding, workmen all bespattered with plaster moved hither and thither like ants. Some were laying bricks, some hewing stones, some carrying up the heavy hods and pails and bringing them down empty. A fat and finely-dressed gentleman—probably the architect—stood by the scaffolding, pointing upward and explaining something to a contractor, a peasant from the Vladimir Government, who was respectfully listening to him. Empty carts were coming out of the gate by which the architect and the contractor were standing, and loaded ones were going in. "And how sure they all are—those that do the work as well as those that make them do it—that it ought to be; that while their wives at home, who are with child, are labouring beyond their strength, and their children with the patchwork caps, doomed soon to a cold death, smile like old men and contort their little legs, they must be building this stupid and useless palace for some stupid and useless person—one of those who spoil and rob them," Nekhlúdoff thought, while looking at the house.

"Yes, it is a stupid house," he said, uttering his thought out aloud.

"Why stupid?" replied the *isvóstchik*, in an offended tone. "Thanks to it, the people get work; it's not stupid."

"But the work is useless."

"It can't be useless, or why should it be done?" said the *isvóstchik*. "The people get bread by it."

Nekhlúdoff was silent, especially as it would have been difficult to talk through the clatter the wheels made.

When they came nearer the prison, and the *isvóstchik* turned off the paved on to the macadamised road, it became easier to talk, and he again turned to Nekhlúdoff.

"And what a lot of these people are flocking to the town nowadays; it's awful," he said, turning round on the box and pointing to a party of peasant workmen who were coming towards them, carrying saws axes,

sheepskins, coats, and bags strapped to their shoulders.

"More than in other years?" Nekhlúdoff asked.

"By far. This year every place is crowded, so that it's just terrible. The employers just fling the workmen about like chaff. Not a job to be got."

"Why is that?"

"They've increased. There's no room for them."

"Well, what if they have increased? Why do not they stay in the village?"

"There's nothing for them to do in the village—no land to be had."

Nekhlúdoff felt as one does when a sore place is touched. It feels as if the bruised part was always being hit; yet it is only because the place is sore that the touch is felt.

"Is it possible that the same thing is happening everywhere?" he thought, and began questioning the *isvóstchik* about the quantity of land in his village, how much land the man himself had, and why he had left the country.

"We have a *desiatín* per man, sir," he said. "Our family have three men's shares of the land. My father and a brother are at home, and manage the land, and another brother is serving in the army. But there's nothing to manage. My brother has had thoughts of coming to Moscow, too."

"And cannot land be rented?"

"How's one to rent it nowadays? The gentry, such as they were, have squandered all theirs. Men of business have got it all into their own hands. One can't rent it from them. They farm it themselves. We have a Frenchman ruling in our place; he bought the estate from our former landlord, and won't let it—and there's an end of it."

"Who's that Frenchman?"

"Dufour is the Frenchman's name. Perhaps you've heard of him. He makes wigs for the actors in the big theatre; it is a good business, so he's prospering. He

bought it from our lady, the whole of the estate, and now he has us in his power; he just rides on us as he pleases. The Lord be thanked, he is a good man himself; only his wife, a Russian, is such a brute that—God have mercy on us. She robs the people. It's awful. Well, here's the prison. Am I to drive you to the entrance? I'm afraid they'll not let us do it, though."

CHAPTER XIII.

NURSE MÁSLOVA.

When he rang the bell at the front entrance Nekhlúdoff's heart stood still with horror as he thought of the state he might find Máslova in to-day, and at the mystery he felt to be in her and in the people that were collected in the prison. He asked the jailer who opened the door for Máslova. After making the necessary inquiry the jailer informed him that she was in the hospital. Nekhlúdoff went there. A kindly old man, the hospital doorkeeper, let him in at once and, after asking Nekhlúdoff whom he wanted, directed him to the children's ward. A young doctor saturated with carbolic acid met Nekhlúdoff in the passage and asked him severely what he wanted. This doctor was always making all sorts of concessions to the prisoners, and was therefore continually coming into conflict with the prison authorities and even with the head doctor. Fearing lest Nekhlúdoff should demand something unlawful, and wishing to show that he made no exceptions for any one, he pretended to be cross. "There are no women here; it is the children's ward," he said.

"Yes, I know; but a prisoner has been removed here to be an assistant nurse."

"Yes, there are two such here. Then whom do you want?"

"I am closely connected with one of them, named

Máslova," Nekhlúdoff answered, "and should like to speak to her. I am going to Petersburg to hand in an appeal to the Senate about her case and should like to give her this. It is only a photo," Nekhlúdoff said, taking an envelope out of his pocket.

"All right, you may do that," said the doctor, relenting, and turning to an old woman with a white apron, he told her to call the prisoner—Nurse Máslova.

"Will you take a seat, or go into the waiting-room?"

"Thanks," said Nekhlúdoff, and profiting by the favourable change in the manner of the doctor towards him, he asked how they were satisfied with Máslova in the hospital.

"Oh, she is all right. She works fairly well, if you take the conditions of her former life into account. But here she is."

The old nurse came in at one of the doors, followed by Máslova, who wore a blue striped dress, a white apron, and a kerchief that quite covered her hair. When she saw Nekhlúdoff her face flushed, and she stopped as if hesitating, then frowned, and with downcast eyes went quickly towards him along the strip of carpet in the middle of the passage. When she came up to Nekhlúdoff she did not wish to give him her hand, and then gave it, growing redder still. Nekhlúdoff had not seen her since the day when she begged his forgiveness for having been in a passion, and he expected to find her the same as she was then. But to-day she was quite different. There was something new in the expression of her face, reserve and shyness, and, as it seemed to him, animosity towards him. He told her what he had already said to the doctor, *i.e.*, that he was going to Petersburg, and he handed her the envelope with the photograph which he had brought from Panóvo.

"I found this in Panóvo—it's an old photo; perhaps you would like it. Take it."

Lifting her dark eyebrows, she looked at him with surprise in her squinting eyes, as if asking, "What is

this for?" took the photo silently and put it in the bib of her apron.

"I saw your aunt there," said Nekhlúdoff.

"Did you?" she said, indifferently.

"Are you all right here?" Nekhlúdoff asked.

"Oh, yes, it's all right," she said.

"Not too difficult?"

"Oh, no. But I am not used to it yet."

"I am glad, for your sake. Anyhow, it is better than there."

"Than where—there?" she asked, her face flushing again.

"There—in the prison," Nekhlúdoff hurriedly answered.

"Why better?" she asked.

"I think the people are better. Here are none such as there must be there."

"There are many good ones there," she said.

"I have been seeing about the Menshóffs, and hope they will be liberated," said Nekhlúdoff.

"God grant they may. Such a splendid old woman," she said, again repeating her opinion of the old woman, and slightly smiling.

"I am going to Petersburg to-day. Your case will come on soon, and I hope the sentence will be repealed."

"Whether it is repealed or not won't matter now," she said.

"Why not now?"

"So," she said, looking with a quick, questioning glance into his eyes.

Nekhlúdoff understood the word and the look to mean that she wished to know whether he still kept firm to his decision or had accepted her refusal.

"I do not know why it does not matter to you," he said. "It certainly does not matter as far as I am concerned whether you are acquitted or not. I am ready to do what I told you in any case," he said decidedly.

She lifted her head and her black squinting eyes re-

mained fixed on him and beyond him, and her face beamed with joy. But the words she spoke were very different from what her eyes said.

"You should not speak like that," she said.

"I am saying it so that you should know."

"Everything has been said about that, and there is no use speaking," she said, with difficulty repressing a smile.

A sudden noise came from the hospital ward, and the sound of a child crying.

"I think they are calling me," she said, and looked round uneasily.

"Well, good-bye, then," he said. She pretended not to see his extended hand, and, without taking it, turned away and hastily walked along the strip of carpet, trying to hide the triumph she felt.

"What is going on in here? What is she thinking? What does she feel? Does she mean to prove me, or can she really not forgive me? Is it that she cannot or that she will not express what she feels and thinks? Has she softened or hardened?" he asked himself, and could find no answer. He only knew that she had altered and that an important change was going on in her soul, and this change united him not only to her but also to Him for whose sake that change was being wrought. And this union brought on a state of joyful animation and tenderness.

When she returned to the ward, in which there stood eight small beds, Máslova began, in obedience to the nurse's order, to arrange one of the beds; and, bending over too far with the sheet, she slipped and nearly fell down.

A little convalescent boy with a bandaged neck, who was looking at her, laughed. Máslova could not longer contain herself and burst into loud laughter, and such contagious laughter that several of the children also burst out laughing, and one of the sisters rebuked her angrily.

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"What are you giggling at? Do you think you are where you used to be? Go and fetch the food."

Máslova obeyed and went where she was sent; but, catching the eye of the bandaged boy who was not allowed to laugh, she again burst out laughing.

Whenever she was alone Máslova again and again pulled the photograph partly out of the envelope and looked at it admiringly; but only in the evening when she was off duty and alone in the bedroom which she shared with a nurse, did she take it quite out of the envelope and gaze long at the faded yellow photograph, caressing with her eyes every detail of faces and clothing, the steps of the veranda, and the bushes which served as a background to his and her and his aunts' faces, and could not cease from admiring especially herself—her pretty young face with the curly hair round the forehead. She was so absorbed that she did not hear her fellow-nurse come into the room.

"What is it that he's given you?" said the good-natured, fat nurse, stooping over the photograph. "Who's this? You?"

"Who else?" said Máslova, looking into her companion's face with a smile.

"And who's this?"

"Himself."

"And is this his mother?"

"No, his aunt. Would you not have known me?"

"Never. The whole face is altered. Why, it must be 10 years since then."

"Not years, but a lifetime," said Máslova. And suddenly her animation went, her face grew gloomy, and a deep line appeared between her brows.

"Why so? Your way of life must have been an easy one."

"Easy, indeed," Máslova reiterated, closing her eyes and shaking her head. "It is hell."

"Why, what makes it so?"

"What makes it so! From eight till four in the morning, and every night the same!"

"Then why don't they give it up?"

"They can't give it up if they want to. But what's the use of talking?" Máslova cried, jumping up and throwing the photograph into the drawer of the table. And with difficulty repressing angry tears, she ran out into the passage and slammed the door.

While looking at the group she imagined herself such as she was there, and dreamt of her happiness then and of the possibility of happiness with him now. But her companion's words reminded her of what she was now and what she had been, and brought back all the horrors of that life, which she had felt but dimly and not allowed herself to realise.

It was only now that the memory of all those terrible nights came vividly back to her, especially one during the carnival, when she was expecting a student who had promised to buy her out. She remembered how she—wearing her low-necked silk dress stained with wine, a red bow in her untidy hair, wearied, weak, half tipsy, having seen her visitors off, sat down during an interval in the dancing by the piano beside the bony pianiste with the blotchy face, who played the accompaniments to the violin, and began complaining of her hard fate; and how this pianiste said that she, too, was feeling how heavy her position was and would like to change it; and how Bertha suddenly came up to them; and how they all three decided to change their life. They thought that the night was over, and were about to go away, when suddenly the noise of tipsy voices was heard in the ante-room. The violinist played a tune and the pianiste began hammering the first figure of a quadrille on the piano, to the tune of a most merry Russian song. A small, perspiring man, smelling of spirits, with a white tie and swallow-tail coat, which he took off after the first figure, came up to her, hiccoughing, and caught her up, while another fat man, with a beard,

and also wearing a dress-coat (they had come straight from a ball) caught Clara up, and for a long time they turned, danced, screamed, drank. . . . And so it went on for another year, and another, and a third. How could she help changing? And he was the cause of it all. And, suddenly, all her former bitterness against him re-awoke; she wished to scold, to reproach him. She regretted having neglected the opportunity of repeating to him once more that she knew him, and would not give in to him—would not let him make use of her spiritually as he had done physically. And she longed for drink in order to stifle the feeling of pity for herself and the useless feeling of reproach to him. And she would have broken her word if she had been inside the prison. Here she could not get any spirits except by applying to the medical assistant, and she was afraid of him because he made up to her, and intimate relations with men were disgusting to her now. After sitting a while on a form in the passage she returned to her little room, and without paying any heed to her companion's words, she wept for a long time over her wrecked life.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ARISTOCRATIC CIRCLE.

Nekhlúdoff had four matters to attend to in Petersburg. The first was the appeal to the Senate in Máslova's case; the second, to hand in Theodosia Birukóff's petition to the Committee; the third, to comply with Véra Doúkhova's requests—*i.e.*, to try to get her friend Shoústova released from prison, and to get permission for a mother to visit her son in prison. Véra Doúkhova had written to him about this, and he was going to the Gendarmerie Office to attend to these two matters, which he counted as one.

The fourth matter he meant to attend to was the case of some sectarians who had been separated from their families and exiled to the Caucasus because they read and discussed the Gospels. It was not so much to them as to himself he had promised to do all he could to clear up this affair.

Since his last visit to Máslennikoff, and especially since he had been in the country, Nekhlúdoff had not exactly formed a resolution, but felt with his whole nature a loathing for that society in which he had lived till then, that society which so carefully hides the sufferings of millions in order to assure ease and pleasure to a small number of people, that the people belonging to this society do not and cannot see these sufferings, nor the cruelty and wickedness of their own life. Nekhlúdoff could no longer move in this society without feeling ill at ease and reproaching himself. And yet all the ties of relationship and friendship, and his own habits, were drawing him back into this society. Besides, that which alone interested him now, his desire to help Máslova and the other sufferers, made it necessary to ask for help and service from persons belonging to that society, persons whom he not only could not respect, but who often aroused in him indignation and a feeling of contempt.

When he came to Petersburg and stopped at his aunt's —his mother's sister, the Countess Tchársky, wife of a former minister—Nekhlúdoff at once found himself in the very midst of that aristocratic circle which had grown so foreign to him. This was very unpleasant, but there was no possibility of getting out of it. To put up at an hotel instead of at his aunt's house would have been to offend his aunt, and, besides, his aunt had important connections and might be extremely useful in all these matters he meant to attend to.

"What is this I hear about you? All sorts of marvels," said the Countess Katerína Ivánovna Tchársky as she gave him his coffee immediately after his arrival.

"*Vous posez pour un* Howard. Helping criminals, going the round of prisons, setting things right."

"Oh, no. I had no idea of it."

"Why not? It is a good thing, only there seems to be some romantic story connected with it. Let us hear all about it."

Nekhlúdoff told her the whole truth about his relations to Máslova.

"Yes, yes, I remember your poor mother telling me about it. That was when you were staying with those old women. I believe they wished to marry you to their ward (the Countess Katerína Ivánovna had always despised Nekhlúdoff's aunts on his father's side). So it's she. *Elle est encore jolie?*"

Katerína Ivánovna was a strong, bright, energetic, talkative woman of 60. She was tall and very stout, and had a decided black moustache on her lip. Nekhlúdoff was fond of her and had even as a child been infected by her energy and mirth.

"No, *ma tante*, that's at an end. I only wish to help her, because she is innocently accused. I am the cause of it and the cause of her fate being what it is. I feel it my duty to do all I can for her."

"But what is this I have heard about your intention of marrying her?"

"Yes, it was my intention, but she does not wish it."

Katerína Ivánovna looked at her nephew with raised brows and drooping eyeballs, in silent amazement. Suddenly her face changed, and with a look of pleasure she said: "Well, she is wiser than you. Dear me, you are a fool. And you would have married her?"

"Most certainly."

"After her having been what she was?"

"All the more, since I was the cause of it."

"Well, you are a simpleton," said his aunt, repressing a smile, "a terrible simpleton; but it is just because you are such a terrible simpleton that I love you." She repeated the word, evidently liking it, as it seemed to

correctly convey to her mind the idea of her nephew's moral state. "Do you know—— What a lucky chance. Aline has a wonderful home—the Magdalene Home. I went there once. They are terribly disgusting. After that I had to pray continually. But Aline is devoted to it, body and soul, so we shall place her there—yours, I mean."

"But she is condemned to Siberia. I have come on purpose to appeal about it. This is one of my requests to you."

"Dear me, and where do you appeal to in this case?"

"To the Senate."

"Ah, the Senate! Yes, my dear Cousin Leo is in the Senate, but he is in the heraldry department, and I don't know any of the real ones. They are all some kind of Germans—*Gay, Fay, Day—tout l'alphabet,* or else all sorts of Ivanóffs, Simënoffs, Níkítines, or else Ivanénkos, Simonénkos, Nikítenkos, *pour varier. Des gens de l'autre monde.* Well, all the same I'll tell my husband, he knows them. He knows all sorts of people. I'll tell him, but you will have to explain, he never understands me. Whatever I may say, he always maintains he does not understand it. *C'est un parti pris,* every one understands but only not he."

At this moment a footman with stockinged legs came in with a note on a silver platter.

"There now, from Aline herself. You'll have a chance of hearing Keswick."

"Who is Keswick?"

"Keswick? Come this evening, and you will find out who he is. He speaks in such a way that the most hardened criminals sink on their knees and weep and repent."

The Countess Katerína Ivánovna, however strange it may seem, and however little it seemed in keeping with the rest of her character, was a staunch adherent to that teaching which holds that the essence of Christianity lies in the belief in redemption. She went to meetings

where this teaching, then in fashion, was being preached, and assembled the "faithful" in her own house. Though this teaching repudiated all ceremonies, *icons*, and sacraments, Katerína Ivánovna had *icons* in every room, and one on the wall above her bed, and she kept all that the Church prescribed without noticing any contradiction in that.

"There now; if your Magdalene could hear him she would be converted," said the Countess. "Do stay at home to-night; you will hear him. He is a wonderful man."

"It does not interest me, *ma tante.*"

"But I tell you that it is interesting, and you must come home. Now you may go. What else do you want of me? *Videz votre sac.*"

"The next is in the fortress."

"In the fortress? I can give you a note for that to the Baron Kriegsmuth. *C'est un très brave homme.* Oh, but you know him; he was a comrade of your father's. *Il donne dans le spiritisme.* But that does not matter, he is a good fellow. What do you want there?"

"I want to get leave for a mother to visit her son who is imprisoned there. But I was told that this did not depend on Kriegsmuth but on Tchervyánsky."

"I do not like Tchervyánsky, but he is Mariette's husband; we might ask her. She will do it for me. *Elle est très gentille.*"

"I have also to petition for a woman who is imprisoned there without knowing what for."

"No fear; she knows well enough. They all know it very well, and it serves them right, those short-haired * ones."

"I do not know whether it serves them right or not. But they suffer. You are a Christian and believe in the Gospel teaching and yet you are so pitiless."

"That has nothing to do with it. The Gospels are the Gospels, but what is disgusting remains disgusting. It

* Many advanced women wear their hair short, like men.

would be worse if I pretended to love Nihilists, especially short-haired women Nihilists, when I cannot bear them."

"Why can you not bear them?"

"You ask why, after the 1st of March?"*

"They did not all take part in it on the 1st of March."

"Never mind; they should not meddle with what is no business of theirs. It's not women's business."

"Yet you consider that Mariette may take part in business."

"Mariette? Mariette is Mariette, and these are goodness knows what. Want to teach everybody."

"Not to teach but simply to help the people."

"One knows whom to help and whom not to help without them."

"But the peasants are in great need. I have just returned from the country. Is it necessary that the peasants should work to the very limits of their strength and never have sufficient to eat while we are living in the greatest luxury?" said Nekhlúdoff, involuntarily led on by his aunt's good nature into telling her what he was in his thoughts.

"What do you want, then? That I should work and not eat anything?"

"No, I do not wish you not to eat. I only wish that we should all work and all eat." He could not help smiling as he said it.

Again raising her brow and drooping her eyeballs his aunt looked at him curiously. "*Mon cher, vous finirez mal,*" she said.

Just then the general, and former minister, Countess Tchársky's husband, a tall, broad-shouldered man, came into the room.

"Ah, Dmítri, how d'you do?" he said, turning his freshly-shaved cheek to Nekhlúdoff to be kissed.

* The Emperor Alexander II. was killed on the first of March, old style.

"When did you get here?" And he silently kissed his wife on the forehead.

"*Non il est impayable,*" the Countess said, turning to her husband. "He wants me to go and wash clothes and live on potatoes. He is an awful fool, but all the same do what he is going to ask you. A terrible simpleton," she added. "Have you heard? Kámenskaya is in such despair that they fear for her life," she said to her husband. "You should go and call there."

"Yes; it is dreadful," said her husband. "Go along, then, and talk to him. I must write some letters."

Hardly had Nekhlúdoff stepped into the room next the drawing-room than she called him back.

"Shall I write to Mariette, then?"

"Please, *ma tante.*"

"I shall leave a blank for what you want to say about the short-haired one, and she will give her husband his orders, and he'll do it. Do not think me wicked; they are all so disgusting, your *protégées,* but *je ne leur veux pas de mal,*—bother them. Well, go, but be sure to stay at home this evening to hear Keswick, and we shall have some prayers. And if only you do not resist *cela vous fera beaucoup de bien.* I know your poor mother and all of you were always very backward in these things."

CHAPTER XV.

A STATESMAN.

Count Iván Micháelovitch had been a minister, and was a man of strong convictions. The convictions of Count Iván Michaelovitch consisted in the belief that, just as it was natural for a bird to feed on worms, to be clothed in feathers and down, and to fly in the air, so it was natural for him to feed on the choicest and most expensive food, prepared by highly-paid cooks, to

wear the most comfortable and most expensive clothing, to drive with the best and fastest horses, and that, therefore, all these things should be ready found for him. Besides this, Count Iván Micháelovitch considered that the more money he could get out of the treasury by all sorts of means, the more orders he had, up to and including the diamond mounted insignia of something or other, and the oftener he spoke to highly-placed individuals of both sexes, so much the better it was.

All the rest Count Iván Micháelovitch considered insignificant and uninteresting beside these dogmas. All the rest might be as it was, or just the reverse. Count Iván Micháclovitch lived and acted according to these lights for 40 years, and at the end of 40 years reached the position of a Minister of State. The chief qualities that enabled Count Iván Micháelovitch to reach this position were his capacity for understanding the meaning of documents and laws, and for drawing up, though clumsily, intelligible State papers, and of spelling them correctly; secondly, his very stately appearance, which enabled him, when necessary, to seem not only extremely proud, but unapproachable and majestic, while at other times he could be abjectly and almost passionately servile; thirdly, the absence of any general principles or rules, either of personal or administrative morality, which made it possible for him either to agree or disagree with anybody according to what was wanted at the time. When acting thus his only endeavor was to sustain the appearance of good breeding and not to seem too plainly inconsistent. As for his actions being moral or not in themselves, or whether they were going to result in the highest welfare or greatest evil for the whole of the Russian Empire, or even the entire world, that was quite indifferent to him. When he became a minister not only those dependent on him (and there were a great many of them) and people connected with him, but any strangers and even he himself were convinced that he was a very clever statesman. But after

some time had elapsed and he had done nothing and had elucidated nothing, and when in accordance with the law of the struggle for existence others, like himself, who had learnt to write and understand documents, stately and unprincipled officials, had displaced him, it became plain to everyone that he was not only far from clever but was very limited and badly educated. Though self-assured, as his views hardly reached the level of those in the leading articles of the Conservative papers, it became apparent that there was nothing in him to distinguish him from those other badly-educated and self-assured officials who had pushed him out, and he himself saw it. But this did not shake his conviction that he had to receive a great deal of money out of the Treasury every year, and new decorations for his dress clothes. This conviction was so firm that no one had the pluck to refuse these things to him, and he received yearly, partly in form of a pension, partly as a salary for being a member in a Government institution and chairman of all sorts of committees and councils, several tens of thousands of roubles, besides the right—highly prized by him—of sewing all sorts of new cords to his shoulders and trousers, and ribbons and enamel stars to fix on to his dress clothes. In consequence of this Count Iván Micháelovitch had very high connections.

Count Iván Micháelovitch listened to Nekhlúdoff as he was wont to listen to the reports of the permanent secretary of his department, and, having heard him, said he would give him two notes, one to the Senator Wolf, of the Appeal Department. "All sorts of things are reported of him, but *dans tous les cas c'est un homme très comme il faut*," he said. "He is indebted to me, and will do all that is possible." The other note Count Iván Micháelovitch gave Nekhlúdoff was to an influential member of the Petition Committee. The story of Theodosia Birukóff as told by Nekhlúdoff interested him very much. When Nekhlúdoff said that he thought of writing to the Empress, the Count replied that it cer-

tainly was a very touching story, and might, if occasion presented itself, be told her, but he could not promise. Let the petition be handed in in due form. Should there be an opportunity, and if a *petit comit* were called on Thursday, he thought he would tell her the story. As soon as Nekhlúdoff had received these two notes, and a note to Mariette from his aunt, he at once set off to these different places.

First he went to Mariette's. He had known her as a half-grown girl, the daughter of an aristocratic but not wealthy family, and had been told that she had married a man who was making a career, and whom Nekhlúdoff had heard badly spoken of; and, as usual, he felt it hard to ask a favour of a man he did not esteem. In these cases he always felt an inner dissension and dissatisfaction, and wavered whether to ask the favour or not, and always resolved to ask. Besides feeling himself in a false position among those to whose set he no longer regarded himself as belonging, but who yet regarded him as belonging to them, he felt himself getting into the old accustomed rut, and in spite of himself fell into the thoughtless and immoral tone that reigned in that circle. He felt that from the first, with his aunt, he involuntarily fell into a bantering tone while talking about serious matters.

Petersburg in general affected him with its usual physically invigorating and mentally dulling effect.

Everything was so clean, so comfortably well-arranged and the people were so lenient in moral matters, that life seemed very easy.

A fine, clean, and polite *isvóstchik* drove him past fine, clean, polite policemen, along the fine, clean, watered streets, past fine, clean houses, to the house in which Mariette lived. At the front door stood a pair of English horses, with English harness, and an English-looking coachman on the box, with the lower part of his face shaved, proudly holding a whip. The doorkeeper, dressed in a wonderfully clean livery, opened the door

into the hall, where in still cleaner livery with gold cords stood the footman with his splendid whiskers well combed out, and the orderly on duty in a brand-new uniform. "The general does not receive, and her Excellence does not receive either. She is just going to drive out."

Nekhlúdoff took out Kateríno Ivánovna's letter, and going up to a table on which lay a visitors' book, began to write that he was sorry not to have been able to see any one; when the footman went up the staircase, the doorkeeper went out and shouted to the coachman, and the orderly stood up rigid with his arms at his sides following with his eyes a little, slight lady, who was coming down the stairs with rapid steps not in keeping with all the grandeur.

Mariette had a large hat on, with feathers, a black dress and cape, and new black gloves. Her face was covered by a veil.

When she saw Nekhlúdoff she lifted the veil off a very pretty face with bright eyes that looked inquiringly at him.

"Ah, Prince Dimítri Ivánovitch Nekhlúdoff," she said, with a soft, pleasant voice. "I should have known——"

"What! you even remember my name?"

"I should think so. Why, I and my sisters have even been in love with you," she said, in French. "But, dear me, how you have altered. Oh, what a pity I have to go out. But let us go up again," she said and stopped hesitatingly. Then she looked at the clock. "No, I can't. I am going to Kámenskaya's to attend a mass for the dead. She is terribly afflicted."

"Who is this Kámenskaya?"

"Have you not heard? Her son was killed in a duel. He fought Pósen. He was the only son. Terrible! The mother is very much afflicted."

"Yes. I heard something of it."

"No, I had better go, and you must come again, to-

night or to-morrow," she said, and went to the door with quick, light steps.

"I cannot come to-night," he said, going out after her; "but I have a request to make you," and he looked at the pair of bays that were drawing up to the front door.

"What is it?"

"This is a letter from my aunt to you," said Nekhlúdoff, handing her a narrow envelope, with a large crest. "You'll find all about it there."

"I know Countess Katerína Ivánovna thinks I have some influence with my husband in business matters. She is mistaken. I can do nothing and do not like to interfere. But, of course, for you I am willing to be false to my principle. What is this business about?" she said, searching in vain for her pocket with her little black gloved hand.

"There is a girl imprisoned in the fortress, and she is ill and innocent."

"What is her name?"

"Lydia Shoústova. It's in the note."

"All right; I'll see what I can do," she said, and lightly jumped into her little, softly upholstered, open carriage with brightly-varnished splash-guards glistening in the sunshine, and opened her parasol. The footman got on the box and gave the coachman a sign. The carriage moved, but at that moment she touched the coachman with her parasol and the slim-legged beauties, the bay mares, stopped, bending their beautiful necks and stepping from foot to foot.

"But you must come; only, please, without interested motives," and she looked at him with a smile, the force of which she well knew; and, as if the performance over, she were drawing the curtain, she dropped the veil over her face again. "All right," and she again touched the coachman.

Nekhlúdoff raised his hat, and the well-bred bays, slightly snorting, set off, their shoes clattering on the

pavement, and the carriage rolled quickly and smoothly on its new rubber tyres, giving a jump only now and then over some unevenness of the road.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SENATOR.

When Nekhlúdoff remembered the smiles that had passed between him and Mariette, he shook his head.

"You have hardly time to turn round before you are again drawn into this life," he thought, feeling that discord and those doubts which the necessity to curry favour from people he did not esteem occasioned.

After considering where to go first, so as not to have to retrace his steps, Nekhlúdoff set off for the Senate. There he was shown into the office where he found a great many very polite and very clean officials in the midst of a magnificent apartment. Máslova's petition was received and consigned to the consideration of that Senator Wolf to whom Nehlúdoff had a letter from his uncle, to be reported upon.

"There will be a meeting of the Senate this week," the official said to Nekhlúdoff, "but Máslova's case will hardly come before that meeting."

"It might come before the meeting on Wednesday, by special request," one of the officials remarked.

During the time Nekhlúdoff waited in the office, while some information was being taken, he heard that the conversation in the Senate was all about the duel, and he heard a detailed account of how a young man, Káminski, had been killed. It was here he first heard the full facts of the case which was exciting the interest of all Petersburg. The story was this: Some officers were eating oysters and, as usual, drinking very much, when one of them said something ill-natured about the regiment to which Káminski belonged, and Káminski called

him a liar. The other hit Káminski. The next day they fought. Káminski was wounded in the stomach and died two hours later. The murderer and the seconds were arrested, but it was said that though they were arrested and in the guardhouse they would be set free in a fortnight.

From the Senate Nekhlúdoff drove to see an influential member of the Petition Committee, Baron Vorobióff, who lived in a splendid house belonging to the Crown. The doorkeeper told Nekhlúdoff in a severe tone that the Baron could not be seen except on his reception days; that he was with His Majesty the Emperor to-day, and the next day he would again have to deliver a report. Nekhlúdoff left his uncle's letter with the doorkeeper and went on to see the Senator Wolf. Wolf had just had his lunch, and was helping digestion in his customary manner by smoking a cigar and pacing up and down the room, when Nekhlúdoff came in. Vladímir Vasílievitch Wolf was certainly *un homme très comme il faut*, and prized this quality very highly, and from that elevation he looked down on everybody else. He could not but esteem this quality of his very highly, because it was thanks to it alone that he had made a brilliant career, the very career he desired, *i.e.*, by marriage he obtained a fortune which brought him in 18,000 roubles a year, and by his own exertions he secured the post of a Senator. He considered himself not only *un homme très comme il faut*, but also a man of knightly honour. By honour he understood not accepting secret bribes from private persons. But he did not consider it dishonest to beg money for payment of fares and all sorts of travelling expenses from the Crown, and to do anything the Government might require of him in return. To ruin hundreds of innocent people, to cause them to be imprisoned, to be exiled because of their love for their people and the religion of their fathers, as he had done in one of the Governments of Poland when he was Governor there. He did not consider it dishonourable,

but even thought it a noble, manly and patriotic action. Nor did he consider it dishonest to rob his wife and sister-in-law, as he had done, but thought it a wise way of arranging his family affairs. His family consisted of his common-place wife, his sister-in-law, whose fortune he had appropriated by selling her estate and putting the money to his account, and his meek, frightened, plain daughter, who lived a lonely, weary life, from which she had lately begun to look for relaxation in evangelicalism, attending meetings at Aline's, and the Countess Katerína Ivánovna. Wolf's son, who had grown a beard at the age of 15, and had at that age begun to drink and lead a depraved life (which he continued to do till the age of 20, when he was turned out by his father because he never finished his studies), moved in a low set and by making debts compromised his father. The father had once paid a debt of 250 roubles for his son, then another of 600 roubles, but warned the son that he did it for the last time, and that if the son did not reform he would be turned out of the house and all further intercourse between him and his family would be stopped. The son did not reform, but made a debt of a thousand roubles, and took the liberty of telling his father that life at home was a torment anyhow. Then Wolf informed his son that he might go where he pleased—that he was no son of his any longer Since then Wolf pretended he had no son, and no one at home dared speak to him about his son, and Vladímir Vasílievitch Wolf was firmly convinced that he had arranged his family life in the best way. Wolf stopped pacing up and down his study, and greeted Nekhlúdoff with a friendly though slightly ironical smile, which was his way of showing *comme il faut*, his superiority to the majority of men. He read the note which Nekhlúdoff handed to him.

"Please take a seat, and excuse me if I continue to walk up and down, with your permission," he said, putting his hands into his coat pockets, and began walking

with light, soft steps across his large, quietly and stylishly furnished study.

"Very pleased to make your acquaintance and of course very glad to do anything that Count Iván Micháelovitch wishes," he said, blowing the fragrant blue smoke out of his mouth and removing his cigar carefully so as not to drop the ash.

"I should only like to ask that the case might come on soon, so that if the prisoner has to go to Siberia she might set off early," said Nekhlúdoff.

"Yes, yes, with one of the first steamers from Níjni. I know," said Wolf, with his patronising smile, always knowing in advance whatever one wanted to tell him.

"What is the prisoner's name?"

"Máslova."

Wolf went up to the table and looked at a paper that lay on a piece of cardboard among other business papers.

"Yes, yes. Máslova. All right, I will ask the others. We will hear the case on Wednesday."

"Then may I telegraph to the advocate?"

"The advocate! What's that for? But if you like, why not?"

"The causes for appeal may be insufficient," said Nekhlúdoff, "but I think the case will show that the sentence was passed owing to a misunderstanding."

"Yes, yes; it may be so, but the Senate cannot decide the case on its merits," said Wolf, looking seriously at the ash of his cigar. "The Senate only considers the exactness of the application of the laws and their right interpretation."

"But this seems to me to be an exceptional case."

"I know, I know! All cases are exceptional. We shall do our duty. That's all." The ash was still holding on, but had begun breaking, and was in danger of falling.

"Do you often come to Petersburg?" said Wolf, holding his cigar so that the ash should not fall. But

the ash began to shake, and Wolf carefully carried it to the ashpan, into which it fell.

"What a terrible thing this is with regard to Káminski," he said. "A splendid young man. The only son. Especially the mother's position," he went on, repeating almost word for word what every one in Petersburg was at that time saying about Káminski. Wolf spoke a little about the Countess Katerína Ivánovna and her enthusiasm for the new religious teaching, which he neither approved nor disapproved of, but which was evidently needless to him who was so *comme il faut*, and then rang the bell.

Nekhlúdoff bowed.

"If it is convenient, come and dine on Wednesday and I will give you a decisive answer," said Wolf, extending his hand.

It was late, and Nekhlúdoff returned to his aunt's.

CHAPTER XVII.

COUNTESS KATERÍNA IVÁNOVNA'S DINNER PARTY.

COUNTESS KATERÍNA IVÁNOVNA'S dinner hour was half-past seven, and the dinner was served in a new manner that Nekhlúdoff had not yet seen anywhere. After they had placed the dishes on the table the waiters left the room and the diners helped themselves. The men would not let the ladies take the trouble of moving, and, as befitted the stronger sex, they manfully took on themselves the burden of putting the food on the ladies' plates and of filling their glasses. When one course was finished, the Countess pressed the button of an electric bell fitted to the table and the waiters stepped in noiselessly and quickly carried away the dishes, changed the plates, and brought in the next course. The dinner was very refined, the wines very costly. A French *chef* was working in the large, light

kitchens, with two white-clad assistants. There were six persons at dinner, the Count and Countess, their son (a surly officer in the Guards who sat with his elbows on the table), Nekhlúdoff, a French lady reader, and the Count's chief steward, who had come up from the country. Here, too, the conversation was about the duel and opinions were given as to how the Emperor regarded the case. It was known that the Emperor was very much grieved for the mother's sake, and all were grieved for her, and as it was also known that the Emperor did not mean to be very severe to the murderer, who defended the honour of his uniform, all were also lenient to the officer who had defended the honour of his uniform. Only the Countess Katerína Ivánovna, with her free thoughtlessness, expressed her disapproval.

"They get drunk, and kill unobjectionable young men. I should not forgive them on any account," she said.

"Now, that's a thing I cannot understand," said the Count.

"I know that you never can understand what I say," the Countess began, and turning to Nekhlúdoff, she added: "Everybody understands except my husband. I say I am sorry for the mother, and I do not wish that he should kill and then be satisfied." Then her son, who had been silent up to this point, took the murderer's part, and rudely attacked his mother, arguing that an officer could not behave in any other way, because his fellow-officers would condemn him and turn him out of the regiment. Nekhlúdoff listened to the conversation without joining in. Having been an officer himself, he understood, though he did not agree with, young Tchársky's arguments, and at the same time he could not help contrasting the fate of the officer with that of a beautiful young convict whom he had seen in the prison, and who was condemned to the mines for having killed another in a fight. Both had turned murderers through drunkenness. The peasant had killed a man

in a moment of irritation, and he was parted from his wife and family, had chains on his legs, and his head shaved, and was going to hard labour in Siberia, while the officer was sitting in a fine room in the guardhouse, eating a good dinner, drinking good wine, and reading books, and would be set free in a day or two to live as he had done before, having only become more interesting by the affair. Nekhlúdoff said what he had been thinking, and at first his aunt, Katerína Ivánovna, seemed to agree with him, but at last she became silent as the rest had done, and Nekhlúdoff felt that he had committed something akin to an impropriety. In the evening, soon after dinner, the large hall,—with high-backed carved chairs arranged in rows as for a meeting, and an armchair next to a little table, with a bottle of water for the speaker,—began to fill with people come to hear the foreigner, Keswick, preach. Elegant equipages stopped at the front entrance. In the hall sat richly-dressed ladies in silks and velvets and lace, with false hair and false busts and drawn-in waists, and among them men in uniform and evening dress, and some five persons of the common class: two men-servants, a shop-keeper, a footman, and a coachman. Keswick, a thick-set, grisly man, spoke English, and a thin young girl, with a *pince-nez*, translated it into Russian promptly and well. He said that our sins were so great, the punishment for them so great and so unavoidable, that it was impossible to live anticipating such punishment. "Beloved brothers and sisters, let us for a moment consider what we are doing, how we are living, how we have offended against the all-loving Lord, and how we make Christ suffer, and we cannot but understand that there is no forgiveness possible for us, no escape possible, that we are all doomed to perish. A terrible fate awaits us—everlasting torment," he said, with tears in his trembling voice. "Oh, how can we be saved, brothers? How can we be saved from this terrible, unquenchable fire? The house is in flames; there is no escape."

He was silent for a while, and real tears flowed down his cheeks. For about eight years now, each time he got to this part of his speech, which he himself liked so well, he felt a choking in his throat and an irritation in his nose, and the tears came into his eyes, and these tears touched him still more. Sobs were heard in the room. The Countess Katerína Ivánovna sat with her elbows on an inlaid table, leaning her head on her hands, and her shoulders were shaking. The coachman looked with fear and surprise at the foreigner, feeling as if he was about to run him down with the pole of his carriage and the foreigner would not move out of his way. All sat in positions similar to that Katerína Ivánovna had assumed. Wolf's daughter, a thin, fashionably-dressed girl, very like her father, knelt with her face in her hands.

The orator suddenly uncovered his face, and smiled a very real-looking smile, such as actors express joy with, and began again with a sweet, gentle voice:

"Yet there is a way to be saved. Here it is—a joyful, easy way. The salvation is the blood shed for us by the only son of God, who gave himself up to torments for our sake. His sufferings, His blood, will save us. Brothers and sisters," he said, again with tears in his voice, "let us praise the Lord, who has given His only begotten son for the redemption of mankind. His holy blood. . . ."

Nekhlúdoff felt so deeply disgusted that he rose silently, and frowning and keeping back a groan of shame, he left on tiptoe, and went to his room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OFFICIALDOM.

HARDLY had Nekhlúdoff finished dressing the next morning, just as he was about to go down, the footman brought him a card from the Moscow advocate. The

advocate had come to St. Petersburg on business of his own, and also to be present when Máslova's case was examined in the Senate, if it was coming on soon. The telegram sent by Nekhlúdoff crossed him on the way. Having found out from Nekhlúdoff when the case was going to be heard, and which Senators were to be present, he smiled. "Exactly, all the three types of Senators," he said. "Wolf is a Petersburg official; Skovoródniko is a theoretical lawyer, and Bay is a practical lawyer, and therefore the most alive of them all," said the advocate. "There is most hope of him. Well, and how about the Petition Committee?"

"Oh, I'm going to Baron Vorobióff to-day. I could not get an audience with him yesterday.

"Do you know why he is *Baron* Vorobióff?" said the advocate, noticing the slightly ironical stress that Nekhlúdoff put on this foreign title, followed by so very Russian a surname. "That was because the Emperor Paul rewarded the grandfather—I think he was one of the Court footmen—by giving him this title. He managed to please him in some way, so he made him a baron. 'It's my wish, so don't gainsay me!' And so there's a *Baron* Vorobióff, and very proud of the title. He is a dreadful old humbug."

"Well, I'm going to see him," said Nekhlúdoff.

"That's good; we can go together. I shall give you a lift."

As they were starting, a footman met Nekhlúdoff in the ante-room, and handed him a note from Mariette:

Pour vous faire plaisir, j'ai agi tout à fait contre mes principes et j'ai intercédé auprès de mon mari pour votre protégée. Il se trouve que cette personne peut être relachée immédiatement. Mon mari a écrit au commandant. Venez donc disinterestedly. *Je vous attends.* M.

"Just fancy!" said Nekhlúdoff to the advocate. "Is this not dreadful? A woman whom they have kept in solitary confinement for seven months turns out to be

quite innocent, and only a word was needed to get her released."

"That's always so. Well, anyhow, you have succeeded in getting what you wanted."

"Yes, but this success grieves me. Just think what must be going on there. Why have they been keeping her?"

"Oh, it's best not to look too deeply into it. Well, then, I shall give you a lift, if I may," said the advocate, as they left the house, and a fine carriage that the advocate had hired drove up to the door. "It's Baron Vorobióff you are going to see?"

The advocate gave the driver his directions, and the two good horses quickly brought Nekhlúdoff to the house in which the Baron lived. The Baron was at home. A young official in uniform, with a long, thin neck, a much protruding Adam's apple, and an extremely light walk, and two ladies were in the first room.

"Your name, please?" the young man with the Adam's apple asked, stepping with extreme lightness and grace across from the ladies to Nekhlúdoff.

Nekhlúdoff gave his name.

"The Baron was just mentioning you," said the young man, the Baron's adjutant, and went out through an inner door. He returned, leading a weeping lady dressed in mourning. With her bony fingers the lady was trying to pull her tangled veil over her face in order to hide her tears.

"Come in, please," said the young man to Nekhlúdoff, lightly stepping up to the door of the study and holding it open. When Nekhlúdoff entered, he saw before him a thick-set man of medium height, with short hair, in a frock-coat, who was sitting in an armchair opposite a large writing-table, and looking gaily in front of himself.

The kindly, rosy-red face, striking by its contrast with the white hair, moustaches, and beard, turned towards Nekhlúdoff with a friendly smile.

"Very glad to see you. Your mother and I were old acquaintances and friends. I have seen you as a boy, and later on as an officer. Sit down and tell me what I can do for you. Yes, yes," he said, shaking his cropped white head, while Nekhlúdoff was telling him Theodosia's story. "Go on, go on. I quite understand. It is certainly very touching. And have you handed in the petition?"

"I have got the petition ready," Nekhlúdoff said, getting it out of his pocket; "but I thought of speaking to you first in hopes that the case would then get special attention paid to it."

"You have done very well. I shall certainly report it myself," said the Baron, unsuccessfully trying to put an expression of pity on his merry face. "Very touching! It is clear she was but a child; the husband treated her roughly, this repelled her, but as time went on they fell in love with each other. Yes, I will report the case."

"Count Iván Micháelovitch was also going to speak about it."

Nekhlúdoff had hardly got these words out when the Baron's face changed.

"You had better hand in the petition into the office, after all, and I shall do what I can," he said.

At this moment the young official again entered the room, evidently showing off his elegant manner of walking.

"That lady is asking if she may say a few words more."

"Well, ask her in. *Ah, mon cher,* how many tears we have to see shed! If only we could dry them all. One does all that lies within one's power."

The lady entered.

"I forgot to ask you that he should not be allowed to give up his daughter, because he is ready . . ."

"But I have already told you that I should do all I can."

"Baron, for the love of God! You will save the mother?"

She seized his hand, and began kissing it.

"Everything shall be done."

When the lady went out Nekhlúdoff also began to take leave.

"We shall do what we can. I shall speak about it at the Ministry of Justice, and when we get their answer we shall do what we can."

Nekhlúdoff left the study, and went into the office again. Just as in the Senate office, he saw, in a splendid apartment, a number of very elegant officials, clean, polite, severely correct and distinguished in dress and in speech.

"How many there are of them; how very many and how well fed they all look! And what clean shirts and hands they all have, and how well all their boots are polished! Who does it for them? How comfortable they all are, as compared not only with the prisoners, but even with the peasants!" These thoughts again involuntarily came into Nekhlúdoff's mind.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN OLD GENERAL.

The man on whom depended the easing of the fate of the Petersburg prisoners was an old General of repute —a baron of German descent, who, as it was said of him, had outlived his wits. He had received a profusion of orders but only wore one of them, the Order of the White Cross. He had received this order, which he greatly valued, while serving in the Caucasus, because a number of Russian peasants, with their hair cropped, and dressed in uniform and armed with guns and bayonets, had killed at his command more than a thousand men who were defending their liberty, their

homes, and their families. Later on he served in Poland, and there also made Russian peasants commit many different crimes, and get more orders and decorations for his uniform. Then he served somewhere else, and now that he was a weak, old man he had this position, which insured him a good house, an income and respect. He strictly observed all the regulations which were prescribed "from above," and was very zealous in the fulfilment of these regulations, to which he ascribed a special importance, considering that everything else in the world might be changed except the regulations prescribed "from above." His duty was to keep political prisoners, men and women, in solitary confinement in such a way that half of them perished in 10 years' time, some going out of their minds, some dying of consumption, some committing suicide by starving themselves to death, cutting their veins with bits of glass, hanging, or burning themselves to death.

The old General was not ignorant of this; it all happened within his knowledge; but these cases no more touched his conscience than accidents brought on by thunderstorms, floods, etc. These cases occurred as a consequence of the fulfilment of regulations prescribed "from above" by His Imperial Majesty. These regulations had to be carried out without fail, and therefore it was absolutely useless to think of the consequences of their fulfilment. The old General did not even allow himself to think of such things, counting it his patriotic duty as a soldier not to think of them for fear of becoming weak in the carrying out of these, according to his opinion, very important obligations. Once a week the old General made the round of the cells, one of the duties of his position, and asked the prisoners if they had any requests to make. The prisoners had all sorts of requests. He listened to them quietly, in impenetrable silence, and never fulfilled any of their requests, because they were all in disaccord with the regulations. Just as Nekhlúdoff drove up to the old

General's house, the high notes of the bells on the belfry clock chimed "Great is the Lord," and then struck two. The sound of these chimes brought back to Nekhlúdoff's mind what he had read in the notes of the Decembrists* about the way this sweet music repeated every hour re-echoes in the hearts of those imprisoned for life.

Meanwhile the old General was sitting in his darkened drawing-room at an inlaid table, turning a saucer on a piece of paper with the aid of a young artist, the brother of one of his subordinates. The thin, weak, moist fingers of the artist were pressed against the wrinkled and stiff-jointed fingers of the old General, and the hands joined in this manner were moving together with the saucer over a paper that had all the letters of the alphabet written on it. The saucer was answering the questions put by the General as to how souls will recognise each other after death.

When Nekhlúdoff sent in his card by an orderly acting as footman, the soul of Joan of Arc was speaking by the aid of the saucer. The soul of Joan of Arc had already spelt letter by letter the words: "They will know each other," and these words had been written down. When the orderly came in the saucer had stopped first on *b*, then on *y* and began jerking hither and thither. This jerking was caused by the General's opinion that the next letter should be *b*, *i.e.*, Joan of Arc ought to say that the souls will know each other by *being cleansed* of all that is earthly, or something of the kind, clashing with the opinion of the artist, who thought the next letter should be *l*, *i.e.*, that the souls should know each other *by light* emanating from their astral bodies. The General, with his bushy grey eyebrows gravely contracted, sat gazing at the hands on the saucer, and, imagining that it was moving of its own ac-

* The Decembrists were a group who attempted, but failed, to put an end to absolutism in Russia at the time of the accession of Nicholas the First, in December, 1825.

cord, kept pulling the saucer towards *b*. The pale-faced young artist, with his thin hair combed back behind his ears, was looking with his lifeless blue eyes into a dark corner of the drawing-room, nervously moving his lips and pulling the saucer towards *l*.

The General made a wry face at the interruption, but after a moment's pause he took the card, put on his *pince-nez*, and, uttering a groan, rose, in spite of the pain in his back, to his full height, rubbing his numb fingers.

"Ask him into the study."

"With your excellency's permission I will finish it alone," said the artist, rising. "I feel the presence."

"All right, finish alone," the General said, severely and decidedly, and stepped quickly, with big, firm, and measured strides, into his study.

"Very pleased to see you," said the General to Nekhlúdoff, uttering the friendly words in a gruff tone, and pointing to an armchair by the side of the writing-table. "Have you been in Petersburg long?"

Nekhlúdoff replied that he had only lately arrived.

"Is the Princess, your mother, well?"

"My mother is dead."

"Forgive me; I am very sorry. My son told me he had met you."

The General's son was making the same kind of career for himself that the father had done, and, having passed the Military Academy, was now serving in the Inquiry Office, and was very proud of his duties there. His occupation was the management of Government spies.

"Why, I served with your father. We were friends —comrades. And you: are you also in the Service?"

"No, I am not."

The General bent his head disapprovingly.

"I have a request to make, General."

"Ve—ery pleased. In what way can I be of service to you?"

"If my request is out of place pray pardon me. But I am obliged to make it."

"What is it?"

"There is a certain Gourkévitch imprisoned in the fortress; his mother asks for an interview with him, or at least to be allowed to send him some books."

The General expressed neither satisfaction nor dissatisfaction at Nekhlúdoff's request, but bending his head on one side he closed his eyes as if considering. In reality he was not considering anything, and was not even interested in Nekhlúdoff's questions, well knowing that he would answer them according to the law. He was simply resting mentally and not thinking at all.

"You see," he said at last, "this does not depend on me. There is a regulation, confirmed by His Majesty, concerning interviews; and as to books, we have a library of suitable books, and they may have what is permitted."

"Yes, but he wants scientific books; he wishes to study."

"Don't you believe it," growled the General. "It's not study he wants; it is just only restlessness."

"But what is to be done? They must occupy their time somehow in their hard condition," said Nekhlúdoff.

"They are always complaining," said the General. "We know them."

He spoke of them in a general way, as if they were all a specially bad race of men. "They have conveniences here which can be found in few places of confinement," said the General, and as though justifying himself he began to enumerate the comforts the prisoners enjoyed, as if the aim of the institution was to give the people imprisoned there a comfortable home.

"It is true it used to be rather rough, but now they are very well kept here," he continued. "They have three courses for dinner—and one of them meat—cutlets, or risoles; and on Sundays they get a fourth—a

sweet dish. God grant every Russian may eat as well as they do."

Like all old people, the General, having once got on to a familiar topic, enumerated the various proofs he had often given before of the prisoners being exacting and ungrateful.

"They get books on spiritual subjects and old journals. We have a library. Only they rarely read. At first they seem interested, later on the new books remain with not half the pages cut, and the old ones with their leaves unturned. We tried them," said the old General, with the dim likeness of a smile. "We put bits of paper in on purpose, which remained just as they had been placed. Writing is also not forbidden," he continued. "A slate is provided, and a slate pencil, so that they can write as a pastime. They can wipe the slate and write again. But they don't write, either. Oh, they very soon get quite tranquil. At first they seem restless, but later on they even grow fat and become very quiet." Thus spoke the General, never suspecting the terrible meaning of his words.

Nekhlúdoff listened to the hoarse old voice, looked at the stiff limbs, the swollen eyelids under the grey brows, at the old, clean-shaved, flabby jaw, supported by the collar of the military uniform, at the white cross that this man was so proud of, chiefly because he had gained it by exceptionally cruel and extensive slaughter, and knew that it was useless to reply to the old man or explain the meaning of his own words to him.

He made another effort, and asked about the prisoner Shoústova, for whose release, as he had been informed that morning, orders were given.

"Shoústova—Shoústova? I cannot remember all their names, there are so many of them," he said, as if reproaching them because there were so many. He rang, and ordered the secretary to be called. While waiting for the latter, he began persuading Nekhlúdoff to serve, saying that "honest noblemen," counting him-

self among the number, "were particularly needed by the Tsar and—the country," he added, evidently only to round off his sentence. "I am old, yet I am serving still, as well as my strength allows."

The secretary, a dry, emaciated man, with restless, intelligent eyes, came in and reported that Shoústova was imprisoned in some queer, fortified place, and that he had received no orders concerning her.

"When we get the order we shall let her out the same day. We do not keep them; we do not value their visits much," said the General, with another attempt at a playful smile, which only distorted his old face.

Nekhlúdoff rose, trying to keep from expressing the mixed feelings of repugnance and pity which he felt towards this terrible old man. The old man on his part considered that he should not be too severe on the thoughtless and evidently misguided son of his old comrade, and should not leave him without advice.

"Good-bye, my dear fellow; do not take it amiss. It is my affection that makes me say it. Do not keep company with such people as we have at our place here. There are no innocent ones among them. All these people are most immoral. We know them," he said, in a tone that admitted no possibility of doubt. And he did not doubt; not because the thing was so, but because if it was not so, he would have to admit himself to be not a noble hero living out the last days of a good life, but a scoundrel, who sold, and still continued in his old age to sell, his conscience.

"Best of all, go and serve," he continued; "the Tsar needs honest men—and the country," he added. "Well, supposing I and the others refused to serve, as you are doing? Who would be left? Here we are, finding fault with the order of things, and yet not wishing to help the Government."

With a deep sigh Nekhlúdoff made a low bow, shook the large, bony hand condescendingly stretched out to him, and left the room.

The General shook his head reprovingly, and rubbing his back, he again went into the drawing-room where the artist was waiting for him. He had already written down the answer given by the soul of Joan of Arc. The General put on his *pince-nez* and read, "Will know one another by light emanating from their astral bodies."

"Ah," said the General, with approval, and closed his eyes. "But how is one to know if the light of all is alike?" he asked, and again crossed fingers with the artist on the saucer.

The *isvóstchik* drove Nekhlúdoff out of the gate.

"It is dull here, sir," he said, turning to Nekhlúdoff. "I almost wished to drive off without waiting for you."

Nekhlúdoff agreed. "Yes, it is dull," and he took a deep breath, and looked up with a sense of relief at the grey clouds that were floating in the sky, and at the glistening ripples made by the boats and steamers on the Néva.

CHAPTER XX.

MÁSLOVA'S APPEAL.

THE next day Máslova's case was to be examined at the Senate, and Nekhlúdoff and the advocate met at the majestic portal of the building, where several carriages were waiting. Ascending the magnificent and imposing staircase to the first floor, the advocate, who knew all the ins and outs of the place, turned to the left and entered through a door which had the date of the introduction of the Code of Laws above it.

After taking off his overcoat in the first narrow room, he found out from the attendant that the Senators had all arrived, and that the last had just come in. Fanárin, in his swallow-tail coat, a white tie above the white shirt-front, and a self-confident smile on his lips, passed into the next room. In this room there were to the right a large cupboard and a table, and to the left a

winding staircase, which an elegant official in uniform was descending with a portfolio under his arm. In this room an old man with long, white hair and a patriarchal appearance attracted every one's attention. He wore a short coat and grey trousers. Two attendants stood respectfully beside him. The old man with white hair entered the cupboard and shut himself in.

Fanárin noticed a fellow-advocate dressed in the same way as himself, with a white tie and dress coat, and at once entered into an animated conversation with him.

Nekhlúdoff was meanwhile examining the people in the room. The public consisted of about 15 persons, of whom two were ladies—a young one with a *pince-nez*, and an old, grey-haired one.

A case of libel was to be heard that day, and therefore the public were more numerous than usual—chiefly persons belonging to the journalistic world.

The usher, a red-cheeked, handsome man in a fine uniform, came up to Fanárin and asked him what his business was. When he heard that it was the case of Máslova, he noted something down and walked away. Then the cupboard door opened and the old man with the patriarchal appearance stepped out, no longer in a short coat but with metal plates on his breast, and in a gold-trimmed attire which made him look like a bird.

This funny costume seemed to make the old man himself feel uncomfortable, and, walking faster than his wont, he hurried out of the door opposite the entrance.

"That is Bay, a most estimable man," Fanárin said to Nekhlúdoff, and then having introduced him to his colleague, he explained the case that was about to be heard, which he considered very interesting.

The hearing of the case soon commenced, and Nekhlúdoff, with the public, entered the left side of the Senate Chamber. They all, including Fanárin, took their places behind a rail. Only the Petersburg advocate went up to a desk in front of the rail.

The Senate Chamber was not as big as the Criminal Court; and was more simply furnished, only the table in front of the senators was covered with crimson, gold-trimmed velvet, instead of green cloth; but the attributes of all places of judgment, *i.e.*, the mirror of justice, the *ícon*, the emblem of hypocrisy, and the Emperor's portrait, the emblem of servility, were there.

The usher announced, in the same solemn manner: "The Court is coming." Every one rose in the same way, and the Senators entered in their uniforms and sat down on high-backed chairs and leant on the table, trying to appear natural, just in the same way as the judges in the Criminal Court. There were four Senators present—Nikítin, who took the chair, a clean-shaven man with a narrow face and steely eyes; Wolf, with significantly compressed lips, and small white hands, with which he kept turning over the pages of the business papers; Skovoródnikoff, a heavy, fat, pock-marked man—the learned lawyer; and Bay, the patriarchal-looking man who had arrived last.

With the advocates entered the chief secretary and public prosecutor, a lean, clean-shaven young man of medium height, very dark complexion, and sad, black eyes. Nekhlúdoff knew him at once, in spite of his curious uniform and the fact that he had not seen him for six ears. He had been one of his best friends in Nekhlúdoff's student days.

"The public prosecutor Selenín?" Nekhlúdoff asked, turning to the advocate.

"Yes. Why?"

"I know him well. He is a fine fellow."

"And a good public prosecutor; business-like. Now he is the man you should have interested."

"He will act according to his conscience in any case," said Nekhlúdoff, recalling the intimate relations and friendship between himself and Selenín, and the attractive qualities of the latter—purity, honesty, and good breeding in its best sense.

"Yes, there is no time now," whispered Fanárin, who was listening to the report of the case that had commenced.

The case was an appeal against a judgment given by the Court of Appeal, which had confirmed a decision given in a District Court.

Nekhlúdoff listened and tried to make out the meaning of what was going on; but, just as in the Criminal Court, his chief difficulty was that not the evidently chief point, but some side issues, were being discussed. The case was that of a newspaper which had published the account of a swindle arranged by a director of a limited liability company. It seemed that the only important question was whether the director of the company really abused his trust, and how to stop him from doing so. But the questions under consideration were whether the editor had a right to publish this article of his contributor, and what he had been guilty of in publishing it: slander or libel, and in what way slander included libel, or libel included slander, and something rather incomprehensible to ordinary people about all sorts of statutes and resolutions passed by some *General Department.*

The only thing clear to Nekhlúdoff was that, in spite of what Wolf had so strenuously insisted on the day before, *i.e.*, that the Senate could not try a case on its merits, in this case he was evidently strongly in favour of repealing the decision of the Court of Justice, and that Selenín, in spite of his characteristic reticence, stated the opposite opinion with quite unexpected warmth. The warmth, which surprised Nekhlúdoff, evinced by the usually self-controlled Selenín, was due to his knowledge of the director's shadiness in money matters, and the fact, which had accidentally come to his ears, that Wolf had been to a swell dinner party at the swindler's house only a few days before. Now when Wolf spoke on the case, guardedly enough, but with evident bias, Selenín became excited, and ex-

pressed his opinion with too much nervous irritation for an ordinary business transaction. It was clear that Selenín's speech had offended Wolf. He grew red, moved in his chair, made silent gestures of surprise, and at last rose, with a very dignified and injured look, together with the other Senators, and went out into the debating-room.

"What particular case have you come about?" the usher asked again, addressing Fanárin.

"I have already told you: Máslova's case."

"Yes, quite so. It is to be heard to-day, but——"

"But what?" the advocate asked.

"Well, you see, this case was to be examined without taking sides, so that the Senators will hardly come out again after passing the resolution. But I will inform them."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll inform them; I'll inform them." And the usher again put something down on his paper.

The Senators really meant to pronounce their decision concerning the libel case, and then to finish the other business, Máslova's case among it, over their tea and cigarettes without leaving the debating-room.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE APPEAL DISMISSED.

As soon as the Senators were seated round the table in the debating-room, Wolf began to bring forward with great animation all the motives in favour of a repeal. The chairman, an ill-natured man at best, was in a particularly bad humour that day. His thoughts were concentrated on the words he had written down in his memoranda on the occasion when not he but Viglánoff was appointed to the important post he had long coveted. It was the chairman, Nikítin's, honest conviction that

his opinions of the officials of the two upper classes with which he was in connection would furnish valuable material for the historians. He had written a chapter the day before in which the officials of the upper classes got it hot for preventing him, as he expressed it, from averting the ruin towards which the present rulers of Russia were driving it, which simply meant that they had prevented his getting a better salary. And now he was considering what a new light for posterity this chapter would shed on events.

"Yes, certainly," he said, in reply to the words addressed to him by Wolf, without listening to them.

Bay was listening to Wolf with a sad face and drawing a garland on the paper that lay before him. Bay was a Liberal of the very first water. He held sacred the Liberal traditions of the sixth decade of this century, and if he ever overstepped the limits of strict neutrality it was always in the direction of Liberalism. So in this case; beside the fact that the swindling director, who was prosecuting for libel, was a bad lot, the prosecution of a journalist for libel in itself tending, as it did, to restrict the freedom of the press, inclined Bay to reject the appeal.

When Wolf concluded his arguments Bay stopped drawing his garland and began in a sad and gentle voice (he was sad because he was obliged to demonstrate such truisms) concisely, simply and convincingly to show how unfounded the accusation was, and then, bending his white head, he continued drawing his garland.

Skovoródnikoff, who sat opposite Wolf, and, with his fat fingers, kept shoving his beard and moustaches into his mouth, stopped chewing his beard as soon as Bay was silent, and said with a loud, grating voice, that, notwithstanding the fact of the director being a terrible scoundrel, he would have been for the repeal of the sentence if there were any legal reasons for it; but, as there were none, he was of Bay's opinion. He was glad to put this spoke in Wolf's wheel.

The chairman agreed with Skovoródnikoff, and the appeal was rejected.

Wolf was dissatisfied, especially because it was like being caught acting with dishonest partiality; so he pretended to be indifferent, and, unfolding the document which contained Máslova's case, he became engrossed in it. Meanwhile the Senators rang and ordered tea, and began talking about the event that, together with the duel, was occupying the Petersburgers. It was the case of the chief of a Government department, who was accused of the crime provided for in Statute 995.

"What nastiness," said Bay, with disgust.

"Why; where is the harm of it? I can show you a Russian book containing the project of a German writer, who openly proposes that it should not be considered a crime, and that men should be allowed to marry men," said Skovoródnikoff, drawing in greedily the fumes of the crumpled cigarette, which he held between his fingers close to the palm, and he laughed boisterously.

"Impossible!" said Bay.

"I will show it you," said Skovoródnikoff, giving the full title of the book, and even its date and the name of its editor.

"I hear he has been appointed Governor to some town in Siberia."

"That's fine. The archdeacon will meet him with a crucifix. They ought to appoint an archdeacon of the same sort," said Skovoródnikoff. "I could recommend them one," and he threw the end of his cigarette into his saucer, and again shoved as much of his beard and moustaches as he could into his mouth and began chewing them.

The usher came in and reported the advocate's and Nekhlúdoff's desire to be present at the examination of Máslova's case.

"This case," Wolf said, "is quite romantic," and he told them what he knew about Nekhlúdoff's relations

with Máslova. When they had spoken a little about it and finished their tea and cigarettes, the Senators returned into the Senate Chamber and proclaimed their decision in the libel case, and began to hear Máslova's case.

Wolf, in his thin voice, reported Máslova's appeal very fully, but again not without some bias and an evident wish for the repeal of the sentence.

"Have you anything to add?" the chairman said, turning to Fanárin. Fanárin rose, and standing with his broad white chest expanded, proved point by point, with wonderful exactness and persuasiveness, how the Court had in six points strayed from the exact meaning of the law; and besides this he touched, though briefly, on the merits of the case, and on the crying injustice of the sentence. The tone of his speech was one of apology to the Senators, who, with their penetration and judicial wisdom, could not help seeing and understanding it all better than he could. He was obliged to speak only because the duty he had undertaken forced him to do so.

After Fanárin's speech one might have thought that there could not remain the least doubt that the Senate ought to repeal the decision of the Court. When he had finished his speech, Fanárin looked round with a smile of triumph, seeing which Nekhlúdoff felt certain that the case was won. But when he looked at the Senators he saw that Fanárin smiled and triumphed all alone. The Senators and the Public Prosecutor did not smile nor triumph, but looked like people wearied, and who were thinking, "We have often heard the like of you; it is all in vain," and were only too glad when he stopped and ceased uselessly detaining them there. Immediately after the end of the advocate's speech the chairman turned to the Public Prosecutor. Selenín briefly and clearly expressed himself in favour of leaving the decision of the Court unaltered, as he considered all the reasons for appealing inadequate. After this the

Senators went out into the debating-room. They were divided in their opinions. Wolf was in favour of altering the decision. Bay, when he had understood the case, took up the same side with fervour, vividly presenting the scene at the court to his companions as he clearly saw it himself. Nikítin, who always was on the side of severity and formality, took up the other side. All depended on Skovoródnikoff's vote. And he voted for rejecting the appeal, chiefly because Nekhlúdoff's determination to marry the woman on moral grounds was extremely repugnant to him.

Skovoródnikoff was a Darwinian and a materialist and counted every manifestation of abstract morality, or, worse still, religion, not only as a despicable folly, but as a personal affront to himself. All this bother about a prostitute, and the presence of a celebrated advocate and Nekhlúdoff in the Senate were in the highest degree repugnant to him. So he shoved his beard into his mouth and made faces, and very skilfully pretended to know nothing of this case, excepting that the reasons for an appeal were insufficient, and that he, therefore, agreed with the chairman to leave the decision of the Court unaltered.

So the sentence remained unrepealed.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN OLD FRIEND.

"Terrible," said Nekhlúdoff, as he went out into the waiting-room with the advocate, who was arranging the papers in his portfolio. "In a matter which is perfectly clear they attach all the importance to the form and reject the appeal. Terrible!"

"The case was spoiled in the Criminal Court," said the advocate.

"And Selenín, too, was in favour of the rejection.

Terrible! terrible!" Nekhlúdoff repeated. "What is to be done now?"

"We will appeal to His Imperial Majesty, and you can hand in the petition yourself while you are here. I will write it for you."

At this moment little Wolf, with his stars and uniform, came out into the waiting-room and approached Nekhlúdoff. "It could not be helped, dear Prince. The reasons for an appeal were not sufficient," he said, shrugging his narrow shoulders and closing his eyes, and then he went his way.

After Wolf, Selenín came out too, having heard from the Senators that his old friend Nekhlúdoff was there.

"Well, I never expected to see you here," he said, coming up to Nekhlúdoff, and smiling only with his lips while his eyes remained sad. "I did not know you were in Petersburg."

"And I did not know you were *Ober-Procureur*."

"How is it you are in the Senate?" asked Selenín. "I had heard, by the way, that you were in Petersburg. But what are you doing here?"

"Here? I am here because I hoped to find justice and save a woman innocently condemned."

"What woman?"

"The one whose case has just been decided."

"Oh! Máslova's case," said Selenín, suddenly remembering it. "The appeal had no grounds whatever."

"It is not the appeal; it's the woman who is innocent, and is being punished."

Selenín sighed. "That may well be, but——"

"Not *may be*, but is."

"How do you know?"

"Because I was on the jury. I know how we made the mistake."

Selenín became thoughtful. "You should have made a statement at the time," he said.

"I did make the statement."

"It should have been put down in an official report. If this had been added to the petition for the appeal——" Always busy and rarely going out into society, he had evidently heard nothing of Nekhlúdoff's romance. Nekhlúdoff noticed this, and made up his mind that it was best to say nothing about his special relations with Máslova.

"Yes, but still, as it is, the verdict is evidently absurd."

"The Senate has no right to say so. If the Senate took upon itself to repeal the decisions of the law courts according to its own views as to the justice of the decisions in themselves, the verdict of the jury would lose all its meaning, not to mention that the Senate would have no basis to rest upon, and would run the risk of infringing justice rather than upholding it," said Selenín, calling to mind the case that had just been heard.

"All I know is that this woman is quite innocent, and that almost the last hope of saving her from an unmerited punishment is money. The grossest injustice has been confirmed by the highest court."

"It has not been confirmed. The Senate did not and cannot enter into the merits of the case in itself. You are probably staying with your aunt," Selenín remarked, apparently wishing to change the subject. "She told me you were here yesterday, and she invited me to meet you in the evening, when some foreign preacher was to lecture," and Selenín again smiled only with his lips.

"Yes, I was there, but left in disgust," said Nekhlúdoff angrily, vexed that Selenín had changed the subject.

"Why with disgust? After all, it is a manifestation of religious feeling, though one-sided and sectarian," said Selenín.

"Why, it's only some kind of whimsical folly."

"Oh, dear, no. The curious thing is that we know the teaching of our church so little that we see some new kind of revelation in what are, after all, our own

fundamental dogmas," said Selenín, as if hurrying to let his old friend know his new views.

Nekhlúdoff looked at Selenín scrutinisingly and with surprise, and Selenín dropped his eyes, in which appeared an expression not only of sadness but also of ill-will.

"Do you, then, believe in the dogmas of the church?" Nekhlúdoff asked.

"Of course I do," replied Selenín, gazing straight into Nekhlúdoff's eyes with a lifeless look.

Nekhlúdoff sighed. "It is strange," he said.

"However, we shall have a talk some other time," said Selenín. "I am coming," he added, in answer to the usher, who had respectfully approached him. "Yes, we must meet again," he went on with a sigh. "But will it be possible for me to find you? You will always find me in at seven o'clock. My address is Nedéjdinskaya," and he gave the number. "Ah, time does not stand still," and he turned to go, smiling only with his lips.

"I will come if I can," said Nekhlúdoff, feeling that a man once near and dear to him had, by this brief conversation, suddenly become strange, distant, and incomprehensible, if not hostile to him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR.

When Nekhlúdoff knew Selenín as a student, he was a good son, a true friend, and for his years an educated man of the world, with much tact; elegant, handsome, and at the same time truthful and honest. He learned well, without much exertion and with no pedantry, receiving gold medals for his essays. He considered the service of mankind, not only in words but in acts, to be the aim of his young life. He saw no other way of

being useful to humanity than by serving the State. Therefore, as soon as he had completed his studies, he systematically examined all the activities to which he might devote his life, and decided to enter the Second Department of the Chancellerie, where the laws are drawn up, and he did so. But, in spite of the most scrupulous and exact discharge of the duties demanded of him, this service gave no satisfaction to his desire of being useful, nor could he awake in himself the consciousness that he was doing "the right thing."

This dissatisfaction was so much increased by the friction with his very small-minded and vain fellow officials that he left the Chancellerie and entered the Senate. It was better there, but the same dissatisfaction still pursued him; he felt it to be very different from what he had expected, and from what ought to be.

And now that he was in the Senate his relatives obtained for him the post of Gentleman of the Bedchamber, and he had to go in a carriage, dressed in an embroidered uniform and a white linen apron, to thank all sorts of people for having placed him in the position of a lackey. However much he tried, he could find no reasonable explanation for the existence of this post, and felt, more than in the Senate, that it was not "the right thing," and yet he could not refuse it for fear of hurting those who felt sure they were giving him much pleasure by this appointment, and because it flattered the lowest part of his nature. It pleased him to see himself in a mirror in his gold-embroidered uniform, and to accept the deference paid him by some people because of his position.

Something of the same kind happened when he married. A very brilliant match from a worldly point of view was arranged for him, and he married chiefly because by refusing he would have had to hurt the young lady who wished to be married to him, and those who arranged the marriage, and also because a marriage with a nice young girl of noble birth flattered his vanity and

gave him pleasure. But this marriage very soon proved to be even less "the right thing" than the Government service and his position at Court.

After the birth of her first child the wife decided to have no more, and began leading that luxurious worldly life in which he now had to participate whether he liked or not.

She seemed, in spite of all the efforts it cost her, to derive nothing but weariness from the life she led, yet she perseveringly continued to live it, though it was poisoning her husband's life. And all his efforts to alter this life were shattered, as against a stone wall, by her conviction, which all her friends and relatives supported, that all was as it should be.

The child, a little girl with bare legs and long golden curls, was a being perfectly foreign to him, chiefly because she was trained quite otherwise than he wished her to be. There sprang up between the husband and wife the usual misunderstandings, without even the wish to understand each other, and then a silent warfare, hidden from outsiders and tempered by decorum. All this made his life at home a burden, and it became even less "the right thing" than his service and his post.

But it was above all his attitude towards religion which was not "the right thing." Like every one of his set and his time, by the growth of his reason he broke without the least effort the nets of the religious superstitions in which he was brought up, and did not himself exactly know when it was that he freed himself of them. Being earnest and upright, he did not, during his youth and intimacy with Nekhlúdoff as a student, conceal his rejection of the State religion. But as years went on and he rose in the service, and especially at the time of the reaction towards conservatism in society, his spiritual freedom stood in his way.

At home, when his father died, he had to be present at the masses said for his soul, and his mother wished him to go to confession or to communion, and it was in

a way expected by public opinion, but above all Government service demanded that he should be present at all sorts of services, consecrations, thanksgivings, and the like. Hardly a day passed without some outward religious form having to be observed.

When present at these services he had to pretend that he believed in something which he did not believe in, and being truthful he could not do this. The alternative was, having made up his mind that all these outward signs were deceitful, to alter his life in such a way that he would not have to be present at such ceremonials. But to do what seemed so simple would have cost a great deal. Besides encountering the perpetual hostility of all those who were near to him, he would have to give up the service and his position, and sacrifice his hopes of being useful to humanity by his service, now and in the future. To make such a sacrifice one would have to be firmly convinced of being right.

And he was firmly convinced he was right, as no edu cated man of our time can help being convinced who knows a little history and how the religions, and especially Church Christianity, originated.

But under the stress of his daily life he, a truthful man, allowed a little falsehood to creep in. He said that in order to do justice to an unreasonable thing one had to study the unreasonable thing. It was a little falsehood, but it sunk him into the big falsehood in which he was now caught.

Before putting to himself the question whether the orthodoxy in which he was born and bred, and which every one expected him to accept, and without which he could not continue his useful occupation, contained the truth, he had already decided the answer. And to clear up the question he did not read Voltaire, Schopendauer, Herbert Spencer, or Comte, but the philosophical works of Hegel and the religious works of Vinet and Khomyakóff, and naturally found in them what he wanted, *i.e.*, something like peace of mind and a vindication of that

religious teaching in which he was educated, which his reason had long ceased to accept, but without which his whole life was filled with unpleasantness which could all be removed by accepting the teaching.

And so he adopted all the usual sophistries which go to prove that a single human reason cannot know the truth, that the truth is only revealed to an association of men, and can only be known by revelation, which revelation is kept by the church, etc. And thus he managed to be present at prayers, masses for the dead, to confess, make signs of the cross in front of *icons*, with a quiet mind, without being conscious of the lie, and to continue in the service which gave him the feeling of being useful and some comfort in his joyless family life. Although he believed this, he felt with his entire being that this religion of his, more than all else, was not "the right thing," and that is why his eyes always looked sad.

And seeing Nekhlúdoff, whom he had known before all these lies had rooted themselves within him, reminded him of what he then was. It was especially after he had hurried to hint at his religious views that he had most strongly felt all this "not the right thing," and had become painfully sad. Nekhlúdoff felt it also, after the first joy of meeting his old friend had passed, and therefore, though they promised each other to meet, they did not take any steps towards an interview, and did not again see each other during Nekhlúdoff's stay in Petersburg.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARIETTE.

When they left the Senate, Nekhlúdoff and the advocate walked on together, the advocate having given the driver of his carriage orders to follow them. The advocate told Nekhlúdoff the story of the chief of a Government department, about whom the Senators had been

talking: how the thing was found out, and how the man, who according to law should have been sent to the mines, had been appointed Governor of a town in Siberia. Then he related with particular pleasure how several high-placed persons stole a lot of money collected for the erection of the still unfinished monument which they had passed that morning; also, how the mistress of So-and-so got a lot of money at the Stock Exchange, and how So-and-so agreed with So-and-so to sell him his wife. The advocate began another story about a swindle, and all sorts of crimes committed by persons in high places, who, instead of being in prison, sat on presidential chairs in all sorts of Government institutions. These tales, of which the advocate seemed to have an unending supply, gave him much pleasure, showing as they did, with perfect clearness, that his means of getting money were quite just and innocent compared to the means which the highest officials in Petersburg made use of. The advocate was therefore surprised when Nekhlúdoff took an *isvóstchik* before hearing the end of the story, said good-bye, and left him. Nekhlúdoff felt very sad. It was chiefly the rejection of the appeal by the Senate, confirming the senseless torments that the innocent Máslova was enduring, that saddened him, and also the fact that this rejection made it still harder for him to unite his fate with hers. The stories about existing evils, which the advocate recounted with such relish, heightened his sadness, and so did the cold, unkind look that the once sweet-natured, frank, noble Selenín had given him, and which kept recurring to his mind.

On his return the doorkeeper handed him a note, and said, rather scornfully, that some kind of woman had written it in the hall. It was a note from Shoústova's mother. She wrote that she had come to thank her daughter's benefactor and saviour, and to implore him to come to see them on the Vasílievsky, 5th Line, house No. —. This was very necessary because of Véra

Doúkhova. He need not be afraid that they would weary him with expressions of gratitude. They would not speak their gratitude, but be simply glad to see him. Would he not come next morning, if he could?

There was another note from Bogotyréff, a former fellow-officer, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, whom Nekhlúdoff had asked to hand personally to the Emperor his petition on behalf of the sectarians. Bogotyréff wrote, in his large, firm hand, that he would put the petition into the Emperor's own hands, as he had promised; but that it had occurred to him that it might be better for Nekhlúdoff first to go and see the person on whom the matter depended.

After the impressions received during the last few days, Nekhlúdoff felt perfectly hopeless of getting anything done. The plans he had formed in Moscow seemed now something like the dreams of youth, which are inevitably followed by disillusion when life comes to be faced. Still, being now in Petersburg, he considered it his duty to do all he had intended, and he resolved next day, after consulting Bogotyréff, to act on his advice and see the person on whom the case of the sectarians depended.

He took the sectarians' petition from his portfolio, and began reading it over, when there was a knock at his door, and a footman came in with a message from the Countess Katerína Ivánovna, who asked him to come up and have a cup of tea with her.

Nekhlúdoff said he would come at once, and having put the papers back into the portfolio, he went up to his aunt's sitting-room. He looked out of a window on his way, and saw Mariette's pair of bays standing in front of the house, and he suddenly brightened and felt inclined to smile.

Mariette, with a hat on her head, not in black but with a light dress of many shades, sat with a cup in her hand beside the Countess's easy chair, prattling about something while her beautiful, laughing eyes glistened. She

had said something funny—something indecently funny—just as Nekhlúdoff entered the room. He knew it by the way she laughed, and by the way the good-natured Countess Katerína Ivánovna's fat body was shaking with laughter, while Mariette, her smiling mouth slightly drawn to one side, her head a little bent, and a peculiarly mischievous expression in her merry, energetic face, sat silently looking at her companion. From a few words which he overheard, Nekhlúdoff guessed that they were talking of the second piece of Petersburg news, the episode of the Siberian Governor, and that it was in reference to this subject that Mariette had said something so funny that the Countess could not control herself for a long time.

"You will kill me," she said, coughing.

After saying "How d'you do?" Nekhlúdoff sat down. He was about to censure Mariette in his mind for her levity when, noticing the serious and even slightly dissatisfied look in his eyes, she suddenly, to please him, changed not only the expression of her face, but also the attitude of her mind; for she felt the wish to please him as soon as she looked at him. She suddenly turned serious, dissatisfied with her life, as if seeking and striving after something; it was not that she pretended, but she really reproduced in herself the very same state of mind that he was in, although it would have been impossible for her to express in words what was the state of Nekhlúdoff's mind at that moment.

She asked him how he had accomplished his tasks. He told her about his failure in the Senate and his meeting Selenín.

"Oh, what a pure soul! He is, indeed, a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.* A pure soul!" said both ladies, using the epithet commonly applied to Selenín in Petersburg society.

"What is his wife like?" Nekhlúdoff asked.

"His wife? Well, I do not wish to judge, but she does not understand him."

"Is it possible that he, too, was for rejecting the appeal?" Mariette asked with real sympathy. "It is dreadful. How sorry I am for her," she added with a sigh.

He frowned, and in order to change the subject began to speak about Shoústova, who had been imprisoned in the fortress and was now set free through the influence of Mariette's husband. He thanked her for her trouble, and was going on to say how dreadful he thought it that this woman and the whole of her family had suffered merely because no one had reminded the authorities about them, but Mariette interrupted him and expressed her own indignation.

"Say nothing about it to me," she said. "When my husband told me she could be set free, it was this that struck me, 'What was she kept in prison for if she is innocent?'" She went on expressing what Nekhlúdoff was about to say. "It is revolting—revolting."

Countess Katerína Ivánovna noticed that Mariette was coquetting with her nephew, and this amused her. "What do you think?" she said, when they were silent. "Supposing you come to Aline's to-morrow night. Keswick will be there. And you, too," she said, turning to Mariette. "*Il nous à remarqué*," she went on to her nephew. "He told me that what you say (I repeated it all to him) is a very good sign, and that you will certainly come to Christ. You must come absolutely. Tell him to, Mariette, and come yourself."

"Countess, in the first place, I have no right whatever to give any kind of advice to the Prince," said Mariette, and gave Nekhlúdoff a look that somehow established a full comprehension between them of their attitude in relation to the Countess's words and evangelicalism in general. "Secondly, I do not much care, you know."

"Yes, I know you always do things the wrong way round, and according to your own ideas."

"My own ideas? I have faith like the most simple peasant woman," said Mariette with a smile. "And,

thirdly, I am going to the French Theatre to-morrow night."

"Ah! And have you seen that—— What's her name?" asked Countess Katerína Ivánovna. Mariette gave the name of a celebrated French actress.

"You must go, most decidedly; she is wonderful."

"Whom am I to see first, *ma tante*—the actress or the preacher?" Nekhlúdoff said with a smile.

"Please don't catch at my words."

"I should think the preacher first and then the actress, or else the desire for the sermon might vanish altogether," said Nekhlúdoff.

"No; better begin with the French Theatre, and do penance afterwards."

"Now, then, you are not to hold me up for ridicule. The preacher is the preacher and the theatre is the theatre. One need not weep in order to be saved. One must have faith, and then one is sure to be gay."

"You, *ma tante*, preach better than any preacher."

"Do you know what?" said Mariette. "Come to my box to-morrow."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to."

The footman interrupted the conversation by announcing a visitor. It was the secretary of a philanthropic society of which the Countess was president.

"Oh, that is the dullest of men. I think I shall receive him out there, and return to you later on. Mariette, give him his tea," said the Countess, and left the room, with her quick, wriggling walk.

Mariette took the glove off her firm, rather flat hand, the fourth finger of which was covered with rings.

"Want any?" she said, taking hold of the silver teapot, under which a spirit lamp was burning, and extending her little finger curiously. Her face looked sad and serious.

"It is always terribly painful to me to notice that people whose opinion I value confound me with the position I am placed in." She seemed ready to cry as she

said these last words. And though these words had no meaning, or at any rate a very indefinite meaning, they seemed to be of exceptional depth, meaning, or goodness to Nekhlúdoff, so much was he attracted by the look of the bright eyes which accompanied the words of this young, beautiful, and well-dressed woman.

Nekhlúdoff looked at her in silence, and could not take his eyes from her face.

"You think I do not understand you and all that goes on in you. Why, everybody knows what you are doing. *C'est le secret de polichinelle.* And I am delighted with your work, and think highly of you."

"Really, there is nothing to be delighted with; and I have done so little as yet."

"No matter. I understand your feelings, and I understand her. All right, all right. I will say nothing more about it," she said, noticing displeasure on his face. "But I also understand that after seeing all the suffering and the horror in the prisons," Mariette went on, her only desire that of attracting him, and guessing with her woman's instinct what was dear and important to him, "you wish to help the sufferers, those who are made to suffer so terribly by other men, and their cruelty and indifference. I understand the willingness to give one's life, and could give mine in such a cause, but we each have our own fate."

"Are you, then, dissatisfied with your fate?"

"I?" she asked, as if struck with surprise that such a question could be put to her. "I have to be satisfied, and am satisfied. But there is a worm that wakes up——"

"And he must not be allowed to fall asleep again. It is a voice that must be obeyed," Nekhlúdoff said, falling into the trap.

Many a time later on Nekhlúdoff remembered with shame his talk with her. He remembered her words, which were not so much lies as imitations of his own, and her face, which seemed looking at him with sympa-

thetic attention when he told her about the terrors of the prison and of his impressions in the country.

When the Countess returned they were talking not merely like old, but like exclusive friends who alone understood one another. They were talking about the injustice of power, of the sufferings of the unfortunate, the poverty of the people, yet in reality in the midst of the sound of their talk their eyes, gazing at each other, kept asking, "Can you love me?" and answering, "I can," and the sex-feeling, taking the most unexpected and brightest forms, drew them to each other. As she was going away she told him that she would always be willing to serve him in any way she could, and asked him to come and see her, if only for a moment, in the theatre next day, as she had a very important thing to tell him about.

"Yes, and when shall I see you again?" she added, with a sigh, carefully drawing the glove over her jewelled hand. "Say you will come."

Nekhlúdoff promised.

That night, when Nekhlúdoff was alone in his room, and lay down after putting out his candle, he could not sleep. He thought of Máslova, of the decision of the Senate, of his resolve to follow her in any case, of his having given up the land. The face of Mariette appeared to him as if in answer to those thoughts—her look, her sigh, her words, "When shall I see you again?" and her smile seemed vivid as if he really saw her, and he also smiled. "Shall I be doing right in going to Siberia? And have I done right in divesting myself of my wealth?" And the answers to the questions on this Petersburg night, on which the daylight streamed into the window from under the blind, were quite indefinite. All seemed mixed in his head. He recalled his former state of mind, and the former sequence of his thoughts, but they had no longer their former force or validity.

"And supposing I have invented all this, and am unable to live it through—supposing I repent of having

acted right," he thought; and unable to answer he was seized with such anguish and despair as he had long not felt, and he fell into a heavy sleep, such as he had formerly slept after a heavy loss at cards.

CHAPTER XXV.

LYDIA SHOÚSTOVA'S HOME.

NEKHLÚDOFF awoke next morning feeling as if he had been guilty of some iniquity the day before. He began considering. He could not remember having done anything wrong; he had committed no evil act, but he had had evil thoughts. He had thought that all his present resolutions to marry Katúsha and to give up his land were unachievable dreams; that he should be unable to bear it; that it was artificial, unnatural; and that he would have to go on living as he had lived.

He had committed no evil action, but, what was far worse than an evil action, he had entertained evil thoughts whence all evil actions proceed. An evil action may not be repeated, and can be repented of; but evil thoughts generate all evil actions.

An evil action only smooths the path for other evil acts; evil thoughts uncontrollably drag one along that path.

When Nekhlúdoff repeated in his mind the thoughts of the day before, he was surprised that he could for a moment have believed these thoughts. However new and difficult that which he had decided to do might be, he knew that it was the only possible way of life for him now, and however easy and natural it might have been to return to his former state, he knew that state to be death.

Yesterday's temptation seemed like the feeling when one awakes from deep sleep, and, without feeling sleepy, wants to lie comfortably in bed a little longer, yet knows

that it is time to rise and commence the glad and important work that awaits one.

On that, his last day in Petersburg, he went in the morning to the Vasílievski Óstrov to see Shoústova. Shoústova lived on the second floor, and having been shown the back stairs, Nekhlúdoff entered straight into the hot kitchen, which smelt strongly of food. An elderly woman, with turned-up sleeves, with an apron and spectacles, stood by the fire stirring something in a steaming pan.

"Whom do you want?" she asked severely, looking at him over her spectacles.

Before Nekhlúdoff had time to answer, an expression of fright and joy appeared on her face.

"Oh, Prince!" she exclaimed, wiping her hands on her apron. "But why have you come the back way? Our Benefactor! I am her mother. They have nearly killed my little girl. You have saved us," she said, catching hold of Nekhlúdoff's hand and trying to kiss it.

"I went to see you yesterday. My sister asked me to. She is here. This way, this way, please," said Shoústova's mother, as she led the way through a narrow door, and a dark passage, arranging her hair and pulling at her tucked-up skirt. "My sister's name is Kornílova. You must have heard of her," she added, stopping before a closed door. "She was mixed up in a political affair. An extremely clever woman!"

Shoústova's mother opened the door and showed Nekhlúdoff into a small room where on a sofa with a table before it sat a plump, short girl with fair hair that curled round her pale, round face, which was very like her mother's. She had a striped cotton blouse on.

Opposite her, in an armchair, leaning forward, so that he was nearly bent double, sat a young fellow with a slight, black beard and moustaches.

"Lydia, Prince Nekhlúdoff!" he said.

The pale girl jumped up, nervously pushing back a

lock of hair behind her ear, and gazing at the newcomer with a frightened look in her large, grey eyes.

"So you are that dangerous woman whom Véra Doúkhova wished me to intercede for?" Nekhlúdoff asked, with a smile.

"Yes, I am," said Lydia Shoústova, her broad, kind, childlike smile disclosing a row of beautiful teeth. "It was aunt who was so anxious to see you. Aunt!" she called out, in a pleasant, tender voice, through a door.

"Your imprisonment grieved Véra Doúkhova very much," said Nekhlúdoff.

"Take a seat here, or better here," said Shoústova, pointing to the battered easy-chair from which the young man had just risen.

"My cousin, Zakhárov," she said, noticing that Nekhlúdoff looked at the young man.

The young man greeted the visitor with a smile as kindly as Shoústova's, and when Nekhlúdoff sat down he brought himself another chair, and sat by his side. A fair-haired schoolboy of about 16 also came into the room and silently sat down on the window-sill.

"Véra Doúkhova is a great friend of my aunt's, but I hardly know her," said Shoústova.

Then a woman with a very pleasant face, with a white blouse and leather belt, came in from the next room.

"How do you do? Thanks for coming," she began as soon as she had taken the place next Shoústova's on the sofa.

"Well, and how is Véra? You have seen her? How does she bear her fate?"

"She does not complain," said Nekhlúdoff. "She says she feels perfectly happy."

"Ah, that's like Véra. I know her," said the aunt, smiling and shaking her head. "One must know her. She has a fine character. Everything for others; nothing for herself."

"No, she asked nothing for herself, but only seemed concerned about your niece. What seemed to trouble

her most was, as she said, that your niece was imprisoned for nothing."

"Yes, that's true," said the aunt. "It is a dreadful business. She suffered, in reality, because of me."

"Not at all, aunt. I should have taken the papers without you all the same."

"Allow me to know better," said the aunt. "You see," she went on to Nekhlúdoff, "it all happened because a certain person asked me to keep his papers for a time; and I, having no house at the time, brought them to her. And that very night the police searched her room and took her and the papers, and have kept her up to now, demanding that she should say from whom she had them."

"But I never told them," said Shoústova quickly, pulling nervously at a lock that was not even out of place.

"I never said you did," answered the aunt.

"If they took Mítin up, it was certainly not through me," said Shoústova, blushing, and looking round uneasily.

"Don't speak about it, Lydia dear," said her mother.

"Why not? I should like to relate it," said Shoústova, no longer smiling nor pulling her lock, but twisting it round her finger and getting redder.

"Don't forget what happened yesterday when you began talking about it."

"Not at all——. Leave me alone, mamma. I did not tell, I only kept quiet. When he examined me about Mítin and about aunt, I said nothing, and told him I would not answer."

"Then this—Petróv——"

"Petróv is a spy, a gendarme, and a blackguard," put in the aunt, to explain her niece's words to Nekhlúdoff.

"Then he began persuading," continued Shoústova, excitedly and hurriedly. "'Anything you tell me,' he said, 'can harm no one; on the contrary, if you tell me, we may be able to set free innocent people whom we

may be uselessly tormenting.' Well, I still said I would not tell. Then he said, 'All right, don't tell, but do not deny what I am going to say.' And he named Mítin."

"Don't talk about it," said the aunt.

"Oh, aunt, don't interrupt," and she went on pulling the lock of hair and looking round. "And then, only fancy, the next day I hear—they let me know by knocking at the wall—that Mítin is arrested. Well, I think I have betrayed him, and this tormented me so—it tormented me so that I nearly went mad."

"And it turned out that it was not at all because of you he was taken up?"

"Yes, but I didn't know. I think, 'There, now, I have betrayed him.' I walk and walk up and down from wall to wall, and cannot help thinking. I think, 'I have betrayed him.' I lie down and cover myself up, and hear something whispering, 'Betrayed! betrayed Mítin! Mítin betrayed!' I know it is an hallucination, but cannot help listening. I wish to fall asleep, I cannot. I wish not to think, and cannot cease. That is terrible!" and as Shoústova spoke she got more and more excited, and twisted and untwisted the lock of hair round her finger.

"Lydia, dear, be calm," the mother said, touching her shoulder.

But Shoústova could not stop herself.

"It is all the more terrible——" she began again, but did not finish, and jumping up with a cry rushed out of the room.

Her mother turned to follow her.

"They ought to be hanged, the rascals!" said the schoolboy who was sitting on the window-sill.

"What's that?" said the mother.

"I only said—— Oh, it's nothing," the schoolboy answered, and taking a cigarette that lay on the table, he began to smoke.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LYDIA'S AUNT.

"YES, that solitary confinement is terrible for the young," said the aunt, shaking her head and also lighting a cigarette.

"I should say for every one," Nekhlúdoff replied.

"No, not for all," answered the aunt. "For the real revolutionists, I have been told, it is rest and quiet. A man who is wanted by the police lives in continual anxiety, material want, and fear for himself and others, and for his cause, and at last, when he is taken up and it is all over, and all responsibility is off his shoulders, he can sit and rest. I have been told they actually feel glad when taken up. But the young and innocent (they always first arrest the innocent, like Lydia), for them the first shock is terrible. It is not the loss of freedom, and the bad food and bad air—all that is nothing. Three times as many privations might be easily borne if it were not for the moral shock when one is first taken."

"Have you, then, experienced it?"

"I? I was twice in prison," she answered, with a sad, gentle smile. "When I was arrested for the first time I had done nothing. I was 22, had a child, and was expecting another. Though the loss of freedom and the parting with my child and husband were hard, they were nothing when compared with what I felt when I found out that I had ceased being a human creature and had become a thing. I wished to say good-bye to my little daughter. I was told to go and get into the trap. I asked where I was being taken to. The answer was that I should know when I got there. I asked what I was accused of, but got no reply. After I had been examined, and after they had undressed me and put numbered prison clothes on me, they led me to a vault,

opened a door, pushed me in, and left me alone; a sentinel, with a loaded gun, paced up and down in front of my door, and every now and then looked in through a crack—I felt terribly depressed. What struck me most at the time was that the gendarme officer who examined me offered me a cigarette. So he knew that people liked smoking, and must know that they liked freedom and light; and that mothers love their children, and children their mothers. Then how could they tear me pitilessly from all that was dear to me, and lock me up in prison like a wild animal? That sort of thing could not be borne without evil effects. Any one who believes in God and men, and believes that men love one another, will cease to believe it after all that. I have ceased to believe in humanity since then, and have grown embittered," she finished, with a smile.

Shoústova's mother came in at the door through which her daughter had gone out and said that Lydia was very much upset, and would not come out again.

"And what has this young life been ruined for?" said the aunt. "What is especially painful to me is that I am the involuntary cause of it."

"She will recover in the country, with God's help," said the mother. "We shall send her to her father."

"Yes, if it were not for you she would have perished altogether," said the aunt. "Thank you. But what I wished to see you for is this: I wished to ask you to take a letter to Véra Doúkhova," and she got the letter out of her pocket. "The letter is not closed; you may read and tear it up, or hand it to her, as your principles may prompt you," she said. "It contains nothing compromising."

Nekhlúdoff took the letter, and, having promised to give it to Véra Doúkhova, he took his leave and went away. He sealed the letter without reading it, meaning to take it to its destination.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE STATE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE.

The last thing that kept Nekhlúdoff in Petersburg was the case of the sectarians, whose petition he intended to get his former fellow-officer, Aide-de-camp Bogotyréff, to hand to the Tsar. He came to Bogotyréff in the morning, and found him still at breakfast, though about to go out. Bogotyréff was not tall, but was firmly built and wonderfully strong (he could bend a horseshoe), a kind, honest, straight, and even liberal man. In spite of these qualities, he was intimate at Court, and very fond of the Tsar and his family, and by some strange method he managed, while living in that highest circle, to see nothing but the good in it and to take no part in the evil and corruption. He never condemned anybody nor any measure, and either kept silent or spoke in a bold, loud voice, almost shouting what he had to say, and often laughing in the same boisterous manner. And he did not do it for diplomatic reasons, but because such was his character.

"Ah, that's right that you have come. Would you like some breakfast? Sit down, the beefsteaks are fine! I always begin with something substantial—begin and finish, too. Ha! ha! ha! Well, then, have a glass of wine," he shouted, pointing to a decanter of claret. "I have been thinking of you. I will hand in the petition. I shall put it into his own hands. You may count on that, only it occurred to me that it would be best for you to call on Toporóff."

Nekhlúdoff made a wry face at the mention of Toporóff.

"It all depends on him. He will be consulted, anyhow. And perhaps he may himself meet your wishes."

"If you advise it I shall go."

"That's right. Well, and how does Petersburg agree with you?" shouted Bogotyréff. "Tell me. Eh?"

"I feel myself getting hypnotised," replied Nekhlúdoff.

"Hypnotised!" Bogotyréff repeated, and burst out laughing. "You won't have anything? Well, just as you please," and he wiped his moustaches with his napkin. "Then you'll go? Eh? If he does not do it, give the petition to me, and I shall hand it in to-morrow." Shouting these words, he rose, crossed himself just as naturally as he had wiped his mouth, and began buckling on his sword.

"And now, good-bye; I must go."

"We are both going out," said Nekhlúdoff, and shaking Bogotyréff's strong, broad hand, and with the sense of pleasure which the impression of something healthy and unconsciously fresh always gave him, Nekhlúdoff parted from Bogotyréff on the door-steps.

Though he expected no good results from his visit, still Nekhlúdoff, following Bogotyréff's advice, went to see Toporóff on whom the sectarians' fate depended.

The position occupied by Toporóff, involving as it did an incongruity of purpose, could only be held by a dull man devoid of moral sensibility. Toporóff possessed both these negative qualities. The incongruity of the position he occupied was this: It was his duty to keep up and to defend, by external measures, not excluding violence, that Church which, by its own declaration, was established by God Himself and could not be shaken by the gates of hell nor by anything human. This divine and immutable God-established institution had to be sustained and defended by a human institution—the Holy Synod, managed by Toporóff and his officials. Toporóff did not see this contradiction, nor did he wish to see it, and he was therefore much concerned lest some Romish priest, some pastor, or some sectarian should destroy that Church which the gates of hell could not conquer.

Toporóff, like all those who are quite destitute of the fundamental religious feeling that recognises the equality and brotherhood of men, was fully convinced that the common people were creatures entirely different from himself, and that the people needed what he could very well do without, for at the bottom of his heart he believed in nothing, and found such a state very convenient and pleasant. Yet he feared lest the people might also come to such a state, and looked upon it as his *sacred duty*, as he called it, to save the people therefrom.

A certain cookery book declares that some crabs like to be boiled alive. In the same way he thought and spoke as if the people liked being kept in superstition; only he meant this in a literal sense, whereas the cookery book did not mean its words literally.

His feelings towards the religion he was keeping up were the same as those of the poultry-keeper towards the carrion he fed his fowls on. Carrion was very disgusting, but the fowls liked it; therefore it was right to feed the fowls on carrion. Of course all this worship of the images of the Ibérian, Kazán and Smolénsk Mothers of God was a gross superstition, but the people liked it and believed in it, and therefore the superstition must be kept up.

Thus thought Toporóff, not considering that the people only liked superstition because there always have been, and still are, men like himself who, being enlightened, instead of using their light to help others to struggle out of their dark ignorance, use it to plunge them still deeper into it.

When Nekhlúdoff entered the reception-room, Toporóff was in his study talking with an abbess, a lively and aristocratic lady, who was spreading the Greek Orthodox faith in Western Russia among the Uniates (who acknowledge the Pope of Rome) upon whom the Greek religion is being enforced. An official who was in the reception-room inquired what Nekhlúdoff wanted, and

when he heard that Nekhlúdoff meant to hand in a petition to the Emperor, he asked him if he would allow the petition to be read first. Nekhlúdoff gave it him, and the official took it into the study. The abbess, with her hood and flowing veil and her long train trailing behind, left the study and went out, her white hands (with their well-tended nails) holding a topaz rosary. Nekhlúdoff was not immediately asked to come in. Toporóff was reading the petition and shaking his head. He was unpleasantly surprised by the clear and emphatic wording of it.

"If it gets into the hands of the Emperor it may cause misunderstandings, and unpleasant questions may be asked," he thought as he read. Then he put the petition on the table, rang, and ordered Nekhlúdoff to be asked in.

He remembered the case of the sectarians; he had had a petition from them before. The case was this: These Christians, fallen away from the Greek Orthodox Church, were first exhorted and then tried by law, but were acquitted. Then the Archdeacon and the Governor arranged, on the plea that their marriages were illegal, to exile these sectarians, separating the husbands, wives, and children. These fathers and wives were now petitioning that they should not be parted. Toporóff recollected the first time the case came to his notice: he had at that time hesitated whether he had not better put a stop to it. But then he thought no harm could result from his confirming the decision to separate and exile the different members of the sectarian families, whereas allowing the peasant sect to remain where it was might have a bad effect on the rest of the inhabitants of the place and cause them to fall away from Orthodoxy. And then the affair also proved the zeal of the Archdeacon, and so he let the case proceed along the lines it had taken. But now that they had a defender such as Nekhlúdoff, who had some influence in Petersburg, the case might be specially pointed

out to the Emperor as something cruel, or it might get into the foreign papers. Therefore he at once took an unexpected decision.

"How do you do?" he said, with the air of a very busy man, receiving Nekhlúdoff standing, and at once starting on the business. "I know this case. As soon as I saw the names I recollected this unfortunate business," he said, taking up the petition and showing it to Nekhlúdoff. "And I am much indebted to you for reminding me of it. It is the over-zealousness of the provincial authorities."

Nekhlúdoff stood silent, looking with no kindly feelings at the immovable, pale mask of a face before him.

"And I shall give orders that these measures should be revoked and the people reinstated in their homes."

"So that I need not make use of this petition?"

"*I* promise you most assuredly," answered Toporóff, laying a stress on the word I, as if quite convinced that *his* honesty, *his* word was the best guarantee. "It will be best if I write at once. Take a seat, please."

He went up to the table and began to write. As Nekhlúdoff sat down he looked at the narrow, bald skull, at the fat, blue-veined hand that was swiftly guiding the pen, and wondered why this evidently unfeeling man was doing what he did and why he was doing it with such care.

"Well, here you are," said Toporóff, sealing the envelope; "you may let your *clients* know," and he stretched his lips to imitate a smile.

"Then what did these people suffer for?" Nekhlúdoff asked, as he took the envelope.

Toporóff raised his head and smiled, as if Nekhlúdoff's question gave him pleasure. "That I cannot tell. All I can say is that the interests of the people guarded by us are so important that too great a zeal in matters of religion is not so dangerous or so harmful as the indifference which is now spreading——"

"But how is it that in the name of religion the very

first demands of righteousness are violated—families are separated?"

Toporóff continued to smile patronisingly, evidently thinking what Nekhlúdoff said very pretty. Anything that Nekhlúdoff could say he would have considered very pretty and very one-sided, from the height of what he considered his far-reaching political position.

"It may seem so from the point of view of a private individual," he said, "but from an adminstrative point of view it appears in a rather different light. However, I must bid you good-bye, now," said Toporóff, bowing his head and holding out his hand, which Nekhlúdoff pressed.

"The interests of the people! *Your* interests is what you mean!" thought Nekhlúdoff as he went out. And he ran over in his mind the people on whom is manifested the activity of the institutions that uphold religion and educate the people. He began with the woman punished for the illicit sale of spirits, the boy for theft, the tramp for tramping, the incendiary for setting a house on fire, the banker for fraud, and that unfortunate Lydia Shoústova imprisoned only because they hoped to get such information as they required from her. Then he thought of the sectarians punished for violating Orthodoxy, and Gourkévitch for wanting constitutional government, and Nekhlúdoff clearly saw that all these people were arrested, locked up, exiled, not really because they transgressed against justice or behaved unlawfully, but only because they were an obstacle hindering the officials and the rich from enjoying the property they had taken away from the people. And the woman who sold wine without having a license, and the thief knocking about the town, and Lydia Shoústova hiding proclamations, and the sectarians upsetting superstitions, and Gourkévitch desiring a constitution, were a real hindrance. It seemed perfectly clear to Nekhlúdoff that all these officials, beginning with his aunt's husband, the Senators, and Toporóff, down to those clean,

correct, and unimportant gentlemen who sat at the tables in the Ministries, were not at all troubled by the fact that in such a state of things the innocent had to suffer, but were only concerned how to get rid of the really dangerous, so that the rule that ten guilty should escape rather than that one innocent should be condemned was not regarded, but, on the contrary, for the sake of getting rid of one really dangerous person, ten who seemed dangerous were punished, as, when cutting a rotten piece out of anything, one has to cut away some that is good.

This explanation seemed very simple and clear to Nekhlúdoff; but its very simplicity and clearness made him hesitate to accept it. Was it possible that so complicated a phenomenon could have so simple and terrible an explanation? Was it possible that all these words about justice, law, religion, and God, and so on, were mere words, hiding the coarsest cupidity and cruelty?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MEANING OF MARIETTE'S ATTRACTION.

Nekhlúdoff would have left Petersburg on the evening of the same day, but he had promised Mariette to meet her at the theatre, and though he knew that he ought not to keep that promise, he deceived himself into the belief that it would not be right to break his word. Besides desiring to see Mariette once more, he wished, as it seemed to him, to see for the last time how he fitted this world that he had once belonged to, that had been so familiar and was now so strange to him.

"Am I capable of withstanding these temptations?" he asked himself, not quite honestly. "I shall try for the last time."

He dressed in his evening clothes, and arrived at the

theatre during the second act of the eternal *Dame aux Camélias*, in which a foreign actress once again, and in a novel manner, showed how women die of consumption.

The theatre was quite full. Mariette's box was at once, and with great deference, shown to Nekhlúdoff at his request. A liveried servant stood in the corridor outside; he bowed to Nekhlúdoff as to one whom he knew, and opened the door of the box.

All the people who sat and stood in the boxes on the opposite side, those who sat near and those who were in the parterre, with their grey, grizzly, bald, or curly heads —all were absorbed in watching the thin, bony actress who, dressed in silks and laces, was wriggling before them, and speaking in an unnatural voice.

Some one called "Hush!" when the door opened, and two streams, one of cool, the other of hot, air touched Nekhlúdoff's face.

Mariette and a lady whom he did not know, with a red cape and a big, heavy head-dress, were in the box, and two men also, Mariette's husband, the General, a tall, handsome man with a severe, inscrutable countenance, a Roman nose, and a uniform padded round the chest, and a fair man, with a bit of shaved chin between pompous whiskers.

Mariette, graceful, slight, elegant, her low-necked dress showing her firm, shapely, slanting shoulders, with a little black mole where they joined her neck, immediately turned and pointed with her face to a chair behind her in an engaging manner, and smiled a smile that seemed full of meaning to Nekhlúdoff.

The husband looked at him in the quiet way in which he did everything, and bowed. In the look he exchanged with his wife, the master, the owner of the beautiful woman, was to be seen at once.

When the monologue was over the theatre resounded with the clapping of hands. Mariette rose, and holding up her rustling silk skirt, went into the back of the box and introduced Nekhlúdoff to her husband.

The General, without ceasing to smile with his eyes, said he was very pleased, and then sat inscrutably silent.

"I ought to have left to-day, had I not promised," said Nekhlúdoff to Mariette.

"If you do not care to see me," said Mariette, in answer to what his words implied, "you will see a wonderful actress. Was she not splendid in the last scene?" she asked, turning to her husband.

The husband bowed his head.

"This sort of thing does not touch me," said Nekhlúdoff. "I have seen so much real suffering lately that——"

"Yes, sit down and tell me."

The husband listened, his eyes smiling more and more ironically. "I have been to see that woman whom they have set free, and who has been kept in prison for so long; she is quite broken down."

"That is the woman I spoke to you about," Mariette said to her husband.

"Oh, yes, I was very pleased that she could be set free," said the husband quietly, nodding and smiling under his moustache with evident irony, so it seemed to Nekhlúdoff. "I shall go and have a smoke."

Nekhlúdoff sat waiting to hear what the *something* was that Mariette had to tell him. She said nothing, and did not even try to say anything, but joked and spoke about the performance, which she thought ought to touch Nekhlúdoff. Nekhlúdoff saw that she had nothing to tell, but only wished to show herself to him in all the splendour of her evening toilet, with her shoulders and little mole; and this was pleasant and yet repulsive to him.

The charm that had veiled all this sort of thing from Nekhlúdoff was not removed, but it was if he could see what lay beneath. Looking at Mariette, he admired her, and yet he knew that she was a liar, living with a husband who was making his career by means of the tears and lives of hundreds and hundreds of people, and

that she was quite indifferent about it, and that all she had said the day before was untrue. What she wanted —neither he nor she knew why—was to make him fall in love with her. This both attracted and disgusted him. Several times, on the point of going away, he took up his hat, and then stayed on.

But at last, when the husband returned with a strong smell of tobacco in his thick moustache, and looked at Nekhlúdoff with a patronising, contemptuous air, as if not recognising him, Nekhlúdoff left the box before the door was closed again, found his overcoat, and went out of the theatre. As he was walking home along the Névski, he could not help noticing a well-shaped and aggressively finely-dressed woman, who was quietly walking in front of him along the broad asphalt pavement. The consciousness of her detestable power was noticeable in her face and in her whole figure. All who met or passed that woman looked at her. Nekhlúdoff walked faster than she did and, involuntarily, also looked her in the face. The face, which was probably painted, was handsome, and the woman looked at him with a smile and her eyes sparkled. And, curiously enough, Nekhlúdoff was suddenly reminded of Mariette, because he again felt both attracted and disgusted just as when in the theatre.

Having hurriedly passed her, Nekhlúdoff, vexed with himself, turned off on to the Morskáya, and passed on to the embankment, where, to the surprise of a policeman, he began pacing up and down the pavement.

"The other one gave me just such a smile when I entered the theatre," he thought, "and the meaning of the smile was the same. The only difference is, that this one said plainly, 'If you want me, take me; if not, go your way,' and the other one pretended that she was not thinking of this, but living in some high and refined state, while this was really at the root. Besides, this one was driven to it by necessity, while the other amused herself by playing with that enchanting, disgusting,

frightful passion. This woman of the street was like stagnant, smelling water offered to those whose thirst was greater than their disgust; that other one in the theatre was like the poison which, unnoticed, poisons everything it gets into."

Nekhlúdoff recalled his *liaison* with the Maréchal's wife, and shameful memories rose before him.

"The animalism of the brute nature in man is disgusting," thought he, "but as long as it remains in its naked form we observe it from the height of our spiritual life and despise it; and—whether one has fallen or resisted—one remains what one was before. But when that same animalism hides under a cloak of poetry and æsthetic feeling and demands our worship—then we are swallowed up by it completely, and worship animalism, no longer distinguishing good from evil. Then it is awful."

Nekhlúdoff perceived all this now as clearly as he saw the place, the sentinels, the fortress, the river, the boats, and the Stock Exchange. And just as on this northern summer night there was no restful darkness on the earth, but only a dismal, dull light coming from an invisible source, so in Nekhlúdoff's soul there was no longer the restful darkness, ignorance. Everything seemed clear. It was clear that everything considered important and good was insignificant and repulsive, and that all this glamour and luxury hid the old, well-known crimes, which not only remained unpunished but were adorned with all the splendour which men were capable of inventing.

Nekhlúdoff wished to forget all this, not to see it, but he could no longer help seeing it. Though he could not see the source of the light which revealed it to him any more than he could see the source of the light which lay over Petersburg; and though the light appeared to him dull, dismal, and unnatural, yet he could not help seeing what it revealed, and he felt both joyful and anxious.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"FOR HER SAKE AND FOR GOD'S."

On his return to Moscow Nekhlúdoff went at once to the prison hospital to bring Máslova the sad news that the Senate had confirmed the decision of the Court, and that she must prepare to go to Siberia. He had little hope of the success of his petition to the Emperor, which the advocate had written for him, and which he now brought with him for Máslova to sign. And, strange to say, he did not at present even wish to succeed; he had got used to the thought of going to Siberia and living among the exiled and the convicts, and he could not easily picture to himself how his life and Máslova's would shape themselves if she were acquitted. He remembered the thought of the American writer, Thoreau, who at the time when slavery existed in America said that "under a government that imprisons any unjustly the true place for a just man is also a prison." Nekhlúdoff, especially after his visit to Petersburg and all he discovered there, thought in the same way.

"Yes, the only place befitting an honest man in Russia at the present time is a prison," he thought, and even felt that this applied to him personally, when he drove up to the prison and entered its walls.

The doorkeeper recognised Nekhlúdoff, and told him at once that Máslova was no longer there.

"Where is she, then?"

"In the cell again."

"Why has she been removed?" Nekhlúdoff asked.

"Oh, your Excellence, what are such people?" said the doorkeeper, contemptuously. "She's been carrying on with the medical assistant, so the head doctor ordered her back."

Nekhlúdoff had had no idea how near Máslova and

the state of her mind were to him. He was stunned by the news.

He felt as one feels at the news of a great and unforeseen misfortune, and his pain was very severe. His first feeling was one of shame. He, with his joyful idea of the change that he imagined was going on in her soul, now seemed ridiculous in his own eyes. He thought that all her pretence of not wishing to accept his sacrifice, all the reproaches and tears, were only the devices of a depraved woman, who wished to use him to the best advantage. He seemed to remember having seen signs of obduracy at his last interview with her. All this flashed through his mind as he instinctively put on his hat and left the hospital.

"What am I to do now? Am I still bound to her? Has this action of hers not set me free?" And as he put these questions to himself he knew at once that if he considered himself free, and threw her up, he would be punishing himself, and not her, which was what he wished to do, and he was seized with fear.

"No, what has happened cannot alter—it can only strengthen, my resolve. Let her do what flows from the state her mind is in. If it is carrying on with the medical assistant, let her carry on with the medical assistant; that is her business. I must do what my conscience demands of me. And my conscience expects me to sacrifice my freedom. My resolution to marry her, if only in form, and to follow wherever she may be sent, remains unalterable." Nekhlúdoff said all this to himself with vicious obstinacy as he left the hospital and walked with resolute steps towards the big gates of the prison. He asked the warder on duty at the gate to inform the inspector that he wished to see Máslova. The warder knew Nekhlúdoff, and told him of an important change that had taken place in the prison. The old inspector had been discharged, and a new, very severe official appointed in his place.

"They are so strict nowadays, it's just awful," said

the jailer. "He is in here; and shall be told directly."

The new inspector was in the prison and soon came to Nekhlúdoff. He was a tall, angular man, with high cheekbones, morose, and very slow in his movements.

"Interviews are allowed in the visiting room on the appointed days," he said, without looking at Nekhlúdoff.

"But I have a petition to the Emperor, which I want signed."

"You can give it to me."

"I must see the prisoner myself. I was always allowed to before."

"That was so, before," said the inspector, with a furtive glance at Nekhlúdoff.

"I have a permission from the governor," insisted Nekhlúdoff, and took out his pocket-book.

"Allow me," said the inspector, taking the paper from Nekhlúdoff with his long, dry, white fingers, on the first of which was a gold ring, still without looking him in the eyes. He read the paper slowly. "Step into the office, please."

This time the office was empty. The inspector sat down by the table and began sorting some papers that lay on it, evidently intending to be present at the interview.

When Nekhlúdoff asked whether he might see the political prisoner, Doúkhova, the inspector answered, shortly, that he could not. "Interviews with political prisoners are not permitted," he said, and again fixed his attention on his papers. With a letter to Doúkhova in his pocket, Nekhlúdoff felt as if he had committed some offence, and his plans had been discovered and frustrated.

When Máslova entered the room the inspector raised his head, and, without looking at either her or Nekhlúdoff, remarked: "You may talk," and went on sorting his papers. Máslova had again the white jacket, petticoat and kerchief on. When she came up to Nekh-

lúdoff and saw his cold, hard look, she blushed scarlet, and crumpling the hem of her jacket with her hands, she cast down her eyes. Her confusion, so it seemed to Nekhlúdoff, confirmed the hospital doorkeeper's words.

Nekhlúdoff had meant to treat her in the same way as before, but could not bring himself to shake hands with her, so disgusting was she to him now.

"I have brought you bad news," he said, in a monotonous voice, without looking at her or taking her hand. "The Senate has refused."

"I knew it would," she said, in a strange tone, as if she were gasping for breath.

Formerly Nekhlúdoff would have asked why she said she knew it would; now he only looked at her. Her eyes were full of tears. But this did not soften him; it roused his irritation against her even more.

The inspector rose and began pacing up and down the room.

In spite of the disgust Nekhlúdoff was feeling at the moment, he considered it right to express his regret at the Senate's decision.

"You must not despair," he said. "The petition to the Emperor may meet with success, and I hope——"

"I'm not thinking of that," she said, looking piteously at him with her wet, squinting eyes.

"What is it, then?"

"You have been to the hospital, and they have most likely told you about me——"

"What of that? That is your affair," said Nekhlúdoff coldly, and frowned. The cruel feeling of wounded pride that had quieted down rose with renewed force when she mentioned the hospital.

"He, a man of the world, whom any girl of the best families would think it happiness to marry, offered himself as a husband to this woman, and she could not even wait, but began intriguing with the medical assistant," thought he, with a look of hatred.

"Here, sign this petition," he said, taking a large envelope from his pocket, and laying the paper on the table. She wiped the tears with a corner of her kerchief, and asked what to write and where.

He showed her, and she sat down and arranged the cuff of her right sleeve with her left hand; he stood behind her, and silently looked at her back, which shook with suppressed emotion, and evil and good feelings were fighting in his breast—feelings of wounded pride and of pity for her who was suffering—and the last was victorious.

He could not remember which came first; did the pity for her first enter his heart, or did he first remember his own sins—his own repulsive actions, the very same for which he was condemning her? Anyhow, he both felt himself guilty and pitied her.

Having signed the petition and wiped her inky finger on her petticoat, she got up and looked at him.

"Whatever happens, whatever comes of it, my resolve remains unchanged," said Nekhlúdoff. The thought that he had forgiven her heightened his feeling of pity and tenderness for her, and he wished to comfort her. "I will do what I have said; wherever they take you I shall be with you."

"What's the use?" she interrupted hurriedly, though her whole face lighted up.

"Think what you will want on the way."

"I don't know of anything in particular, thank you."

The inspector came up, and without waiting for a remark from him Nekhlúdoff took leave, and went out with peace, joy, and love towards everybody in his heart such as he had never felt before. The certainty that no action of Máslova could change his love for her filled him with joy and raised him to a level which he had never before attained. Let her intrigue with the medical assistant; that was her business. He loved her not for his own but for her sake and for God's.

And this intrigue, for which Máslova was turned out

of the hospital, and of which Nekhlúdoff believed she was really guilty, consisted of the following:

Máslova was sent by the head nurse to get some herb tea from the dispensary at the end of the corridor, and there, all alone, she found the medical assistant, a tall man, with a blotchy face, who had for a long time been bothering her. In trying to get away from him Máslova gave him such a push that he knocked his head against a shelf, from which two bottles fell and broke. The head doctor, who was passing at that moment, heard the sound of breaking glass, and saw Máslova run out, quite red, and shouted to her:

"Ah, my good woman, if you start intriguing here, I'll send you about your business. What is the meaning of it?" he went on, addressing the medical assistant, and looking at him over his spectacles.

The assistant smiled, and began to justify himself. The doctor gave no heed to him, but, lifting his head so that he now looked through his spectacles, he entered the ward. He told the inspector the same day to send another more sedate assistant-nurse in Máslova's place. And this was her "intrigue" with the medical assistant.

Being turned out for a love intrigue was particularly painful to Máslova, because the relations with men, which had long been repulsive to her, had become specially disgusting after meeting Nekhlúdoff. The thought that, judging her by her past and present position, every man, the blotchy assistant among them, considered he had a right to insult her, and was surprised at her refusal, hurt her deeply, and made her pity herself and brought tears to her eyes.

When she went out to Nekhlúdoff this time she wished to clear herself of the false charge which she knew he would certainly have heard about. But when she began to justify herself she felt he did not believe her, and that her excuses would only strengthen his suspicions; tears choked her, and she was silent.

Máslova still thought and continued to persuade her-

self that she had never forgiven him, and hated him, as she told him at their second interview, but in reality she loved him again, and loved him so that she did all he wished her to do; left off drinking, smoking, coquetting, and entered the hospital because she knew he wished it. And if every time he reminded her of it, she refused so decidedly to accept his sacrifice and marry him, it was because she liked repeating the proud words she had once uttered, and because she knew that a marriage with her would be a misfortune for him.

She had resolutely made up her mind that she would not accept his sacrifice, and yet the thought that he despised her and believed that she still was what she had been, and did not notice the change that had taken place in her, was very painful. That he could still think she had done wrong while in the hospital tormented her more than the news that her sentence was confirmed.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ASTONISHING INSTITUTION CALLED CRIMINAL LAW.

MÁSLOVA might be sent off with the first gang of prisoners, therefore Nekhlúdoff got ready for his departure. But there was so much to be done that he felt that he could not finish it, however much time he might have. It was quite different now from what it had been. Formerly he used to be obliged to look for an occupation, the interest of which always centred in one person, *i.e.*, Dmítri Iványovitch Nekhlúdoff, and yet, though every interest of his life was thus centred, all these occupations were very wearisome. Now all his occupations related to other people and not to Dmítri Iványovitch, and they were all interesting and attractive, and there was no end to them. Nor was this all. Formerly Dmítri Iványovitch Nekhlúdoff's occupations always made

him feel vexed and irritable; now they produced a joyful state of mind. The business at present occupying Nekhlúdoff could be divided under three headings. He himself, with his usual pedantry, divided it in that way, and accordingly kept the papers referring to it in three different portfolios. The first referred to Máslova, and was chiefly that of taking steps to get her petition to the Emperor attended to, and preparing for her probable journey to Siberia.

The second was about his estates. In Panóvo he had given the land to the peasants on condition of their paying rent to be put to their own communal use. But he had to confirm this transaction by a legal deed, and to make his will, in accordance with it. In Kousmínski the state of things was still as he had first arranged it, *i.e.*, he was to receive the rent; but the terms had to be fixed, and also how much of the money he would use to live on, and how much he would leave for the peasants' use. As he did not know what his journey to Siberia would cost him, he could not decide to lose this revenue altogether, though he reduced the income from it by half.

The third part of his business was to help the convicts, who applied more and more often to him. At first when he came in contact with the prisoners, and they appealed to him for help, he at once began interceding for them, hoping to lighten their fate, but he soon had so many applications that he felt the impossibility of attending to all of them, and that naturally led him to take up another piece of work, which at last roused his interest even more than the three first. This new part of his business was finding an answer to the following questions: What is this astonishing institution called criminal law, of which the results are that in the prison, with some of the inmates of which he had lately become acquainted, and in all those other places of confinement, from the Peter and Paul Fortress in Petersburg to the island of Sakhalín, hundreds and thousands of victims

are pining? What does this strange criminal law exist for? How has it originated?

From his personal relations with the prisoners, by questioning the advocate, an inspector, and the prison priest, and from the prison register, Nekhlúdoff came to the conclusion that the convicts, the so-called criminals, could be divided into five classes. The first were quite innocent people, condemned by judicial blunder. Such were the Menshóffs, supposed to be incendiaries, Máslova, and others. There were not many of these; according to the priest's words, only seven per cent., but their condition excited particular interest.

To the second class belong persons condemned for actions done under peculiar circumstances, *i.e.*, in a fit of passion, jealousy, or drunkenness, circumstances under which those who judged them would surely have committed the same actions.

The third class consisted of people punished for having committed actions which, according to their understanding, were quite natural, and even good, but which those other people, the men who made the laws, considered to be crimes. Such were the persons who sold spirits without a license, smugglers; those who gathered grass and wood on large estates and in the forests belonging to the Crown; the thieving miners; and those unbelieving people who robbed churches.

To the fourth class belonged those who were imprisoned only because they stood morally higher than the average level of society. Such were the Sectarians, the Poles, the Circassians rebelling in order to regain their independence, the political prisoners, the Socialists, the strikers. There was, according to Nekhlúdoff's observations, a very large percentage belonging to this class; among them some of the best of men, who defending their rights, were condemned for withstanding the authorities.

The fifth class consisted of persons who had been far more sinned against by society than they had sinned

against it. These were castaways, stupefied by continual oppression and temptation, such as the boy who had stolen the mats, and hundreds of others whom Nekhlúdoff had seen in the prison and out of it. The conditions under which they lived seemed to lead on systematically to those actions which are termed crimes. A great many thieves and murderers with whom he had lately come in contact, in Nekhlúdoff's estimation, belonged to this class. To this class Nekhlúdoff also assigned those depraved, demoralised creatures whom the new schools of criminology classify as the criminal type, and the existence of which is considered to be the chief proof of the necessity of criminal law and punishment. The demoralised, depraved, abnormal type was, according to Nekhlúdoff, exactly the same as that against whom society had sinned, only here society had sinned not directly against them, but against their parents and forefathers.

Among this latter class Nekhlúdoff was specially struck by one Okhótin, an inveterate thief, the illegitimate son of a prostitute, brought up in a doss-house, who, up to the age of 30, had apparently never met with any one whose morality was above that of a policeman, and who had got into a band of thieves when quite young. He was gifted with an extraordinary sense of humour, by means of which he made himself very attractive. He asked Nekhlúdoff for protection, at the same time making fun of himself, the lawyers, the prison, and laws human and divine.

Another was the handsome Fédoroff, who, with a band of robbers, of whom he was the chief, had robbed and murdered an old man, an official. Fédoroff was a peasant, whose father had been unlawfully deprived of his house, and who, later on, when serving as a soldier, had suffered much because he had fallen in love with an officer's mistress. He had a fascinating, passionate nature, that longed for enjoyment at any cost. He had never met anybody who restrained himself for any cause

whatever, and had never heard a word about any aim in life other than enjoyment.

Nekhlúdoff distinctly saw that both these men were richly endowed by nature, but had been neglected and crippled like uncared-for plants.

He had also met a tramp and a woman who had repelled him by their dulness and seeming cruelty, but even in them he could find no trace of the criminal type written about by the Italian school, but only saw in them people who were repulsive to him personally, just in the same way as some he had met outside the prison, in swallow-tail coats wearing epaulettes, or bedecked with lace. And so the investigation of the reasons why all these very different persons were put in prison, while others just like them were going about free and even judging them, formed a fourth task for Nekhlúdoff.

He hoped to find an answer to this question in books, and bought all that referred to it. He got the works of Lombroso, Garofalo, Ferry, List, Maudsley, Tarde, and read them carefully. But as he read he became more and more disappointed. It happened to him as it always happens to those who turn to science, not in order to play a part in it, nor to write, nor to dispute, nor to teach, but simply for an answer to an every-day question of life. Science answered thousands of different very subtle and ingenious questions touching criminal law, but not the one he was trying to solve. He asked a very simple question: "Why, and with what right, do some people lock up, torment, exile, flog, and kill others, while they are themselves just like those whom they torment, flog, and kill?" And in answer he got deliberations as to whether human beings had free will or not. Whether signs of criminality could be detected by measuring the skulls or not. What part heredity played in crime. Whether immorality could be inherited. What madness is, what degeneration is, and what temperament is. How climate, food, ignorance, imita-

tiveness, hypnotism, or passion act. What society is. What are its duties, etc., etc.

These disquisitions reminded him of the answer he once got from a little boy whom he met coming home from school. Nekhlúdoff asked him if he had learned to spell.

"I have," answered the boy.

"Well, then, tell me, how do you spell 'leg'?"

"A dog's leg, or what kind of leg?" the boy answered, with a sly look.

Answers in the form of new questions, like the boy's, were all Nekhlúdoff got in reply to his one primary question. He found much that was clever, learned much that was interesting, but what he did not find was an answer to the principal question: By what right do some people punish others?

Not only did he not find any answer, but all the arguments were brought forward in order to explain and vindicate punishment, the necessity of which was taken as an axiom.

Nekhlúdoff read much, but only in snatches, and putting down his failure to this superficial way of reading, hoped to find the answer later on. He would not allow himself to believe in the truth of the answer which began, more and more often, to present itself to him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEKHLÚDOFF'S SISTER AND HER HUSBAND.

The gang of prisoners, with Máslova among them, was to start on the 5th of July. Nekhlúdoff arranged to start on the same day.

The day before, Nekhlúdoff's sister and her husband came to town to see him.

Nekhlúdoff's sister, Nathalie Iványovna Rogózhinsky, was 10 years older than her brother. She had been very

fond of him when he was a boy, and later on, just before her marriage, they grew very close to each other, as if they were equals, she being a woman of 25, he a lad of 15. At that time she was in love with his friend, Nikólenka Irténieff, since dead. They both loved Nikólenka, and loved in him and in themselves that which is good, and which unites all men. Since then they had both been deprayed, he by military service and a vicious life, she by marriage with a man whom she loved with a sensual love, who did not care for the things that had once been so dear and holy to her and to her brother, did not even understand the meaning of these aspirations towards moral perfection and the service of mankind which once constituted her life, and put them down to ambition and a wish to show off; that being the only explanation comprehensible to him.

Nathalie's husband had been a man without a name and without means; but cleverly steering towards Liberalism or Conservatism according to which best suited his purpose, he managed to make a comparatively brilliant judicial career. Some peculiarity which made him attractive to women assisted him when he was no longer in his first youth. While travelling abroad he made Nekhlúdoff's acquaintance, and managed to make Nathalie, who was also no longer a girl, fall in love with him, rather against her mother's wishes who considered a marriage with him to be a *mésalliance* for her daughter. Nekhlúdoff, though he tried to hide it from himself, though he fought against it, hated his brother-in-law. Nekhlúdoff had a strong antipathy towards him because of the vulgarity of his feelings, his assurance and narrowness, but chiefly because of Nathalie, who managed to love him in spite of the narrowness of his nature, and loved him so selfishly, so sensually, and stifled for his sake the good that had been in her.

It always hurt Nekhlúdoff to think of Nathalie as the wife of that hairy, self-assured man with the shiny, bald patch on his head. He could not even master a feeling

of revulsion towards their children, and when he heard that she was again going to have a baby, he felt something like sorrow that she had once more been infected with something bad by this man who was so foreign to him. The Rogózhinskys had come to Moscow alone, having left their two children—a boy and a girl—at home, and had taken the best rooms in the best hotel. Nathalie at once went to her mother's old house, but hearing from Agraphéna Petróvna that her brother had left, and was living in a lodging-house, she drove there.

The dirty servant met her in the stuffy passage, dark but for a lamp which burnt there all day. He told her that the Prince was not in.

Nathalie asked to be shown into his rooms, as she wished to leave a note for him, and the man took her up.

Nathalie carefully examined her brother's two little rooms. She noticed in everything the love of cleanliness and order she knew so well in him, and was struck by the novel simplicity of the surroundings. On his writing-table she saw the paper-weight with the bronze dog on the top which she remembered; the tidy way in which his different portfolios and writing utensils were placed on the table was also familiar, and so was the large, crooked ivory paper knife which marked the place in a French book by Tarde, which lay with other volumes on punishment and a book in English by Henry George. She sat down at the table and wrote a note asking him to be sure to come that same day, and shaking her head in surprise at what she saw, she returned to her hotel.

Two questions regarding her brother now interested Nathalie: his marriage with Katúsha, which she had heard spoken about in their town—for everybody was speaking about it—and his giving away the land to the peasants, which was also known, and struck many as something of a political nature, and dangerous. The marriage with Katúsha pleased her in a way. She admired that resoluteness which was so like him and herself as they used to be in those happy times before her

marriage. And yet she was horrified when she thought her brother was going to marry such a dreadful woman. The latter was the stronger feeling of the two, and she decided to use all her influence to prevent him from doing it, though she knew how difficult this would be.

The other matter, the giving up of the land to the peasants, did not touch her so nearly, but her husband was very indignant about it, and expected her to influence her brother against it.

Rogózhinsky said that such an action was the height of inconsistency, flightiness, and pride, the only possible explanation of which was the desire to appear original, to brag, to make one's self talked about.

"What sense could there be in letting the land to the peasants, on condition that they pay the rent to themselves?" he said. "If he was resolved to do such a thing, why not sell the land to them through the Peasants' Bank? There might have been some sense in that. In fact, this act verges on insanity."

And Rogózhinsky began seriously thinking about putting Nekhlúdoff under legal guardianship, and demanded of his wife that she should speak seriously to her brother about his curious intention.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NEKHLÚDOFF'S ANARCHISM.

As soon as Neklúdoff returned that evening and saw his sister's note on the table he started to go and see her. He found Nathalie alone, her husband was resting in the next room. She wore a tightly-fitting black silk dress, with a red bow in front. Her black hair was crimped and arranged according to the latest fashion.

The pains she took to appear young for the sake of her husband, whose equal she was in years, were very obvious.

When she saw her brother she jumped up and hurried towards him, with her silk dress rustling. They kissed, and looked smilingly at each other. There passed between them that mysterious exchange of looks, full of meaning, in which all was true, and which cannot be expressed in words. Then came words which were not true. They had not met since their mother's death.

"You have grown stouter and younger," he said, and her lips puckered up with pleasure.

"And you have grown thinner."

"Well, and how is your husband?" Nekhlúdoff asked.

"He is taking a rest; he did not sleep all night." There was too much to say, but it was not said in words; only their looks expressed what their words failed to say.

"I have been to your lodgings."

"Yes, I know. I moved because the house is too big for me. I was lonely there, and dull. I want nothing of all that is there, so that you had better take it all —the furniture, I mean, and things."

"Yes, Agraphéna Petróvna told me. I went there. Thanks, very much. But——"

At this moment the hotel waiter brought in a silver tea-set. While he set the table they were silent. Then Nathalie sat down at the table and made the tea, still in silence. Nekhlúdoff also said nothing.

At last Nathalie began resolutely. "Well, Dmítri, I know all about it." And she looked at him.

"What of that? I am glad you know."

"How can you hope to reform her after the life she has led?" she asked.

He sat quite straight on a small chair, and listened attentively, trying to understand her and to answer rightly. The state of mind called forth in him by his last interview with Máslova still filled his soul with quiet joy and good will to all men.

"It is not her but myself I wish to reform," he replied.

Nathalie sighed.

"There are other means besides marriage to do that."

"But I think it is best. Besides, it leads me into that world in which I can be of use."

"I cannot believe you will be happy," said Nathalie.

"It's not my happiness that is the point."

"Of course; but if she has a heart she cannot be happy—cannot even wish it."

"She does not wish it."

"I understand; but life——"

"Yes—life?"

"Demands something different."

"It demands nothing but that we should do what is right," said Nekhlúdoff, looking into her face, still handsome, though slightly wrinkled round eyes and mouth.

"I do not understand," she said, and sighed.

"Poor darling; how could she change so?" he thought, calling back to his mind Nathalie as she had been before her marriage, and feeling towards her a tenderness woven out of innumerable memories of childhood. At that moment Rogózhinsky entered the room, with head thrown back and expanded chest, and stepping lightly and softly in his usual manner, his spectacles, his bald patch, and his black beard all glistening.

"How do you do? How do you do?" he said, laying an unnatural and intentional stress on his words. (Though, soon after the marriage, they had tried to be more familiar with each other, they had never succeeded.)

They shook hands, and Rogózhinsky sank softly into an easy-chair.

"Am I not interrupting your conversation?"

"No, I do not wish to hide what I am saying or doing from any one."

As soon as Nekhlúdoff saw the hairy hands, and

heard the patronising, self-assured tones, his meekness left him in a moment.

"Yes, we were talking about his intentions," said Nathalie. "Shall I give you a cup of tea?" she added, taking the teapot.

"Yes, please. What particular intentions do you mean?"

"That of going to Siberia with the gang of prisoners, among whom is the woman I consider myself to have wronged," uttered Nekhlúdoff.

"I hear not only to accompany her, but more than that."

"Yes, and to marry her if she wishes it."

"Dear me. But if you do not object I should like to ask you to explain your motives. I do not understand them."

"My motives are that this woman—that this woman's first step on her way to degradation——" Nekhlúdoff got angry with himself, and was unable to find the right expression. "My motives are that I am the guilty one, and she gets the punishment."

"If she is being punished she cannot be innocent, either."

"She is quite innocent." And Nekhlúdoff related the whole incident with unnecessary warmth.

"Yes, that was a case of carelessness on the part of the president, the result of which was a thoughtless answer on the part of the jury; but there is the Senate for cases like that."

"The Senate has rejected the appeal."

"Well, if the Senate has rejected it, there cannot have been sufficient reasons for an appeal," said Rogózhinsky, evidently sharing the prevailing opinion that truth is the product of judicial decrees. "The Senate cannot enter into the question on its merits. If there is a real mistake, the Emperor should be petitioned."

"That has been done, but there is no probability of success. They will apply to the Department of the

Ministry, the Department will consult the Senate, the Senate will repeat its decision, and, as usual, the innocent will get punished."

"In the first place, the Department of the Ministry won't consult the Senate," said Rogózhinsky, with a condescending smile; "it will give orders for the original deeds to be sent from the Law Court, and if it discovers a mistake it will decide accordingly. And, secondly, the innocent are never punished, or at least in very rare, quite exceptional cases. It is the guilty who are punished," Rogózhinsky said deliberately, and smiled self-complacently.

"And I have become fully convinced that those condemned by law are innocent."

"In what sense?"

"Innocent in the literal sense. Just as this woman is innocent of poisoning any one; as innocent as a peasant I have just come to know, of the murder he never committed; as a mother and son who were on the point of being condemned for incendiarism which was committed by the owner of the house that was set on fire."

"Well, of course, there always have been and always will be judicial errors. Human institutions cannot be perfect."

"And, besides, there are a great many people convicted who are innocent of doing anything considered wrong by the society they have grown up in."

"Excuse me, this is not so; every thief knows that stealing is wrong, and that we should not steal; that it is immoral," said Rogózhinsky, with his quiet, self-assured, slightly contemptuous smile, which specially irritated Nekhlúdoff.

"No, he does not know it; they say to him 'don't steal,' and he knows that the master of the factory steals his labour by keeping back his wages; that the Government, with its officials, robs him continually by taxation."

"Why, this is anarchism," Rogózhinsky said, quietly defining his brother-in-law's words.

"I don't know what it is; I am only telling you the truth," Nekhlúdoff continued. "He knows that the Government is robbing him, knows that we landed proprietors have robbed him long since, robbed him of the land which should be the common property of all, and then, if he picks up dry wood to light his fire on that land stolen from him, we put him in jail, and try to persuade him that he is a thief. Of course he knows that not he but those who robbed him of the land are thieves, and that to get any restitution of what he has been robbed of is his duty towards his family."

"I don't understand, or if I do I cannot agree. The land must be somebody's property," began Rogózhinsky quietly, and convinced that Nekhlúdoff was a Socialist, and that Socialism demands that all the land should be divided equally, that such a division would be very foolish, and that he could easily prove it to be so. "If you divided it equally to-day, it would to-morrow be again in the hands of the most industrious and clever."

"Nobody is thinking of dividing the land equally. The land must not be anybody's property; must not be a thing to be bought and sold or rented."

"The rights of property are inborn in man; without them the cultivation of land would present no interest. Destroy the rights of property and we lapse into barbarism." Rogózhinsky uttered this authoritatively, repeating the usual argument in favour of private ownership of land, which is supposed to be irrefutable, and is based on the assumption that people's desire to possess land proves that they ought to possess it.

"On the contrary, only when the land is nobody's property will it cease to lie idle as it does now while the landlords, like dogs in the manger, unable themselves to put it to use, will not let those use it who are able."

"But, Dmítri Ivánovitch, what you are saying is sheer

madness. Is it possible to abolish property in land in our age? I know it is your old hobby. But allow me to tell you straight," and Rogózhinsky grew pale, and his voice trembled. It was evident that this question touched him very nearly. "I should advise you to consider this question well before attempting to solve it practically."

"Are you speaking of my personal affairs?"

"Yes, I hold that we who are placed in special circumstances should bear the responsibilities which spring from those circumstances, should uphold the conditions in which we were born, and which we have inherited from our predecessors, and which we ought to pass on to our descendants."

"I consider it my duty——"

"Wait a bit," said Rogózhinsky, not permitting the interruption. "I am not speaking for myself or my children. The position of my children is assured, and I earn enough for us to live comfortably, and I expect my children will live so too, so that my interest in your action—which, if you will allow me to say so, is not well considered—is not based on personal motives; it is on principle that I cannot agree with you. I should advise you to think it well over, to read——"

"Please allow me to settle my affairs, and to choose what to read and what not to read, myself," said Nekhlúdoff, turning pale. Feeling his hands grow cold, and that he was no longer master of himself, he stopped, and began drinking his tea.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE AIM OF THE LAW.

"Well, and how are the children?" Nekhlúdoff asked his sister when he was calmer. The sister told him about the children. She said they were staying

with their grandmother, and, pleased that his dispute with her husband had come to an end, she began telling him how her children played that they were travelling, just as he used to do with his three dolls, one of them a negro and another which he called the French lady.

"Can you really remember it all?" said Nekhlúdoff, smiling.

"Yes, and just fancy, they play in the very same way."

The unpleasant conversation had been brought to an end, and Nathalie was quieter, but she did not care to talk in her husband's presence of what could be comprehensible only to her brother, so, wishing to start a general conversation, she began talking about the sorrow of Kámenski's mother at losing her only son, who had fallen in a duel, for this Petersburg topic of the day had now reached Moscow. Rogózhinsky expressed disapproval at the state of things that excluded murder in a duel from the ordinary criminal offences. This remark evoked a rejoinder from Nekhlúdoff, and a new dispute arose on the subject. Nothing was fully explained, neither of the antagonists expressed all he had in his mind, each keeping to his conviction, which condemned the other. Rogózhinsky felt that Nekhlúdoff condemned him and despised his activity, and he wished to show him the injustice of his opinions.

Nekhlúdoff, on the other hand, felt provoked by his brother-in-law's interference in his affairs concerning the land. And knowing in his heart of hearts that his sister, her husband, and their children, as his heirs, had a right to do so, was indignant that this narrow-minded man persisted with calm assurance regarding as just and lawful what Nekhlúdoff no longer doubted was folly and crime.

This man's arrogance annoyed Nekhlúdoff.

"What could the law do?" he asked.

"It could sentence one of the two duellists to the mines like an ordinary murderer."

Nekhlúdoff's hands grew cold.

"Well, and what good would that be?" he asked, hotly.

"It would be just."

"As if justice were the aim of the law," said Nekhlúdoff.

"What else?"

"The upholding of class interests! I think the law is only an instrument for upholding the existing order of things beneficial to our class."

"This is a perfectly new view," said Rogózhinsky with a quiet smile; "the law is generally supposed to have a totally different aim."

"Yes, so it has in theory but not in practice, as I have found out. The law aims only at preserving the present state of things, and therefore it persecutes and executes those who stand above the ordinary level and wish to raise it—the so-called political prisoners, as well as those who are below the average—the so-called criminal types."

"I do not agree with you. In the first place, I cannot admit that the criminals classed as political are punished because they are above the average. In most cases they are the refuse of society, just as much perverted, though in a different way, as the criminal types whom you consider below the average."

"But I happen to know men who are morally far above their judges; all the sectarians are moral, from——"

But Rogózhinsky, a man not accustomed to be interrupted when he spoke, did not listen to Nekhlúdoff, but went on talking at the same time, thereby irritating him still more.

"Nor can I admit that the object of the law is the upholding of the present state of things. The law aims at reforming——"

"A nice kind of reform, in a prison!" Nekhlúdoff put in.

"Or removing," Rogózhinsky went on, persistently, "the perverted and brutalised persons that threaten society."

"That's just what it doesn't do. Society has not the means of doing either the one thing or the other."

"How is that? I don't understand," said Rogózhinsky with a forced smile.

"I mean that only two reasonable kinds of punishment exist. Those used in the old days: corporal and capital punishment, which, as human nature gradually softens, come more and more into disuse," said Nekhlúdoff.

"There, now, this is quite new and very strange to hear from your lips."

"Yes, it is reasonable to hurt a man so that he should not do in future what he is hurt for doing, and it is also quite reasonable to cut a man's head off when he is injurious or dangerous to society. These punishments have a reasonable meaning. But what sense is there in locking up in a prison a man perverted by want of occupation and bad example; to place him in a position where he is provided for, where laziness is imposed on him, and where he is in company with the most perverted of men? What reason is there to take a man at public cost (it comes to more than 500 roubles per head) from the Tóula to the Irkoútsk government, or from Koúrsk——"

"Yes, but all the same, people are afraid of those journeys at public cost, and if it were not for such journeys and the prisons, you and I would not be sitting here as we are."

"The prisons cannot insure our safety, because these people do not stay there for ever, but are set free again. On the contrary, in those establishments men are brought to the greatest vice and degradation, so that the danger is increased."

"You mean to say that the penitentiary system should be improved."

"It cannot be improved. Improved prisons would cost more than all that is now spent on the people's education, and would lay a still heavier burden on the people."

"The shortcomings of the penitentiary system in no wise invalidate the law itself," Rogózhinsky continued again, without heeding his brother-in-law.

"There is no remedy for these shortcomings," said Nekhlúdoff, raising his voice.

"What of that? Shall we therefore go and kill, or, as a certain statesman proposed, go putting out people's eyes?" Rogózhinsky remarked.

"Yes; that would be cruel, but it would be effective. What is done now is cruel, and not only ineffective, but so stupid that one cannot understand how people in their senses can take part in so absurd and cruel a business as criminal law."

"But I happen to take part in it," said Rogózhinsky, growing pale.

"That is your business. But to me it is incomprehensible."

"I think there are a good many things incomprehensible to you," said Rogózhinsky, with a trembling voice.

"I have seen how one public prosecutor did his very best to get an unfortunate boy condemned, who could have evoked nothing but sympathy in an unperverted mind. I know how another cross-examined a sectarian and put down the reading of the Gospels as a criminal offence; in fact, the whole business of the Law Courts consists in senseless and cruel actions of that sort."

"I should not serve if I thought so," said Rogózhinsky, rising.

Nekhlúdoff noticed a peculiar glitter under his brother-in-law's spectacles. "Can it be tears?" he thought. And they were really tears of injured pride. Rogózhinsky went up to the window, got out his handkerchief, coughed and rubbed his spectacles, took them off, and wiped his eyes.

When he returned to the sofa he lit a cigar, and did not speak any more.

Nekhlúdoff felt pained and ashamed of having offended his brother-in-law and his sister to such a degree, especially as he was going away the next day.

He parted with them in confusion, and drove home.

"All I have said may be true—anyhow he did not reply. But it was not said in the right way. How little I must have changed if I could be carried away by ill-feeling to such an extent as to so hurt and wound poor Nathalie!" he thought.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE START FOR SIBERIA.

The gang of prisoners, among whom was Máslova, was to leave Moscow by rail at 3 p.m.; therefore, in order to see the gang start, and walk to the station with the prisoners, Nekhlúdoff meant to reach the prison before 12 o'clock.

The night before, as he was packing up and sorting his papers, he came upon his diary, and read some bits here and there. The last bit written before he left for Petersburg ran thus: "Katúsha does not wish to accept my sacrifice; she wishes to make a sacrifice herself. She has conquered, and so have I. She makes me happy by the inner change, which seems to me, though I fear to believe it, to be going on in her. I fear to believe it, yet she seems to be coming back to life." Then further on he read: "I have lived through something very hard and very joyful. I learnt that she has behaved very badly in the hospital, and I suddenly felt great pain. I never expected that it could be so painful. I spoke to her with loathing and hatred, then suddenly I called to mind how many times I have been, and even still am, though but in thought, guilty of the thing

I hated her for, and immediately I became disgusting to myself, and pitied her and felt happy again. If only we could manage to see the beam in our own eye in time, how kind we should be." Then he wrote: "I have been to see Nathalie, and again self-satisfaction made me unkind and spiteful, and a heavy feeling remains. Well, what is to be done? To-morrow a new life will begin. A final good-bye to the old! Many new impressions have accumulated, but cannot yet bring them to unity."

When he awoke the next morning Nekhlúdoff's first feeling was regret about the affair between him and his brother-in-law.

"I cannot go away like this," he thought. "I must go and make it up with them." But when he looked at his watch he saw that he had not time to go, but must hurry so as not to be too late for the departure of the gang. He hastily got everything ready, and sent the things to the station with a servant and Tarás, Theodosia's husband, who was going with them. Then he took the first *isvóstchik* he could find and drove to the prison.

The prisoners' train started only two hours before the train by which he was going, so Nekhlúdoff paid his bill at the lodgings and left for good.

It was July, and the weather was unbearably hot. From the stones, the walls, the iron of the roofs, which the sultry night had not cooled, the heat streamed into the motionless air. When at rare intervals a slight breeze did arise, it brought but a whiff of hot air filled with dust and smelling of oil paint.

There were few people in the streets, and those who were out tried to keep on the shady side. Only the sunburnt peasants, with their bronzed faces and with bark shoes on their feet, who were mending the road, sat hammering the stones into the burning sand in the sun; while the policemen, in their holland blouses, with

revolvers fastened with orange cords, stood melancholy and depressed in the middle of the road, changing from foot to foot; and the tramcars, the horses of which wore holland hoods on their heads, with slits for the ears, kept passing up and down the sunny road with ringing bells.

When Nekhlúdoff drove up to the prison the gang had not left the yard. The work of delivering and receiving the prisoners that had commenced at 4 a.m. was still going on. The gang was to consist of 623 men and 64 women: they had all to be received according to the registry lists; the sick and the weak to be sorted out, and all to be delivered to the convoy. The new inspector, with two assistants, the doctor and medical assistant, the officer of the convoy, and the clerk, were sitting in the prison yard at a table covered with writing materials and papers, which was placed in the shade of a wall. They called the prisoners one by one, examined and questioned them, and took notes. The rays of the sun had gradually reached the table, and it was growing very hot and oppressive for want of air because of the breathing crowd of prisoners that stood close by.

"Good heavens, will this never come to an end!" the convoy officer, a tall, fat, red-faced man with high shoulders, and short arms, who kept puffing the smoke of his cigarette into his thick moustache, asked, and inhaled a long pull of smoke. "You are killing me. From where have you got them all? Are there many more?" The clerk looked up the list.

"There are twenty-four more men, besides the women."

"What are you standing there for? Come on," shouted the convoy officer to the prisoners who had not yet passed the revision and who stood crowded one behind another. The prisoners had been standing there more than three hours, packed in rows in the full sunlight, waiting their turns.

While this was going on in the prison yard, outside

the gate, besides the sentinel who stood there as usual with a gun, were drawn up about 20 carts, to carry the luggage of the prisoners and such prisoners as were too weak to walk, and a group of relatives and friends waiting to see the prisoners as they came out and to exchange a few words if a chance presented itself and to give them a few things. Nekhlúdoff took his place among the group. He had stood there about an hour when the clanking of chains, the noise of footsteps, authoritative voices, the sound of coughing, and the low murmur of a large crowd became audible.

This continued for about five minutes, during which several jailers went in and out of the gateway. At last the word of command was given. The gate opened with a thundering noise, the clattering of the chains became louder, and the convoy soldiers, dressed in white blouses and carrying guns, came out into the street and took their places in a large, exact circle in front of the gate; this was evidently a usual, often-practised manœuvre. Then another command was given, and the prisoners began coming out in couples, with flat, pancake-shaped caps on their shaved heads and sacks over their shoulders, dragging their chained legs and swinging one arm, while the other held up a sack.

First came the men condemned to hard labour, all dressed alike in grey trousers and cloaks with marks on the back. All of them—young and old, thin and fat, pale and red, dark and bearded and beardless, Russians, Tartars, and Jews—came out, clattering with their chains and briskly swinging their arms as if prepared to go a long distance, but stopped after having taken ten steps, and obediently took their places behind each other, four abreast. Then immediately more shaved men streamed out, dressed in the same manner, with no chains on their legs, but fastened one to another with handcuffs. These were condemned to exile. They came out as briskly and stopped as suddenly, taking their places four in a row. Then came those exiled by their Communes.

Then the women in the same order, first those condemned to hard labour, with grey cloaks and kerchiefs; then the exiled women, and those following their husbands of their own free will, dressed in their own town or village clothing. Some of the women were carrying babies wrapped in the fronts of their grey cloaks.

With the women came the children, boys and girls, who, like colts in a herd of horses, pressed in among the prisoners.

The men took their places silently, only coughing now and then, or making short remarks.

The women talked without intermission. Nekhlúdoff thought he saw Máslova as they were coming out, but she was at once lost in the large crowd, and he could only see grey creatures, seemingly devoid of all that was human, or at any rate of all that was womanly, with sacks on their backs and children round them, taking their places behind the men.

Though all the prisoners had been counted inside the prison walls, the convoy counted them again, comparing the numbers with the list. This took very long, especially as some of the prisoners moved and changed places, which confused the convoy.

The convoy soldiers shouted and pushed the prisoners (who complied obediently, but angrily) and counted them over again. When all had been counted, the convoy officer gave a command, and the crowd became agitated. The weak men and women and children rushed, racing each other, towards the carts, and began placing their bags on the carts and climbing up themselves. Women with crying babies, merry children quarrelling for places, and dull, careworn prisoners got into the carts.

Several of the prisoners took off their caps and came up to the convoy officer with some request. Nekhlúdoff found out later that they were asking for places on the carts. Nekhlúdoff saw how the officer, without looking at the prisoners, drew in a whiff from his cigarette, and then suddenly waved his short arm in front of

one of the prisoners, who quickly drew his shaved head back between his shoulders as if afraid of a blow, and sprang back.

"I will give you a lift such that you'll remember. You'll get there on foot right enough," shouted the officer. Only one of the men was granted his request—an old man with chains on his legs; and Nekhlúdoff saw the old man take off his pancake-shaped cap, and go up to the cart crossing himself. He could not manage to get up on the cart because of the chains that prevented his lifting his old legs, and a woman who was sitting in the cart at last pulled him in by the arm.

When all the sacks were in the carts, and those who were allowed to get in were seated, the officer took off his cap, wiped his forehead, his bald head and fat, red neck, and crossed himself.

"March," commanded the officer. The soldiers' guns gave a click; the prisoners took off their caps and crossed themselves, those who were seeing them off shouted something, the prisoners shouted in answer, a row arose among the women, and the gang, surrounded by the soldiers in their white blouses, moved forward, raising the dust with their chained feet. The soldiers went in front; then came the convicts condemned to hard labour, clattering with their chains; then the exiled and those exiled by the Communes, chained in couples by their wrists; then the women. After them, on the carts loaded with sacks, came the weak. High on one of the carts sat a woman closely wrapped up, and she kept shrieking and sobbing.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"NOT MEN BUT STRANGE AND TERRIBLE CREATURES?"

THE procession was such a long one that the carts with the luggage and the weak started only when those in front were already out of sight. When the last of the carts moved, Nekhlúdoff got into the trap that stood waiting for him and told the *isvóstchik* to catch up the prisoners in front, so that he could see if he knew any of the men in the gang, and then try and find out Máslova among the women and ask her if she had received the things he sent.

It was very hot, and a cloud of dust that was raised by a thousand tramping feet hung all the time over the gang that was moving down the middle of the street. The prisoners were walking quickly, and the slow-going *isvóstchik's* horse was some time in catching them up. Row upon row they passed, those strange and terrible-looking creatures, none of whom Nekhlúdoff knew.

On they went, all dressed alike, moving a thousand feet all shod alike, swinging their free arms as if to keep up their spirits. There were so many of them, they all looked so much alike, and they were all placed in such unusual, peculiar circumstances, that they seemed to Nekhlúdoff to be not men but some sort of strange and terrible creatures. This impression passed when he recognised in the crowd of convicts the murderer Féderoff, and among the exiles Okhótin the wit, and another tramp who had appealed to him for assistance. Almost all the prisoners turned and looked at the trap that was passing them and at the gentleman inside. Féderoff tossed his head backwards as a sign that he had recognised Nekhlúdoff, Okhótin winked, but neither of them bowed, considering it not the thing.

As soon as Nekhlúdoff came up to the women he saw

Máslova; she was in the second row. The first in the row was a short-legged, black-eyed, hideous woman, who had her cloak tucked up in her girdle. This was Koroshávka. The next was a pregnant woman, who dragged herself along with difficulty. The third was Máslova; she was carrying her sack on her shoulder, and looking straight before her. Her face looked calm and determined. The fourth in the row was a young, lovely woman who was walking along briskly, dressed in a short cloak, her kerchief tied in peasant fashion. This was Theodosia.

Nekhlúdoff got down and approached the women, meaning to ask Máslova if she had got the things he had sent her, and how she was feeling, but the convoy sergeant, who was walking on that side, noticed him at once, and ran towards him.

"You must not do that, sir. It is against the regulations to approach the gang," shouted the sergeant as he came up.

But when he recognised Nekhlúdoff (every one in the prison knew Nekhlúdoff) the sergeant raised his fingers to his cap, and, stopping in front of Nekhlúdoff, said: "Not now; wait till we get to the railway station; here it is not allowed. Don't lag behind; march!" he shouted to the convicts, and putting on a brisk air, he ran back to his place at a trot, in spite of the heat and the elegant new boots on his feet.

Nekhlúdoff went on to the pavement and told the *isvóstchik* to follow him; himself walking, so as to keep the convicts in sight. Wherever the gang passed it attracted attention mixed with horror and compassion. Those who drove past leaned out of the vehicles and followed the prisoners with their eyes. Those on foot stopped and looked with fear and surprise at the terrible sight. Some came up and gave alms to the prisoners. The alms were received by the convoy. Some followed the gang as if they were hypnotised; then stopped, shook their heads, and followed the prisoners

only with their eyes. Everywhere the people came out of the gates and doors, and called others to come out, too, or leaned out of the windows looking, silent and immovable, at the frightful procession. At a cross-road a fine carriage was stopped by the gang. A fat coachman, with a shiny face and two rows of buttons on his back, sat on the box; a married couple sat facing the horses, the wife, a pale, thin woman, with a light-coloured bonnet on her head and a bright sunshade in her hand, the husband with a top-hat and a well-cut light-coloured overcoat. On the seat in front sat their children—a well-dressed little girl, with loose, fair hair, and as fresh as a flower, who also held a bright parasol, and an eight-year-old boy, with a long, thin neck and sharp collar-bones, a sailor hat with long ribbons on his head.

The father was angrily scolding the coachman because he had not passed in front of the gang when he had a chance, and the mother frowned and half closed her eyes with a look of disgust, shielding herself from the dust and the sun with her silk sunshade, which she held close to her face.

The fat coachman frowned angrily at the unjust rebukes of his master—who had himself given the order to drive along that street—and with difficulty held in the glossy, black horses, foaming under their harness and impatient to go on.

The policeman wished with all his soul to please the owner of the fine equipage by stopping the gang, yet felt that the dismal solemnity of the procession could not be broken even for so rich a gentleman. He only raised his fingers to his cap to show his respect for riches, and looked severely at the prisoners as if promising in any case to protect the owners of the carriage from them. So the carriage had to wait till the whole of the procession had passed, and could only move on when the last of the carts, laden with sacks and prisoners, rattled by. The hysterical woman who sat on one of the

carts and had grown calm, again began shrieking and sobbing when she saw the elegant carriage. Then the coachman tightened the reins with a slight touch, and the black trotters, their shoes ringing against the paving stones, drew the carriage, softly swaying on its rubber tires, towards the country house where the husband, the wife, the girl, and the boy with the sharp collar-bones were going to amuse themselves. Neither the father nor the mother gave the girl and boy any explanation of what they had seen, so that the children had themselves to find out the meaning of this curious sight. The girl, taking the expression of her father's and mother's faces into consideration, solved the problem by assuming that these people were quite another kind of men and women than her father and mother and their acquaintances, that they were bad people, and that they therefore had to be treated as they were being treated.

Therefore the girl felt nothing but fear, and was glad when she could no longer see those people.

But the boy with the long, thin neck, who looked at the procession of prisoners without taking his eyes off them, solved the question differently.

He still knew, firmly and without any doubt, for he had it from God, that these people were just the same kind of people as he was, and like all other people, and therefore some one had done these people some wrong, something that ought not to have been done, and he was sorry for them, and felt no horror either of those who were shaved and chained or of those who had shaved and chained them. And so the boy's lips pouted more and more, and he made greater and greater efforts not to cry, thinking it a shame to cry in such a case.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE LORD.

NEKHLÚDOFF kept up with the quick pace of the convicts. Though lightly clothed he felt dreadfully hot, and it was hard to breathe in the stifling, motionless, burning air filled with dust.

When he had walked about a quarter of a mile he again got into the trap, but it felt still hotter in the middle of the street. He tried to recall last night's conversation with his brother-in-law, but the recollections no longer excited him as they had done in the morning. They were dulled by the impressions made by the starting and procession of the gang, and chiefly by the intolerable heat.

On the pavement, in the shade of some trees overhanging a fence, he saw two schoolboys standing over a kneeling man who sold ices. One of the boys was already sucking a pink spoon and enjoying his ice, the other was waiting for a glass that was being filled with something yellowish.

"Where could I get a drink?" Nekhlúdoff asked his *isvóstchik*, feeling an insurmountable desire for some refreshment.

"There is a good eating-house close by," the *isvóstchik* answered, and turning a corner, drove up to a door with a large signboard. The plump clerk in a Russian shirt, who stood behind the counter, and the waiters in their once white clothing who sat at the tables (there being hardly any customers) looked with curiosity at the unusual visitor and offered him their services. Nekhlúdoff asked for a bottle of seltzer water and sat down some way from the window at a small table covered with a dirty cloth. Two men sat at another table with tea-things and a white bottle in front of them, mopping

their foreheads, and calculating something in a friendly manner. One of them was dark and bald, and had just such a fringe of hair at the back as Rogózhinsky. This sight again reminded Nekhlúdoff of yesterday's talk with his brother-in-law and his wish to see him and Nathalie.

"I shall hardly be able to do it before the train starts," he thought; "I'd better write." He asked for paper, an envelope, and a stamp, and as he was sipping the cool, effervescent water he considered what he should say. But his thoughts wandered, and he could not manage to compose a letter.

"My dear Nathalie,—I cannot go away with the heavy impression that yesterday's talk with your husband has left," he began. "What next? Shall I ask him to forgive me what I said yesterday? But I only said what I felt, and he will think that I am taking it back. Besides, this interference of his in my private matters. . . . No, I cannot," and again he felt hatred rising in his heart towards that man so foreign to him. He folded the unfinished letter and put it in his pocket, paid, went out, and again got into the trap to overtake the gang. It had grown still hotter. The stones and the walls seemed to be breathing out hot air. The pavement seemed to scorch the feet, and Nekhlúdoff felt a burning sensation in his hand when he touched the lacquered splashguard of his trap.

The horse was jogging along at a weary trot, beating the uneven, dusty road monotonously with its hoofs; the *isvóstchik* kept falling into a doze, Nekhlúdoff sat without thinking of anything.

On a slope of the street, in front of the gates to a large house, a group of people had collected, and a convoy soldier stood by.

"What has happened?" Nekhlúdoff asked of a porter.

"Something the matter with a convict."

Nekhlúdoff got down and approached the group. On

the rough stones, where the pavement slanted down to the gutter, lay a broadly-built, red-bearded, elderly convict, with his head lower than his feet, and very red in the face. He had a grey cloak and grey trousers on, and lay on his back with the palms of his freckled hands downwards, and at long intervals his broad, high chest heaved, and he groaned, while his bloodshot eyes were fixed on the sky. By him stood a cross-looking policeman, a pedlar, a postman, a clerk, an old woman with a parasol, and a short-haired boy with an empty basket.

"They are weak. Having been locked up in prison they've got weak, and then they lead them through the most broiling heat," said the clerk, addressing Nekhlúdoff, who had just come up.

"He'll die, most likely," said the woman with the parasol, in a doleful tone.

"His shirt should be untied," said the postman.

The policeman began, with his thick, trembling fingers, clumsily to untie the tapes that fastened the shirt round the red, sinewy neck. He was evidently excited and confused, but still thought it necessary to address the crowd.

"What have you collected here for? It is hot enough without your keeping the wind off."

"They should have been examined by a doctor, and the weak ones left behind," said the clerk, showing off his knowledge of the law.

The policeman, having undone the tapes of the shirt, rose and looked round.

"Move on, I tell you. It is not your business, is it? What's there to stare at?" he said, and turned to Nekhlúdoff for sympathy, but not finding any in his face he turned to the convoy soldier.

But the soldier stood aside, examining the trodden-down heel of his boot, and was quite indifferent to the policeman's perplexity.

"Those whose business it is don't care. Is it right to do men to death like this? A convict is a convict,

but still he is a man," different voices were heard saying in the crowd.

"Put his head up higher, and give him some water," said Nekhlúdoff.

"Water has been sent for," said the policeman, and taking the prisoner under the arms he with difficulty pulled his body a little higher up.

"What's this gathering here?" said a decided, authoritative voice, and a police officer, with a wonderfully clean, shiny blouse, and still more shiny top-boots, came up to the assembled crowd.

"Move on. No standing about here," he shouted to the crowd, before he knew what had attracted it.

When he came near and saw the dying convict, he made a sign of approval with his head, just as if he had quite expected it, and, turning to the policeman, said, "How is this?"

The policeman said that, as a gang of prisoners was passing, one of the convicts had fallen down, and the convoy officer had ordered him to be left behind.

"Well, that's all right. He must be taken to the police station. Call an *isvóstchik*."

"A porter has gone for one," said the policeman, with his fingers raised to his cap.

The shopman began something about the heat.

"Is it your business, eh? Move on," said the police officer, and looked so severely at him that the clerk was silenced.

"He ought to have a little water," said Nekhlúdoff. The police officer looked severely at Nekhlúdoff also, but said nothing. When the porter brought a mug full of water, he told the policeman to offer some to the convict. The policeman raised the drooping head, and tried to pour a little water into the mouth; but the prisoner could not swallow it, and it ran down his beard, wetting his jacket and his coarse, dirty linen shirt.

"Pour it on his head," ordered the officer; and the

policeman took off the pancake-shaped cap and poured the water over the red curls and the bald part of the prisoner's head. His eyes opened wide as if in fear, but his position remained unchanged.

Streams of dirt trickled down his dusty face, but the mouth continued to gasp in the same regular way, and his whole body shook.

"And look here! Take this one," said the police officer, pointing to Nekhlúdoff's *isvóstchik*. "You, there, drive up."

"I am engaged," said the *isvóstchik*, dismally, and without looking up.

"It is my *isvóstchik;* but take him. I will pay you," said Nekhlúdoff, turning to the *isvóstchik*.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" shouted the officer. "Catch hold."

The policeman, the porter, and the convoy soldier lifted the dying man and carried him to the trap, and put him on the seat. But he could not sit up; his head fell back, and the whole of his body glided off the seat.

"Make him lie down," ordered the officer.

"It's all right, your honour; I'll get him to the police station like this," said the policeman, getting the dying man by his side on the seat, and clasping his strong, right arm round the body under the arms. The convoy soldier lifted the stockingless feet, in the prison shoes, and put them into the trap.

The police officer looked around, and noticing the pancake-shaped hat of the convict lifted it up and put it on the wet, drooping head.

"Go on," he ordered.

The *isvóstchik* looked angrily round, shook his head, and, accompanied by the convoy soldier, drove back to the police station. The policeman, sitting beside the convict, kept dragging up the body that was continually sliding down from the seat, while the head swung from side to side.

The convoy soldier, who was walking by the side of the trap, kept putting the legs in their place. Nekhlúdoff followed the trap.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"SPILLED LIKE WATER ON THE GROUND."

THE trap passed the fireman who stood sentinel at the entrance,* drove into the yard of the police station, and stopped at one of the doors. In the yard several firemen with their sleeves tucked up were washing some kind of cart and talking loudly. When the trap stopped, several policemen surrounded it, and taking the lifeless body of the convict under the arms, lifted him out of the trap, which creaked under him. The policeman who had brought the body got down, shook his numbed arm, took off his cap, and crossed himself. The body was carried through the door and up the stairs. Nekhlúdoff followed. In the small, dirty room to which the body was taken there stood four beds. On two of them sat a couple of sick men in dressing-gowns, one with a crooked mouth, whose neck was bandaged, the other one in consumption. Two of the beds were empty; the convict was laid on one of them. A little man, with glistening eyes and continually moving brows, with only his underclothes and stockings on, came up with quick, soft steps, looked at the convict and then at Nekhlúdoff, and burst into loud laughter. This was a madman who was being kept in the police hospital.

"They wish to frighten me, but no, they won't succeed," he said.

The policemen who carried the corpse were followed by a police officer and a medical assistant. The med-

* The headquarters of the fire brigades and the police stations are generally together in Moscow.

ical assistant came up to the body and touched the freckled hand, already growing cold, which, though still soft, was deadly pale. He held it for a moment, and then let it go. It fell lifelessly on the stomach of the dead man.

"He's ready," said the medical assistant, but, evidently to be quite in order, he undid the wet, brown shirt, and tossing back the curls from his ear, put it to the yellowish, broad, immovable chest of the convict. All were silent. The medical assistant raised himself again, shook his head, and touched with his fingers first one and then the other lid over the open, fixed blue eyes.

"I'm not frightened, I'm not frightened." The madman kept repeating these words, and spitting in the direction of the medical assistant.

"Well?" asked the police officer.

"Well! He must be put into the mortuary."

"Are you sure? Mind," said the police officer.

"It's time I should know," said the medical assistant, drawing the shirt over the body's chest. "However, I will send for Mathew Ivánovitch. Let him have a look. Petróv, call him," and the medical assistant stepped away from the body.

"Take him to the mortuary," said the police officer. "And then you must come into the office and sign," he added to the convoy soldier, who had not left the convict for a moment.

"Yes, sir," said the soldier.

The policemen lifted the body and carried it down again. Nekhlúdoff wished to follow, but the madman kept him back.

"You are not in the plot! Well, then, give me a cigarette," he said. Nekhlúdoff got out his cigarette case and gave him one.

The madman, quickly moving his brows all the time, began relating how they tormented him by thought suggestion.

"Why, they are all against me, and torment and torture me through their mediums."

"I beg your pardon," said Nekhlúdoff, and without listening any further he left the room and went out into the yard, wishing to know where the body would be put.

The policemen with their burden had already crossed the yard, and were entering the door of a cellar. Nekhlúdoff wished to go up to them, but the police officer stopped him.

"What do you want?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Then go away."

Nekhlúdoff obeyed, and went back to his *isvóstchik*, who was dozing. He awoke him, and they drove back towards the railway station.

They had not gone a hundred steps when they met a cart accompanied by a convoy soldier with a gun. On the cart lay another convict, who was already dead. The convict lay on his back in the cart, his shaven head, from which the pancake-shaped cap had slid over the black-bearded face down to the nose, shaking and thumping at every jolt. The driver, in his heavy boots, walked by the side of the cart, holding the reins; a policeman followed on foot. Nekhlúdoff touched his *isvóstchik's* shoulder.

"Just look what they are doing," said the *isvóstchik*, stopping his horse.

Nekhlúdoff got down and, following the cart, again passed the sentinel and entered the gate of the police station. By this time the firemen had finished washing the cart, and a tall, bony man, the chief of the fire brigade, with a blue band round his cap, stood in their place, and, with his hands in his pockets, was looking severely at a fat-necked, well-fed, bay stallion that was being led up and down before him by a fireman. The stallion was lame on one of his fore feet, and the chief of the firemen was angrily saying something to a veterinary who stood by.

The police officer was also present. When he saw the cart he went up to the convoy soldier.

"Where did you bring him from?" he asked, shaking his head disapprovingly.

"From the Gorbátovskaya," answered the policeman.

"A prisoner?" asked the chief of the fire brigade.

"Yes. It's the second to-day."

"Well, I must say they've got some queer arrangements. Though of course it's a broiling day," said the chief of the fire brigade; then, turning to the fireman who was leading the lame stallion, he shouted: "Put him into the corner stall. And as to you, you hound, I'll teach you how to cripple horses which are worth more than you are, you scoundrel."

The dead man was taken from the cart by the policemen just in the same way as the first one had been, and was carried upstairs into the hospital. Nekhlúdoff followed them as if he were hypnotised.

"What do you want?" asked one of the policemen. But Nekhlúdoff did not answer, and followed where the body was being carried. The madman, sitting on a bed, was greedily smoking the cigarette Nekhlúdoff had given him.

"Ah, you've come back," he said, and laughed. When he saw the body he made a face. "Again! I am sick of it. I am not a boy, am I, eh?" and he turned to Nekhlúdoff with a questioning smile.

Nekhlúdoff was looking at the dead man, whose face, which had been hidden by his cap, was now visible. This convict was as handsome in face and body as the other was hideous. He was a man in the full bloom of life. Notwithstanding that he was disfigured by the half of his head being shaved, the straight, though not high forehead, somewhat protruding above the black, lifeless eyes, was very fine, and so was the nose above the thin, black moustaches. There was a smile on the lips that were already growing blue, a small beard out-

lined the lower part of the face, and on the shaven side of the head a firm, well-shaped ear was visible.

One could see what possibilities of a higher life had been destroyed in this man. The fine bones of his hands and shackled feet, the strong muscles of all his well-proportioned limbs, showed what a beautiful, strong, agile human animal this had been. As an animal merely he had been a far more perfect one of his kind than the bay stallion, about the laming of which the fireman was so angry.

Yet he had been done to death, and no one was sorry for him as a man, nor was any one sorry that so fine a working animal had perished. The only feeling evinced was that of annoyance because of the bother caused by the necessity of getting this body, threatening putrefaction, out of the way. The doctor and his assistant entered the hospital, accompanied by the inspector of the police station. The doctor was a thick-set man, dressed in a pongee silk coat and trousers of the same material, closely fitting his muscular thighs. The inspector was a little fat fellow, with a red face, round as a ball, which he made still broader by a habit he had of filling his cheeks with air, and letting it slowly out again. The doctor sat down on the bed by the side of the dead man, and touched the hands in the same way as his assistant had done, put his ear to the heart, rose, and pulled his trousers straight. "Could not be more dead," he said.

The inspector filled his mouth with air and slowly blew it out again.

"Which prison is he from?" he asked the convoy soldier.

The soldier told him, and reminded him of the chains on the dead man's feet.

"I'll have them taken off; we have got a smith about, the Lord be thanked," said the inspector, and blew up his cheeks again; he went towards the door, slowly letting out the air.

"Why has this happened?" Nekhlúdoff asked the doctor.

The doctor looked at him through his spectacles.

"Why has what happened? Why they die of sunstroke, you mean? This is why: They sit all through the winter without exercise and without light, and suddenly they are taken out into the sunshine on a day like this, and they march in a crowd so that they get no air, and sunstroke is the result."

"Then why are they sent out?"

"Oh, as to that, go and ask those who send them. But may I ask who are you?"

"I am a stranger."

"Ah, well, good-afternoon; I have no time." The doctor was vexed; he gave his trousers a downward pull, and went towards the beds of the sick.

"Well, how are you getting on?" he asked the pale man with the crooked mouth and bandaged neck.

Meanwhile the madman sat on a bed, and having finished his cigarette, kept spitting in the direction of the doctor.

Nekhlúdoff went down into the yard and out of the gate, past the firemen's horses and the hens and the sentinel in his brass helmet, and got into the trap, the driver of which had again fallen asleep.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CONVICT TRAIN.

When Nekhlúdoff came to the station, the prisoners were all seated in railway cars with grated windows. Several persons come to see them off, stood on the platform, but were not allowed to approach the cars.

The convoy was much troubled that day. On the way from the prison to the station, besides the two Nekhlúdoff had seen, three other prisoners had fallen

and died of sunstroke. One was taken to the nearest police station like the first two, and the other two died at the railway station.* The convoy men were not troubled because five men who might have been alive died while in their charge. This did not trouble them, but they were concerned lest anything that the law required in such cases should be omitted. To convey the bodies to the places appointed, to deliver up their papers, to take them off the lists of those to be conveyed to Níjni —all this was very troublesome, especially on so hot a day.

It was this that occupied the convoy men, and before it could all be accomplished Nekhlúdoff and the others who asked for leave to go up to the cars were not allowed to do so. Nekhlúdoff, however, was soon allowed to go up, because he tipped the convoy sergeant. The sergeant let Nekhlúdoff pass, but asked him to be quick and get his talk over before any of the authorities noticed. There were 18 cars in all, and except one car for the officials, they were full of prisoners. As Nekhlúdoff passed the cars he listened to what was going on in them. In all the cars was heard the clanging of chains and the sound of bustle, mixed with loud and senseless language, but not a word was being said about their dead fellow-prisoners. The talk was all about sacks, drinking water, and the choice of seats.

Looking into one of the cars, Nekhlúdoff saw convoy soldiers taking the manacles off the hands of the prisoners. The prisoners held out their arms, and one of the soldiers unlocked the manacles with a key and took them off; the other collected them.

After he had passed all the other cars, Nekhlúdoff reached the women's cars. From the second of these he heard a woman's groans: "Oh, oh, oh! O God! Oh, oh! O God!"

* In Moscow, in the beginning of the eighth decade of this century, five convicts died of sunstroke in one day on their way from the Boutyrki prison to the Níjni railway station.

Nekhlúdoff passed this car and went up to a window of the third car, which a soldier pointed out to him. When he put his face near the window, he felt the hot air, filled with the smell of perspiration, coming out of it, and heard distinctly the shrill sound of women's voices. All the seats were filled with red, perspiring, loudly-talking women, dressed in prison cloaks and white jackets. Nekhlúdoff's face at the window attracted their attention. Those nearest ceased talking and drew towards him. Máslova, in her white jacket and with her head uncovered, sat by the opposite window. The white-skinned, smiling Theodosia sat a little nearer to him. When she recognised Nekhlúdoff, she nudged Máslova and pointed to the window. Máslova rose hurriedly, threw her kerchief over her black hair, and with a smile on her hot, red face came up to the window and took hold of one of the bars.

"Well, it is hot," she said, with a glad smile.

"Did you get the things?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Is there anything more you want?" asked Nekhlúdoff, while the air came out of the hot car as out of an oven.

"I want nothing, thank you."

"If we could get a drink?" said Theodosia.

"Yes, if we could get a drink," repeated Máslova.

"Why, have you not got any water?"

"They put some in, but it is all gone."

"I will ask one of the convoy men directly. Now we shall not see each other till we get to Nízni."

"Why? Are you going?" said Máslova, as if she did not know it, and looked joyfully at Nekhlúdoff.

"I am going by the next train."

Máslova said nothing, but only sighed deeply.

"Is it true, sir, that 12 convicts have been done to death?" said a severe-looking old prisoner with a deep voice like a man's.

It was Korabléva.

"I did not hear of 12; I have seen two," said Nekhlúdoff.

"They say there were 12 they killed. And will nothing be done to them? Only think! The fiends!"

"And have none of the women fallen ill?" Nekhlúdoff asked.

"Women are stronger," said another of the prisoners, a short little woman, and laughed; "only there's one that has taken it into her head to be delivered. There she goes," she said, pointing to the next car, whence proceeded the groans.

"You ask if we want anything," said Máslova, trying to keep the smile of joy from her lips; "could not this woman be left behind, suffering as she is? There, now, if you would tell the authorities."

"Yes, I will."

"And one thing more; could she not see her husband, Tarás?" she added, pointing with her eyes to the smiling Theodosia. "He is coming with us, is he not?"

"Sir, you must not talk," said a convoy sergeant, not the one who had let Nekhlúdoff come up. Nekhlúdoff left the car and went in search of an official to whom he might speak about the woman in travail and about Tarás, but could not find him, nor get an answer from any of the convoy for a long time. They were all in a bustle; some were leading a prisoner somewhere or other, others running to get themselves provisions, some were placing their things in the cars or attending on a lady who was going to accompany the convoy officer, and they answered Nekhlúdoff's questions unwillingly. Nekhlúdoff found the convoy officer only after the second bell had been rung. The officer with his short arm was wiping the moustaches that covered his mouth and shrugging his shoulders, reproving the corporal for something or other.

"What is it you want?" he asked Nekhlúdoff.

"You've got a woman there who is being confined, so I thought best——"

"Well, let her be confined; we shall see later on," and briskly swinging his short arm, he ran up to his carriage. At this moment the guard passed with a whistle in his hand, and from the people on the platform and from the women's cars there arose a sound of weeping and words of prayer.

Nekhlúdoff stood on the platform by the side of Tarás, and watched how, one after the other, the cars glided past him, with the shaved heads of the men at the grated windows. Then the first of the women's cars came up, with women's heads at the windows, some covered with kerchiefs and some uncovered, then the second, whence proceeded the same groans, then the car where Máslova was. She stood with the others at the window, and looked at Nekhlúdoff with a pathetic smile.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

THERE were still two hours before the passenger train by which Nekhlúdoff was going would start. He had thought of using this interval to see his sister again; but after the impressions of the morning he felt so excited and done up that, sitting down on a sofa in the first-class refreshment-room, he quite unexpectedly found himself so drowsy that he turned over on to his side, and, laying his face on his hand, at once fell asleep. A waiter in a dress coat with a napkin in his hand woke him.

"Sir, sir, are you not Prince Nekhlúdoff? There's a lady looking for you."

Nekhlúdoff started up and recollected where he was and all that had happened in the morning.

He saw in his imagination the procession of prisoners, the dead bodies, the railway carriages with barred windows and the women locked up in them, one of whom

was lacking assistance though tortured by travail, while another was pathetically smiling at him through the bars.

The reality before his eyes was very different: a table with vases, candlesticks and crockery, and agile waiters moving round the table; and in the background a cupboard and a counter laden with fruit and bottles, behind it a barman, and in front the backs of passengers who had come up for refreshments.

When Nekhlúdoff had risen, and sat gradually collecting his thoughts, he noticed that everybody in the room was inquisitively looking at something that was occurring at the doorway.

He also looked, and saw a group of people carrying a chair on which sat a lady whose head was wrapped in a kind of airy fabric.

Nekhlúdoff thought he knew the footman who was supporting the chair in front. And also the man behind was a familiar doorkeeper with gold cord on his cap. A lady's maid with a fringe and an apron, who was carrying a parcel, a parasol, and something round in a leather case, was walking behind the chair. Then came Prince Korchágin, with his thick lips, apoplectic neck, and a travelling cap on his head; behind him Missy, her cousin Misha, and an acquaintance of Nekhlúdoff's—the long-necked diplomatist Ósten, with his protruding Adam's apple and his unvarying merry mood and expression. He was saying something very emphatically, though jokingly, to the smiling Missy. The Korchágins were moving from their estate near the city to the estate of the Princess's sister on the Nízni railway. The procession—the men carrying the chair, the maid, and the doctor—vanished into the ladies' waiting-room, evoking a feeling of curiosity and respect in the on-lookers. But the old Prince remained and sat down at the table, called a waiter, and ordered food and drink. Missy and Ósten also remained in the refreshment-room and were about to sit down, when they saw an acquaintance in the doorway and went up to her. It was Natha-

lie Rogózhinsky. Nathalie came into the refreshment-room accompanied by Agraphéna Petróvna, and both looked round the room. Nathalie noticed at one and the same moment both her brother and Missy. She first went up to Missy, merely nodding to her brother; but, having kissed her, she at once turned to him.

"I have found you at last," she said. Nekhlúdoff rose to greet Missy, Misha, and Ósten, and to say a few words to them. Missy told him about their house in the country having been burnt down, which necessitated their moving to her aunt's. Ósten began relating a funny story about a fire. Nekhlúdoff paid no attention, and turned to his sister. "How glad I am that you have come."

"I have been here a long time," she said. "Agraphéna Petróvna is with me." And she pointed to Agraphéna Petróvna, who, in a waterproof and with a bonnet on her head, stood some way off, and bowed to him with kindly dignity and some confusion, not wishing to intrude.

"We looked for you everywhere."

"And I had fallen asleep here. How glad I am that you have come," repeated Nekhlúdoff. "I had begun to write to you."

"Really?" she said, looking frightened. "What about?"

Missy and the gentleman, noticing that an intimate conversation was about to commence between the brother and sister, went away. Nekhlúdoff and his sister sat down by the window on a velvet-covered sofa, on which lay a plaid, a box, and a few other things.

"Yesterday, after I left you, I felt inclined to return and express my regret, but I did not know how he would take it," said Nekhlúdoff. "I spoke hastily to your husband, and this troubled me."

"I knew," said his sister, "that you did not mean to. Oh, you know!" and the tears came to her eyes, and she touched his hand. The sentence was not clear, but he

understood it perfectly, and was touched by what it expressed. Her words meant that, besides the love for her husband which held her in its sway, she prized and considered important the love she had for him, her brother, and that every misunderstanding between them caused her deep suffering.

"Thank you, thank you. Oh! what I have seen to-day!" he said, suddenly recalling the second of the dead convicts. "Two prisoners have been killed."

"Killed? How?"

"Yes, killed. They led them out in this heat, and two died of sunstroke."

"Impossible! What, to-day? Just now?"

"Yes, just now. I have seen their *corpses.*"

"But why killed? Who killed them?" asked Nathalie.

"They who forced them to go killed them," said Nekhlúdoff, with iritation, feeling that she looked at this, too, with her husband's eyes.

"Oh, Lord!" said Agraphéna Petróvna, who had come up to them.

"Yes, we have not the slightest idea of what is being done to these unfortunate beings. But it ought to be known," added Nekhlúdoff, and looked at old Korchágin, who sat with a napkin tied round him and a bottle before him, and who looked round at Nekhlúdoff.

"Nekhlúdoff," he called out, "won't you join me and take some refreshment? It is excellent before a journey."

Nekhlúdoff refused, and turned away.

"But what are you going to do?" Nathalie continued.

"What I can. I don't know, but I feel I must do something. And I shall do what I am able to."

"Yes, I understand. And how about them?" she continued, with a smile and a look towards Korchágin. "Is it possible that it is all over?"

"Completely, and I think without any regret on either side."

"It is a pity. I am sorry. I am fond of her. However, it's all right. But why do you wish to bind yourself?" she added shyly. "Why are you going?"

"I go because I must," answered Nekhlúdoff, seriously and dryly, as if wishing to stop this conversation. But he felt ashamed of his coldness towards his sister at once. "Why not tell her all I am thinking? and let Agraphéna Petróvna also hear it," he thought, with a look at the old servant, whose presence made the wish to repeat his decision to his sister even stronger.

"You mean my intention to marry Katúsha? Well, you see, I made up my mind to do it but she refuses definitely and firmly," he said, and his voice shook, as it always did when he spoke of this. "She does not wish to accept my sacrifice, but is herself sacrificing what in her position means much, and I cannot accept this sacrifice, if it is only a momentary impulse. And so I am going with her, and shall be where she is, and shall try to lighten her fate as much as I can."

Nathalie said nothing. Agraphéna Petróvna looked at her with a questioning look, and shook her head. At this moment the former procession issued from the ladies' room. The same handsome footman (Philip) and the doorkeeper were carrying the Princess Korchágin. She stopped the men who were carrying her, and motioned to Nekhlúdoff to approach, and, with a pitiful, languishing air, she extended her white, ringed hand, expecting the firm pressure of his hand with a sense of dread.

"*Épouvantable!*" she said, meaning the heat. "I cannot stand it! *Ce climat me tue!*" And, after a short talk about the horrors of the Russian climate, she gave the men a sign to go on.

"Be sure and come," she added, turning her long face towards Nekhlúdoff as she was borne away.

The procession with the Princess turned to the right towards the first-class cars. Nekhlúdoff, with the porter who was carrying his things, and Tarás with his bag, turned to the left.

"This is my companion," said Nekhlúdoff to his sister, pointing to Tarás, whose story he had told her before.

"Surely not third-class?" said Nathalie, when Nekhlúdoff stopped in front of a third-class car, and Tarás and the porter with the things got in.

"Yes; I prefer it, I am going with Tarás," he said. "One thing more," he added; "up to now I have not given the Kousmínski land to the peasants; so that, in case of my death, your children will inherit it."

"Dmítri, don't!" said Nathalie.

"If I do give it away, all I can say is that the rest will be theirs, as it is not likely I shall marry; and if I do marry I shall have no children, so that——"

"Dmítri, don't talk like that!" said Nathalie. And yet Nekhlúdoff noticed that she was glad to hear him say it.

Higher up, by the side of a first-class car, there stood a group of people still looking at the carriage into which the Princess Korchágin had been carried. Most of the passengers were already seated. Some of the late comers hurriedly clattered along the boards of the platform, the guard was closing the doors and asking the passengers to get in and those who were seeing them off to come out.

Nekhlúdoff entered the hot, smelling car, but at once stepped out again on to the small platform at the back of the car. Nathalie stood near the car, in her fashionable bonnet and cape, by the side of Agraphéna Petróvna, and was evidently trying to find something to say.

She could not even say "*écrivez*," because they had long ago laughed at this word, habitually spoken by those about to part. The conversation about money matters had in a moment destroyed the tender brotherly and sisterly feelings that had taken hold of them. They felt estranged, so that Nathalie was glad when the train moved; and she could only say, nodding her head with

a sad and tender look, "Good-bye, good-bye, Dmítri." But as soon as the car had passed her she thought of how she should repeat her conversation with her brother to her husband, and her face became serious and troubled.

Nekhlúdoff, too, though he had nothing but the kindest feelings for his sister and had hidden nothing from her, now felt depressed and uncomfortable with her and was glad to part. He felt that the Nathalie who was once so near to him no longer existed, and in her place was only a slave of that hairy, unpleasant husband, who was so foreign to him. He saw it clearly when her face lit up with peculiar animation as he spoke of what would peculiarly interest her husband, *i.e.*, the giving up of the land to the peasants and the inheritance.

And this made him sad.

CHAPTER XL.

THE FUNDAMENTAL LAW OF HUMAN LIFE.

The heat in the large third-class car, which had been standing in the burning sun all day, was so great that Nekhlúdoff did not go in, but stopped on the little platform behind the car which formed a passage to the next one. But there was not a breath of fresh air here either, and Nekhlúdoff breathed freely only when the train had passed the buildings and the draught blew across the platform.

"Yes, killed," he repeated to himself, the words he had used to his sister. And in his imagination in the midst of all other impressions there arose with wonderful clearness the beautiful face of the second dead convict, with the smile of the lips, the severe expression of the brows, and the small, firm ear below the shaved bluish skull.

And what seemed terrible was that he had been mur-

dered, and no one knew who had murdered him. Yet he had been murdered. He was led out like all the rest of the prisoners by Máslennikoff's orders. Máslennikoff had probably given the order in the usual manner, had signed with his stupid flourish the paper with the printed heading, and most certainly would not consider himself guilty. Still less would the careful doctor who examined the convicts consider himself guilty. He had performed his duty accurately, and had separated the weak. How could he have foreseen this terrible heat, or the fact that they would start so late in the day and in such crowds? The prison inspector? But the inspector had only carried into execution the order that on a given day a certain number of exiles and convicts—men and women—had to be sent off. The convoy officer could not be guilty either, for his business was to receive a certain number of persons in a certain place, and to deliver up the same number. He conducted them in the usual manner, and could not foresee that two such strong men as those Nekhlúdoff saw would not be able to stand it and would die. No one is guilty, and yet the men have been murdered by these people who are not guilty of their murder.

"All this comes," Nekhlúdoff thought, "from the fact that all these people, governors, inspectors, police officers, and men, consider that there are circumstances in which human relations are not necessary between human beings. All these men, Máslennikoff, and the inspector, and the convoy officer, if they were not *governor, inspector, officer,* would have considered twenty times before sending people in such heat in such a mass—would have stopped twenty times on the way, and, seeing that a man was growing weak, gasping for breath, would have led him into the shade, would have given him water and let him rest, and if an accident had still occurred they would have expressed pity. But they not only did not do it, but hindered others from doing it, because they considered not men and their duty towards

them, but only the office they themselves filled and held that that office required that they should be above human relations. That's what it is," thought Nekhlúdoff. "If anything be accepted as more important than the feeling of love for one's fellow men (though it be but for a single hour, or only in some one exceptional case)—there will then be no crime that may not be committed without the perpetrators feeling themselves guilty."

Nekhlúdoff was so engrossed by his thoughts that he did not notice how the weather had changed. The sun was covered over by a low-hanging, ragged cloud. A compact, light grey cloud was rapidly coming from the west, and was already falling in heavy, driving rain on the fields and woods far in the distance. Moisture coming from the cloud mixed with the air. Now and then the cloud was rent by flashes of lightning, and peals of thunder mingled more and more often with the rattling of the train. The cloud came nearer and nearer, the rain-drops—driven by the wind—began to spot the platform and Nekhlúdoff's coat; and he stepped to the other side of the little platform, and, inhaling the fresh, moist air—filled with the smell of corn and wet earth that had long been waiting for rain—he stood looking at the gardens, the woods, the yellow rye fields, the green oat fields, the dark-green strips of potatoes in bloom, that glided past. Everything looked as if covered over with varnish—the green turned greener, the yellow yellower, the black blacker.

"More! more!" said Nekhlúdoff, gladdened by the sight of gardens and fields revived by the beneficent shower. The shower did not last long. Part of the cloud had come down in rain, part passed over, and the last fine drops fell straight to the earth. The sun reappeared, everything began to glisten, and in the east—not very high above the horizon—appeared a bright rainbow, with the violet tint very distinct and broken only at one end.

"Yes, what was I thinking about?" Nekhlúdoff asked himself when all these changes in nature were over, and the train ran into a cutting between two high banks.

"Oh! I was thinking that all those people (inspector, convoy men—all those in the service) are for the greater part kind people—cruel only because they are serving." He recalled Máslennikoff's indifference when he told him about what was being done in the prison, the inspector's severity, the cruelty of the convoy officer when he refused places on the carts to those who asked for them and paid no attention to the fact that there was a woman in travail in the train. All these people were evidently invulnerable and impregnable to the simplest feelings of compassion, only because they held offices. "As officials they were impermeable to the feelings of humanity, as this paved ground is impermeable to the rain." Thus thought Nekhlúdoff as he looked at the railway embankment paved with stones of different colours, down which the water was running in streams instead of soaking into the earth. "Perhaps it is necessary to pave the banks with stones, but it is sad to look at the ground—which might be yielding corn, grass, bushes, or trees in the same way as the ground visible up there is doing—deprived of vegetation, and it is the same thing with men," thought Nekhlúdoff. "Perhaps these governors, inspectors, policemen, are needed, but it is terrible to see men deprived of the chief human attribute, that of love and sympathy for one another. The thing is," he continued, "that these people consider lawful what is not lawful, and do not consider the eternal, immutable law, written in the hearts of men by God, as law. That is why I feel so depressed when I am with these people. I am simply afraid of them, and really they are terrible, more terrible than robbers. A robber might, after all, feel pity, but they can feel no pity, they are inured against pity as these stones are against vegetation. That is what makes them terrible. It is said

that the Pougatchéffs,* and the Rázins* are terrible. These are a thousand times more terrible," he continued, in his thoughts. "If a psychological problem were set to find means of making men of our time—Christian, humane, simple, kind people—perform the most horrible crimes without feeling guilty, only one solution could be devised: to go on doing what is being done. It is only necessary that these people should be governors, inspectors, policemen; that they should be fully convinced that there is a kind of business, called government service, which allows men to treat other men as things, without having brotherly relations with them, and also that these people should be so linked together by this government service that the responsibility for the results of their actions should not fall on any one of them separately. Without these conditions the terrible acts I witnessed to-day would be impossible in our times. It all lies in the fact that men think there are circumstances in which one may deal with human beings without love; and there are no such circumstances. One may deal with things without love; one may cut down trees, make bricks, hammer iron without love; but you cannot deal with men without it, just as one cannot deal with bees without being careful. If you deal carelessly with bees you will injure them, and will yourself be injured. And so with men. It cannot be otherwise, because natural love is the fundamental law of human life. It is true that a man cannot force another to love him, as he can force him to work for him; but it does not follow that a man may deal with men without love, especially to demand anything from them. If you feel no love, sit still," Nekhlúdoff thought; "occupy yourself with things, with yourself, with anything you like, only not with men. You can only eat without injuring yourself when you feel inclined to eat, so you can only deal with men usefully when you love.

* Leaders of the rebellions in Russia, Sténka Rázin in the 17th and Pougatchéff in the 18th century.

Only let yourself deal with a man without love, as I did yesterday with my brother-in-law, and there are no limits to the suffering you will bring on yourself, as all my life proves. Yes, yes, it is so," thought Nekhlúdoff; "it is good; yes, it is good," he repeated, enjoying the freshness after the torturing heat, and conscious of having attained to the fullest clearness on a question that had long occupied him.

CHAPTER XLI.

TARÁS'S STORY.

THE car in which Nekhlúdoff had taken his place was half filled with people. There were in it servants, working men, factory hands, butchers, Jews, shopmen, workmen's wives, a soldier, two ladies (a young one and an old one with bracelets on her arm) and a severe-looking gentleman with a cockade on his black cap. All these people were sitting quietly; the bustle of taking their places was long over; some sat cracking and eating sunflower seeds, some smoking, some talking.

Tarás sat, looking very happy, opposite the door, keeping a place for Nekhlúdoff, and carrying on an animated conversation with a man in a cloth coat who sat opposite to him, and who was, as Nekhlúdoff afterwards found out, a gardener going to a new situation. Before reaching the place where Tarás sat, Nekhlúdoff stopped between the seats near a reverend-looking old man with a white beard and nankeen coat, who was talking with a young woman in peasant dress. A little girl of about seven, dressed in a new peasant costume, sat, her little legs dangling above the floor, by the side of the woman, and kept cracking seeds.

The old man turned round and, seeing Nekhlúdoff, he gathered up the lappets of his coat to make room on the

varnished seat on which he sat alone, and said in a friendly manner:

"Please, here's a seat."

Nekhlúdoff thanked him and took the seat. As soon as he was seated, the woman continued the interrupted conversation.

She was returning to her village, and related how her husband, whom she had been visiting, had received her in town.

"I was there during the carnival, and now, by the Lord's help, I've been again," she said. "Then, God willing, at Christmas I'll go again."

"That's right," said the old man, with a look at Nekhlúdoff, "it's the best way to go and see him, else a young man can easily go to the bad, living in a town."

"Oh, no, sir, mine is not such a man. No nonsense of any kind about him; his life is as good as a young maiden's. The money he earns he sends home all to a copeck. And, as to our girl here, he was so glad to see her, there are no words for it," said the woman, and smiled.

The little girl, who sat cracking her seeds and spitting out the shells, listened to her mother's words, and, as if to confirm them, looked up with calm, intelligent eyes into Nekhlúdoff's and the old man's faces.

"Well, if he's good, that's better still," said the old man. "And none of that sort of thing?" he added, with a look at a couple, evidently factory hands, who sat at the other side of the carriage. The husband, with his head thrown back, was pouring *vódka* down his throat out of a bottle, and the wife sat holding a bag out of which they had taken the bottle, and watched him intently.

"No, mine neither drinks nor smokes," said the woman who was conversing with the old man, glad of the opportunity of praising her husband once more. "No, sir, the earth does not hold many such." And,

turning to Nekhlúdoff, she added, "That's the sort of man he is."

"What could be better?" said the old man, looking at the factory worker, who had had his drink and had passed the bottle to his wife. The wife laughed, shook her head, and also raised the bottle to her lips.

Noticing Nekhlúdoff's and the old man's look directed towards them, the factory worker addressed the former.

"What is it, sir? That we are drinking? Ah, no one sees how we work, but every one sees how we drink. I have earned it, and I am drinking and treating my wife, and no one else."

"Yes, yes," said Nekhlúdoff, not knowing what to say.

"True, sir. My wife is a steady woman. I am satisfied with my wife, because she can feel for me. Is it right what I'm saying, Mávra?"

"There you are, take it, I don't want any more," said the wife, returning the bottle to him. "And what are you jawing like that for?" she added.

"There now! She's good—that good; and suddenly she'll begin squeaking like a wheel that's not greased. Mávra, is it right what I'm saying?"

Mávra laughed and moved her hand with a tipsy gesture. "Oh, my, he's at it again."

"There now, she's that good—that good; but let her get her tail over the reins, and you can't tell what she'll be up to. . . . Is it right what I'm saying? You must excuse me, sir, I've had a drop! What's to be done?" said the factory worker, and, preparing to go to sleep, put his head in his wife's lap.

Nekhlúdoff sat a while with the old man, who told him all about himself. The old man was a stove builder, who had been working for 53 years, and had built so many stoves that he had lost count, and now he wanted to rest, but had no time. He had been to town and found employment for the young ones, and was now going to the country to see the people at home. After

hearing the old man's story, Nekhlúdoff went to the place that Tarás was keeping for him.

"It's all right, sir; sit down; we'll put the bag here," said the gardener, who sat opposite Tarás, in a friendly tone, looking up into Nekhlúdoff's face.

"Rather a tight fit, but no matter since we are friends," said Tarás, smiling, and lifting the bag, which weighed more than five stone, as if it were a feather, he carried it across to the window.

"Plenty of room; besides, we might stand up a bit; and even under the seat it's as comfortable as you could wish. What's the good of humbugging?" he said, beaming with friendliness and kindness.

Tarás spoke of himself as being unable to utter a word when quite sober; but drink, he said, helped him to find the right words, and then he could express everything. And in reality, when he was sober Tarás kept silent; but when he had been drinking, which happened rarely and only on special occasions, he became very pleasantly talkative. Then he spoke a great deal, spoke well and very simply and truthfully, and especially with great kindliness, which shone in his gentle, blue eyes and in the friendly smile that never left his lips. He was in such a state to-day. Nekhlúdoff's approach interrupted the conversation; but when he had put the bag in its place, Tarás sat down again, and with his strong hands folded in his lap, and looking straight into the gardener's face, continued his story. He was telling his new acquaintance about his wife and giving every detail: what she was being sent to Siberia for, and why he was now following her. Nekhlúdoff had never heard a detailed account of this affair, and so he listened with interest. When he came up, the story had reached the point when the attempt to poison was already an accomplished fact, and the family had discovered that it was Theodosia's doing.

"It's about my troubles that I'm talking," said Tarás, addressing Nekhlúdoff with cordial friendliness. "I

have chanced to come across such a hearty man, and we've got into conversation, and I'm telling him all."

"I see," said Nekhlúdoff.

"Well, then, in this way, my friend, the business became known. Mother, she takes that cake. 'I'm going,' says she, 'to the police officer.' My father is a just old man. 'Wait, wife,' says he, 'the little woman is a mere child, and did not herself know what she was doing. We must have pity. She may come to her senses.' But, dear me, mother would not hear of it. 'While we keep her here,' she says, 'she may destroy us all like cockroaches.' Well, friend, so she goes off for the police officer. He bounces in upon us at once. Calls for witnesses."

"Well, and you?" asked the gardener.

"Well, I, you see, friend, roll about with the pain in my stomach, and vomit. All my inside is turned inside out; I can't even speak. Well, so father he goes and harnesses the mare, and puts Theodosia into the cart, and is off to the police-station, and then to the magistrate's. And she, you know, just as she had done from the first, so also there, confesses all to the magistrate—where she got the arsenic, and how she kneaded the cake. 'Why did you do it?' says he. 'Why,' says she, 'because he's hateful to me. I prefer Siberia to a life with him.' That's me," and Tarás smiled.

"Well, so she confessed all. Then, naturally—the prison; and father returns alone. And harvest time just coming, and mother the only woman at home, and she no longer strong. So we think what are we to do. Could we not bail her out? So father went to see an official. No go. Then another. I think he went to five of them, and we thought of giving it up. Then we happened to come across a clerk—such an artful one as you don't often find. 'You give me five roubles, and I'll get her out,' says he. He agreed to do it for three. Well, and what do you think, friend? I went and pawned the linen she herself had woven, and gave him

the money. As soon as he had written that paper," drawled out Tarás, just as if he were speaking of a shot being fired, "we succeeded at once. I went to fetch her myself.

"Well, friend, so I got to town, put up the mare, took the paper, and went to the prison. 'What do you want?' 'This is what I want,' say I, 'you've got my wife here in prison.' 'And have you got a paper?' I gave him the paper. He gave it a look. 'Wait,' says he. So I sat down on a bench. It was already past noon by the sun. An official comes out. 'You are Vargoúshoff?' 'I am.' 'Well, you may take her.' The gates opened, and they led her out in her own clothes quite all right. 'Well, come along.' 'Have you come on foot?' 'No, I have the horse here.' So I went and paid the ostler, and harnessed, put in all the hay that was left, and covered it with sacking for her to sit on. She got in and wrapped her shawl round her, and off we drove. She says nothing, and I say nothing. Just as we were coming to the house she says, 'And how's mother; is she alive?' 'Yes, she's alive.' 'And father; is he alive?' 'Yes, he is.' 'Forgive me, Tarás,' she says, 'for my folly. I did not myself know what I was doing.' So I say, 'Words won't mend matters. I have forgiven you long ago,' and I said no more. We got home, and she just fell at mother's feet. Mother says, 'The Lord will forgive you.' And father said, 'How d'you do?' and 'What's past is past. Live as best you can. Now,' says he, 'is not the time for all that; there's the harvest to be gathered in down at Skoródino,' he says. 'Down on the manured acre, by the Lord's help, the ground has borne such rye that the sickle can't tackle it. It's all interwoven and heavy, and has sunk beneath its weight; that must be reaped. You and Tarás had better go and see to it to-morrow.' Well, friend, from that moment she took to the work and worked so that every one wondered. At that time we rented three *desiatíns*, and by God's help we had a won-

derful crop both of oats and rye. I mow and she binds the sheaves, and sometimes we both of us reap. I am good at work and not afraid of it, but she's better still at whatever she takes up. She's a smart woman, young, and full of life; and as to work, friend, she'd grown that eager that I had to stop her. We get home, our fingers swollen, our arms aching, and she, instead of resting, rushes off to the barn to make binders for the sheaves for next day. Such a change!"

"Well, and to you? Was she kinder, now?" asked the gardener.

"That's beyond question. She clings to me as if we were one soul. Whatever I think she understands. Even mother, angry as she was, could not help saying: 'It's as if our Theodosia had been transformed; she's quite a different woman now!' We were once going to cart the sheaves with two carts. She and I were in the first, and I say, 'How could you think of doing that, Theodosia?' and she says, 'How could I think of it? Just so, I did not wish to live with you. I thought I'd rather die than live with you!' I say, 'And now?' and she says, 'Now you're in my heart!'" Tarás stopped, and smiling joyfully, shook his head as if surprised. "Hardly had we got the harvest home, I went to soak the hemp, and when I got home there was a summons: she must go to be tried. And we had forgotten all about the matter that she was to be tried for."

"It can only be the evil one," said the gardener. "Could any man of himself think of destroying a living soul? We had a fellow once——" and the gardener was about to commence a tale when the train slackened.

"It seems we are coming to a station," he said. "I'll go and have a drink."

The conversation stopped, and Nekhlúdoff followed the gardener out of the car onto the wet platform of the station.

CHAPTER XLII.

LE VRAI GRAND MONDE.

Before Nekhlúdoff got out he had noticed in the station yard several elegant equipages, some with three, some with four, well-fed horses, with tinkling bells on their harness. When he stepped out on the wet, dark-coloured boards of the platform, he saw a group of people in front of the first-class car, among whom were conspicuous a stout lady with costly feathers on her hat, and a waterproof, and a tall, thin-legged young man in a cycling suit. The young man had by his side an enormous, well-fed dog, with a valuable collar. Behind them stood footmen, holding wraps and umbrellas, and a coachman, who had also come to meet the train.

On the whole of the group, from the fat lady down to the coachman who stood holding up his long coat, there lay the stamp of wealth and quiet self-assurance. An inquisitive and servile crowd rapidly gathered round this group—the station-master in his red cap, a gendarme, a thin young lady in a Russian costume with beads round her neck, who made a point of seeing the trains come in all through the summer, a telegraph clerk, and passengers, men and women.

In the young man with the dog Nekhlúdoff recognised young Korchágin, a gymnasium student. The fat lady was the Princess's sister, to whose estate the Korchágins were now moving. The guard, with his gold cord and shiny topboots, opened the door of the car and stood holding it as a sign of deference, while Philip and a porter with a white apron carefully carried out the long-faced Princess in her folding chair. The sisters greeted each other, and French sentences began flying about. Would the Princess go in a closed or an open carriage? At last the procession started towards the

exit, the lady's maid with her curly fringe, parasol and leather case in the rear.

Nekhlúdoff, not wishing to meet them and to have to take leave over again, stopped before he got to the door, waiting for the procession to pass.

The Princess, her son, Missy, the doctor, and the maid, went out first, the old Prince and his sister-in-law remained behind. Nekhlúdoff was too far to catch anything but a few disconnected French sentences of their conversation. One of the sentences uttered by the Prince, as it often happens, for some unaccountable reason remained in his memory with all its intonations and the sound of the voice.

"*Oh, il est du vrai grand monde, du vrai grand monde,*" said the Prince in his loud, self-assured tone, as he went out of the station with his sister-in-law, accompanied by the respectful guards and porters.

At this moment from behind the corner of the station suddenly appeared a crowd of workmen in bark shoes, wearing sheepskin coats and carrying bags on their backs. The workmen went up to the nearest car with soft yet determined steps, and were about to get in, but were at once driven away by a guard. Without stopping, the workmen passed on, hurrying and jostling one another, to the next car and began getting in, catching their bags against the corners and door of the car, but another guard caught sight of them from the door of the station, and shouted at them severely. The workmen, who had already got in, hurried out again and went on, with the same soft and firm steps, still further towards Nekhlúdoff's car. A guard was again going to stop them, but Nekhlúdoff said there was plenty of room inside, and that they had better get in. They obeyed and got in, followed by Nekhlúdoff.

The workmen were about to take their seats, when the gentleman with the cockade and the two ladies, looking at this attempt to settle in their car as a personal insult to themselves, indignantly protested and

wanted to turn them out. The workmen—there were 20 of them, old men and quite young ones, all of them wearied, sunburnt, with haggard faces—began at once to move on through the car, catching the seats, the walls, and the doors with their bags. They evidently felt they had offended in some way, and seemed ready to go on indefinitely wherever they were ordered to go.

"Where are you pushing to, you fiends? Sit down here," shouted another guard they met.

"*Voilà encore des nouvelles*," exclaimed the younger of the two ladies, quite convinced that she would attract Nekhlúdoff's notice by her good French.

The other lady with the bracelets kept sniffing and making faces, and remarked something about how pleasant it was to sit with *smelly* peasants.

The workmen, who felt the joy and calm experienced by people who have escaped some kind of danger, jerked their heavy bags off their shoulders and stowed them away under the seats.

The gardener had left his own seat to talk with Tarás, and now went back, so that there were two unoccupied seats opposite and one next to Tarás. Three of the workmen took these seats, but when Nekhlúdoff came up to them, in his gentleman's clothing, they got so confused that they rose to go away, but Nekhlúdoff asked them to stay, and himself sat down on the arm of the seat, by the passage down the middle of the car.

One of the workmen, a man of about 50, exchanged a surprised and even frightened look with a young man. That Nekhlúdoff, instead of scolding and driving them away, as was natural to a gentleman, should give up his seat to them, astonished and perplexed them. They even feared that this might have some evil consequences.

However, they soon noticed that there was no underlying plot when they heard Nekhlúdoff talking quite simply with Tarás; feeling at ease they told one of the lads to sit down on his bag and insisted that Nekhlúdoff should resume his place. At first the elderly workman

who sat opposite Nekhlúdoff shrank and drew back his legs for fear of touching the gentleman, but after a while he grew quite friendly, and in talking to him and Tarás even slapped Nekhlúdoff on the knee when he wanted to draw special attention to what he was saying.

He told them all about his position and his work in the peat bogs, whence he was now returning home. He had been working there for two and a half months and was bringing home his wages, which only came to 10 roubles, since part had been paid in advance when he was hired. They worked, as he explained, up to their knees in water from sunrise to sunset, with two hours' interval for dinner.

"Those who are not used to it find it hard, of course," he said; "but when one's hardened it doesn't matter, if only the food is right. At first the food was bad. Later the people complained and they got good food, and it was easy to work."

Then he told them how, for 28 years, he went out to work and sent all his earnings home. First to his father, then to his eldest brother, and now to his nephew, who was at the head of the household. On himself he spent only two or three roubles of the 50 or 60 he earned a year, just for luxuries—tobacco and matches.

"I'm a sinner; when tired I even drink a little *vódka* sometimes," he added with a guilty smile.

Then he told them how the women did the work at home, and how the contractor had treated them to half a pail of *vódka* before they started to-day, how one of them had died, and another was returning home ill. The sick workman he was talking about was in a corner of the same car. He was a young lad, with a pale, sallow face and bluish lips. He was evidently worn out by intermittent fever. Nekhlúdoff went up to him, but the lad looked up with such a severe and suffering expression that Nekhlúdoff did not care to trouble him with questions, but advised the elder man to give him quin-

ine, and wrote down the name of the medicine. He wished to give him some money, but the old workman said he would pay for it himself.

"Well, much as I have travelled, I have never met such a gentleman before. Instead of punching your head, he actually gives up his place to you," said the old man to Tarás. "It seems there are all sorts of gentlefolk, too."

"Yes, this is quite a new and different world," thought Nekhlúdoff, looking at these spare, sinewy limbs, coarse, home-made garments, and sunburnt, kindly, though weary-looking faces, and feeling himself surrounded on all sides with new people and the serious interests, joys, and sufferings of a life of labour.

"Here is *le vrai grand monde*," thought Nekhlúdoff, remembering the words of Prince Korchágin and all that idle, luxurious world to which the Korchágins belonged, with their petty, mean interests. And he felt the joy of a traveller discovering a new, unknown, and beautiful world.

END OF BOOK II.

Book III

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

MÁSLOVA MAKES NEW FRIENDS.

The gang of prisoners to which Máslova belonged had gone about three thousand miles. She and the other prisoners condemned for criminal offences had travelled by rail and by steamboats as far as the town of Perm. It was only here that Nekhlúdoff succeeded in obtaining permission for her to continue the journey with the political prisoners, as Véra Doúkhova who was among the latter, advised him to do.

The journey to Perm had been very trying to Máslova, both morally and physically—physically, because of the overcrowding, the dirt, and the disgusting vermin, which gave her no peace; morally, because of the equally disgusting men. The men, like the vermin, though they changed at each halting place, were everywhere alike importunate. They swarmed round her, giving her no rest. Among the women prisoners and the men prisoners, the jailers and the convoy soldiers, the habit of a kind of cynical debauch was so firmly established that unless a female prisoner were willing to utilise her womanhood she had to be constantly on the watch. To be continually in a state of fear and strife was very trying, and Máslova was specially exposed to attacks, her appearance being attractive and her past

known to every one. The decided resistance with which she now met the importunity of all the men seemed offensive to them, and awakened another feeling, that of ill-will, towards her. But her position was made a little easier by her intimacy with Theodosia and with Theodosia's husband, who, having heard of the molestations his wife was subject to, had in Nijni been arrested at his own desire in order to be able to protect her, and who was now travelling with the gang as a prisoner.

Máslova's position became much more bearable when she was allowed to join the political prisoners. Political prisoners were provided with better accommodations, better food, and were treated less rudely; but besides all this, Máslova's condition was much improved by the fact that she was no longer molested by the men, and could live without being reminded of that past which she was so anxious to forget. But the chief advantage of the change lay in the fact that she made the acquaintance of several persons who exercised a decided and most beneficial influence on her character.

Máslova was allowed to stop with the political prisoners at all the halting-places; but being a strong and healthy woman she was obliged to march with the criminal convicts. In this way she walked all the way from Tomsk. Two political prisoners also marched with the gang—Mary Pávlovna Schetínina, the girl with the hazel eyes who had attracted Nekhlúdoff's attention when he visited Doúkhova in prison, and one Símonson, who was on his way to the Yakoútsk district, the dishevelled dark young fellow with deep-set eyes, whom Nekhlúdoff had also noticed during that visit. Mary Pávlovna was walking because she had given up her place on the cart to one of the criminals, a woman expecting to be confined; and Símonson, because he did not care to avail himself of a class privilege.

These three always started early in the morning with the criminals, and before the rest of the political prisoners, who followed later on in the carts.

They were ready to start in this way just outside a large town, where a new convoy officer had taken charge of the gang. It was early on a dull September morning. It kept raining and snowing alternately, and the cold wind blew in sudden gusts. The whole gang of prisoners, consisting of some four hundred men and fifty women, was already assembled in the court of the halting station. Some of them were crowding round the chief of the convoy, who was giving to specially appointed prisoners, money for two days' keep, to distribute among the rest; while others were purchasing food from women who had been let into the courtyard. One could hear the voices of the prisoners counting their money and making their purchases, and the shrill voices of the women with the food.

Símonson, in his rubber jacket and rubber overshoes fastened with a string over his worsted stockings (he was a vegetarian and would not wear the skin of slaughtered animals), was also in the courtyard waiting for the gang to start. He stood by the porch jotting down in his notebook a thought that had occurred to him. This was what he wrote: "If a bacterium watched and examined a human nail, it would pronounce it inorganic matter; and thus we, examining our globe and watching its crust, pronounce that to be inorganic. This is incorrect."

Katúsha and Mary Pávlovna, both wearing top-boots and with shawls tied round their heads, came out of the building into the courtyard where the saleswomen sat sheltered from the wind by the northern wall of the court and vied with one another, offering their goods—hot meat-pie, fish, vermicelli, buckwheat porridge, liver, beef, eggs, milk: one had even a roast pig to offer.

Having bought some eggs, bread, fish, and some rusks, Máslova was putting them into her bag while Mary Pávlovna was paying the women, when a movement arose among the convicts. All were silent and took their places. The officer came out and began giving the final

orders before starting. Everything was done in the usual manner. The prisoners were counted, the chains on their legs examined and those who were to march in couples linked together with manacles. But suddenly the angry, authoritative voice of the officer shouting something was heard, as well as the sound of a blow and the crying of a child. All were silent for a moment, and then came a hollow murmur from the crowd. Máslova and Mary Pávlovna advanced towards the spot whence the noise proceeded.

CHAPTER II.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MARCH.

This is what Mary Pávlovna and Katúsha saw when they reached the scene whence the noise proceeded. The officer, a sturdy fellow with fair moustaches, stood uttering words of foul and coarse abuse, and rubbing with his left the palm of his right hand, which he had hurt in hitting a prisoner on the face. In front of him a thin, tall convict, with half his head shaved and dressed in a cloak too short for him and trousers much too short, stood wiping his bleeding face with one hand, and holding a little shrieking girl wrapped in a shawl with the other.

"I'll give it you" (foul abuse); "I'll teach you to reason" (more abuse); "you're to give her to the women!" shouted the officer. "Now, then, on with them."

The convict, who was exiled by the Commune, had been carrying his little daughter all the way from Tomsk, where his wife had died of typhus, and now the officer ordered him to be manacled. The exile's explanation that he could not carry the child if he was manacled irritated the officer, who happened to be in a bad temper, and he gave the troublesome prisoner a beating.*

* A fact described by Lineff in his *Transportation.*

Before the injured convict stood a convoy soldier, and a black-bearded prisoner with a handcuff on one hand waiting to be attached to the prisoner with the girl, and looking gloomily at the officer.

The officer repeated his orders for the soldiers to take away the girl. The murmur among the prisoners grew louder.

"All the way from Tomsk they were not put on," came a hoarse voice from some one in the rear. "It's a child, and not a puppy."

"What's he to do with the lassie? That's not the law," said some one else.

"Who's that?" shouted the officer as if he had been stung, and rushed into the crowd.

"I'll teach you the law. Who spoke. You? You?"

"Everybody says so, because——" said a short, broad-faced prisoner.

Before he had finished speaking the officer hit him in the face.

"Mutiny, is it? I'll show you what mutiny means. I'll have you all shot like dogs, and the authorities will be only too thankful. Take the girl."

The crowd was silent. One convoy soldier pulled away the girl, who was screaming desperately, while another manacled the prisoner, who now submissively held out his hand.

"Take her to the women," shouted the officer, arranging his sword belt.

The little girl, whose face had grown quite red, was trying to disengage her arms from under the shawl, and screamed unceasingly. Mary Pávlovna stepped out from among the crowd and came up to the officer.

"Will you allow me to carry the little girl?" she said.

"Who are you?" asked the officer.

"A political prisoner."

Mary Pávlovna's handsome face with the beautiful

prominent eyes (he had noticed her before when the prisoners were given into his charge), evidently produced an effect on the officer. He looked at her in silence as if considering, then said: "I don't care; carry her if you like. It is easy for you to show pity; if he ran away who would have to answer?"

"How could he run away with the child in his arms?" said Mary Pávlovna.

"I have no time to talk with you. Take her if you like."

"Shall I give her?" asked the soldier.

"Yes, give her."

"Come to me," said Mary Pávlovna, trying to coax the child to come to her.

But the child in the soldier's arms stretched herself towards her father and continued to scream, and would not go to Mary Pávlovna.

"Wait a bit, Mary Pávlovna," said Máslova, getting a rusk out of her bag; "she will come to me."

The little girl knew Máslova, and when she saw her face and the rusk she let her take her. All was quiet. The gates were opened, and the gang stepped out, the convoy counted the prisoners over again, the bags were packed and tied on to the carts, the weak seated on the top. Máslova with the child in her arms took her place among the women next to Theodosia. Símonson, who had all the time been watching what was going on, stepped with large, determined strides up to the officer, who, having given his orders, was just getting into a trap, and said, "You have behaved badly."

"Get to your place; it is no business of yours."

"It is my business to tell you that you have behaved badly and I have said it," said Símonson, looking intently into the officer's face from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Ready? March!" the officer called out, paying no heed to Símonson; and, taking hold of the driver's shoulder, he got into the trap. The gang started and spread

out as it stepped on to the muddy high road, with ditches on each side, which passed through a dense forest.

CHAPTER III.

MARY PÁVLOVNA.

In spite of the hard conditions in which they were placed, life among the political prisoners seemed very good to Katúsha after the depraved, luxurious and effeminate life she had led in town for the last six years, and after two months' imprisonment with criminal prisoners. The fifteen to twenty miles they did per day, with one day's rest after two days' marching, strengthened her physically, and the fellowship with her new companions opened out to her a life full of interests such as she had never dreamed of. People so *wonderful* (as she expressed it) as those whom she was now going with she had not only never met but could not even have imagined.

"There now, and I cried when I was sentenced," she said. "Why, I must thank God for it all the days of my life. I have learned to know what I never should have found out else."

The motives that guided these people she understood easily and without effort, and, being of the people, fully sympathised with them. She understood that these persons were for the people and against the upper classes, and though themselves belonging to the upper classes, had sacrificed their privileges, their liberty, and their lives for the people. This especially made her value and admire them. She was charmed with all her new companions, but particularly with Mary Pávlovna; she was not only charmed with, but she loved her with a peculiar, respectful, and rapturous love. She was struck by the fact that this beautiful girl, who could speak three languages,—the daughter of a rich general,—gave away

all that her rich brother sent her, lived like the simplest working girl, and dressed not only simply but poorly, paying no heed to her appearance. This trait and a complete absence of coquetry was particularly surprising and therefore attractive to Máslova. Máslova could see that Mary Pávlovna knew, and was even pleased to know, that she was handsome, and yet the effect her appearance had on men was not at all pleasing to her; she was even afraid of it, and felt an absolute disgust of all love making. Her men companions knew it, and never fell in love with her, or, at any rate, concealed it if they did, and treated her as they would a man; but with strangers, who often molested her, the great physical strength on which she prided herself stood her in good stead.

"It happened once," she said to Katúsha, "that a man followed me in the street and would not leave me on any account. At last I gave him such a shaking that he was frightened and ran away."

She became a revolutionist, as she said, because she had felt a dislike to the life of the well-to-do from childhood up, and loved the life of the common people. She was always being scolded for spending her time in the servants' hall, in the kitchen or the stables, instead of the drawing-room.

"And I found it amusing to be with the cooks and coachmen, and dull with the ladies and gentlemen," she said. "Then when I came to understand things, I saw that our life was altogether wrong. I had no mother and I did not care for my father: and so when I was nineteen I left home, and went with a girl friend to work as a factory hand."

After she left the factory she lived in the country, then returned to town and lived in a lodging where they had a secret printing press. There she was arrested, and sentenced to hard labour. Mary Pávlovna said nothing about it herself, but Katúsha heard from others that Mary Pávlovna was sentenced because, when the

lodging was searched by the police and one of the revolutionists fired a shot in the dark, she pleaded guilty.

As soon as she had learned to know Mary Pávlovna, Katúsha noticed that whatever the conditions she found herself in, Mary Pávlovna never thought of herself, but was always anxious to serve; to help some one, in matters small or great. One of her present companions, Novodvóroff, said of her that she devoted herself to philanthropic recreations. And this was true. The interest of her whole life lay in the search for opportunities of serving others. This kind of recreation had become the habit, the business, of her life, and she did it all so naturally that those who knew her were no longer grateful, but simply expected it of her.

When Máslova first came among them, Mary Pávlovna felt repulsed and disgusted. Katúsha noticed this; but she also noticed that, having made an effort to overcome these feelings, Mary Pávlovna became particularly tender and kind to her. The tenderness and kindness of so uncommon a being touched Máslova so much that she gave her her whole heart; and unconsciously accepting her views, could not help imitating her in everything.

Mary Pávlovna was in her turn moved by this devoted love of Katúsha's, and learned to reciprocate it.

They were also united by the repulsion they both felt to sexual love. The one loathed that kind of love, having experienced all its horrors; the other, never having experienced it, looked on it as on something incomprehensible, and at the same time as something repugnant and offensive to human dignity.

CHAPTER IV.

SÍMONSON.

Mary Pávlovna's influence was one that Máslova submitted to because she loved Mary Pávlovna. Símonson influenced her because he loved her.

Everybody lives and acts partly according to his own, partly according to other people's, ideas. This is what constitutes one of the great differences among men. To some, thinking is a kind of mental game; they treat their reason as if it were a fly-wheel without a connecting strap, and are guided in their actions by other people's ideas, by custom or laws; while others look upon their own ideas as the chief motive power of all their actions, and always listen to the dictates of their own reason and submit to it, accepting other people's opinions only on rare occasions and after weighing them critically. Símonson was a man of the latter sort; he settled and verified everything according to his own reason and acted on the decisions he arrived at.

When a schoolboy he made up his mind that his father's income, made as a paymaster in government office, was dishonestly gained, and he told his father that it ought to be given to the people. When his father, instead of listening to him, gave him a scolding, he left his father's house and would not make use of his father's means. Having come to the conclusion that all the existing misery was a result of the people's ignorance, he joined the socialists, who carried on propaganda among the people, as soon as he left the university and got a place as a village schoolmaster. He taught and explained to his pupils and to the peasants what he considered to be just, and openly blamed what he thought unjust.

He was arrested and tried.

During his trial he determined to tell his judges that

his was a just cause, for which he ought not to be tried or punished. When the judges paid no heed to his words, but went on with the trial, he decided not to answer them and kept resolutely silent when they questioned him. He was exiled to the Government of Archangel. There he formulated a religious teaching which was founded on the theory that everything in the world was alive, that nothing is lifeless, and that all the objects we consider to be without life, or inorganic, are only parts of an enormous organic body which we cannot compass. A man's task is to sustain the life of that huge organism and all its animate parts. Therefore he was against war, capital punishment and every kind of killing, not only of human beings, but also of animals. Concerning marriage, too, he had a peculiar idea of his own; he thought that increase was a lower function of man, the highest function being to serve the already existing lives. He found a confirmation of his theory in the fact that there were phagocytes in the blood. Celibates, according to his opinion, were the same as phagocytes, their function being to help the weak and the sickly particles of the organism. From the moment he came to this conclusion he began to consider himself, as well as Mary Pávlovna, as phagocytes, and to live accordingly, though as a youth he had been addicted to vice.

His love for Katúsha did not infringe this conception, because he loved her platonically, and such love he considered could not hinder his activity as a phagocyte, but, on the contrary, acted as an inspiration.

Not only moral, but also most practical questions he decided in his own way. He applied a theory of his own to all practical business, had rules relating to the number of hours for rest and for work, to the kind of food to eat, the way to dress, to heat and light up the rooms.

With all this Símonson was very shy and modest; and yet when he had once made up his mind nothing could make him waver.

And this man had a decided influence on Máslova through his love for her. With a woman's instinct Máslova very soon found out that he loved her. And the fact that she could awaken love in a man of that kind raised her in her own estimation. It was Nekhlúdoff's magnanimity and what had been in the past, that made him offer to marry her, but Símonson loved her such as she was now, loved her simply because of the love he bore her. And she felt that Símonson considered her to be an exceptional woman, having peculiarly high moral qualities. She did not quite know what the qualities he attributed to her were, but in order to be on the safe side and that he should not be disappointed in her, she tried with all her might to awaken in herself all the highest qualities she could conceive, and she tried to be as good as possible.

This had begun while they were still in prison, when on a common visiting day she had noticed his kindly dark blue eyes gazing fixedly at her from under his projecting brow. Even then she had noticed that this was a peculiar man, and that he was looking at her in a peculiar manner, and had also noticed the striking combination of sternness—the unruly hair and the frowning forehead gave him this appearance—with the child-like kindness and innocence of his look. She saw him again in Tomsk, where she joined the political prisoners. Though they had not uttered a word, their looks told plainly that they had understood one another. Even after that they had had no serious conversation with each other, but Máslova felt that when he spoke in her presence his words were addressed to her, and that he spoke for her sake, trying to express himself as plainly as he could; but it was when he started walking with the criminal prisoners that they grew specially near to one another.

CHAPTER V.

THE POLITICAL PRISONERS.

UNTIL they left Perm Nekhlúdoff only twice managed to see Katúsha, once in Nízni, before the prisoners were embarked on a barge surrounded with a wire netting, and again in Perm in the prison office. At both these interviews he found her reserved and unkind. She answered his questions as to whether she was in want of anything, and whether she was comfortable, evasively and bashfully, and, as he thought, with the same feeling of hostile reproach which she had shown several times before. Her depressed state of mind, which was only the result of the molestations she was undergoing at the time from the men, tormented Nekhlúdoff. He feared lest, influenced by the hard and degrading circumstances in which she was placed on the journey, she should again fall into that state of despair and discord with her own self which formerly made her irritable with him, and which had caused her to drink and smoke excessively to gain oblivion. But he was unable to help her in any way during this part of the journey, as it was impossible for him to be with her. It was only when she joined the political prisoners that he saw how unfounded his fears were, and at each interview he noticed that inner change he so strongly desired to see in her, becoming more and more marked. The first time they met in Tomsk she was again just as she had been when leaving Moscow. She did not frown or become confused when she saw him, but met him joyfully and simply, thanking him for what he had done for her, especially for bringing her among the people with whom she now was.

After two months' marching with the gang, the change that had taken place within her became noticeable in her appearance. She grew sunburned and thinner, and

seemed older; wrinkles appeared on her temples and round her mouth. She had no ringlets on her forehead now, and her hair was covered with the kerchief; in the way it was arranged, as well as in her dress and her manners, there was no trace of coquetry left. And this change, which had taken place and was still going on in her, made Nekhlúdoff very happy.

He felt for her something he had never experienced before. This feeling had nothing in common with his first poetic love for her, and still less with the sensual love that had followed, or even with the satisfaction of a duty fulfilled, not unmixed with self-admiration, with which he decided to marry her after the trial. The present feeling was simply one of pity and tenderness. He had felt it when he met her in prison for the first time, and again when, after conquering his repugnance, he forgave her the imagined intrigue with the medical assistant in the hospital (the injustice done her had since been discovered); it was the same feeling he now had, only with this difference, that formerly it was momentary, and that now it had become permanent. Whatever he was doing, whatever he was thinking now, a feeling of pity and tenderness dwelt with him, and not only pity and tenderness for her, but for everybody. This feeling seemed to have opened the floodgates of love, which had found no outlet in Nekhlúdoff's soul, and the love now flowed out to every one he met.

During this journey Nekhlúdoff's feelings were so stimulated that he could not help being attentive and considerate to everybody, from the coachman and the convoy soldiers to the prison inspectors and governors whom he had to deal with. Now that Máslova was among the political prisoners, Nekhlúdoff could not help becoming acquainted with many of them, first in Ekáterinburg, where they had a good deal of freedom and were kept all together in a large cell, and then on the road, when Máslova was marching with three of the men and four of the women. Coming in contact with political

exiles in this way caused Nekhlúdoff to change his mind completely concerning them.

From the very beginning of the revolutionary movement in Russia, but especially since that first of March, when Alexander II. was murdered, Nekhlúdoff had regarded the revolutionists with dislike and contempt. He was repulsed by the cruelty and secrecy of the methods they employed in their struggles against the government, especially by the cruel murders they committed, and their arrogance also disgusted him. But having learned more intimately to know them and all they had suffered at the hands of the government, he saw that they could not be other than they were.

Terrible and endless as were the torments which were inflicted on the criminals, there was at least some semblance of justice shown them before and after they were sentenced, but in the case of the political prisoners there was not even that semblance, as Nekhlúdoff saw in the case of Shoústova and in that of many and many of his new acquaintances. These people were dealt with like fish caught with a net; everything that gets into the nets is pulled ashore, and then the big fish which are required are sorted out and the little ones are left to perish on the shore unheeded. Having captured hundreds that were evidently guiltless, and that could not be dangerous to the government, they kept them imprisoned for years, where they became consumptive, went out of their minds or committed suicide, and kept them only because they had no inducement to set them free, while, safe in prison, they might be of use to elucidate some question at a judicial inquiry. The fate of these persons, often innocent even from the government point of view, depended on the whim, the humour of, or the amount of leisure at the disposal of some police officer or spy, or public prosecutor, or magistrate, or governor, or minister. Some one of these officials feels dull, or inclined to distinguish himself, and makes a number of arrests, and imprisons or sets free, according to his own

fancy or to that of the higher authorities. And the higher official, actuated by like motives, according to whether he is inclined to distinguish himself, or to what his relations to the minister are, exiles men to the other side of the world or keeps them in solitary confinement, condemns them to Siberia, to hard labour, to death, or sets them free at the request of some lady.

They were dealt with as in war, and they naturally employed the means that were used against them. And as military men live in an atmosphere of public opinion that not only conceals from them the guilt of their actions, but sets these actions up as feats of heroism, so these political offenders were also constantly surrounded by an atmosphere of public opinion which made the cruel actions they committed, in the face of danger and at the risk of liberty and life and all that is dear to men, seem not wicked but glorious actions. Nekhlúdoff found in this the explanation of the surprising phenomenon that men with the mildest characters, who seemed incapable of witnessing the sufferings of any living creature, much less of inflicting pain, quietly prepared to murder men, nearly all of them considering murder lawful and just on certain occasions as a means for self-defence, for the attainment of higher aims, or for the general welfare.

The importance they attributed to their cause, and consequently to themselves, flowed naturally from the importance the government attached to their actions, and the cruelty of the punishments it inflicted on them. When Nekhlúdoff came to know them better he became convinced that they were not the right-down villains that some imagined them to be, nor the complete heroes that others thought them, but ordinary people, just the same as others, among whom there were some good and some bad, and some mediocre, as there are everywhere.

There were some among them who had turned revolutionists because they honestly considered it their duty to fight the existing evils, but there were also those

who chose this work for selfish, ambitious motives. The majority, however, was attracted to the revolutionary idea by the desire for danger, for risks, the enjoyment of playing with one's life, which, as Nekhlúdoff knew from his military experiences, is quite common to the most ordinary people while they are young and full of energy. But wherein they differed from ordinary people was that their moral standard was higher. They considered not only self-control, hard living, truthfulness, but also readiness to sacrifice everything, even life, for the common welfare, as their duty. Therefore, the best of them stood on a moral level that is not often reached, while the worst were far below the ordinary level, many of them being untruthful and hypocritical, and at the same time self-satisfied and proud. So that Nekhlúdoff learned not only to respect but to love some of his new acquaintances, while he remained more than indifferent to others.

CHAPTER VI.

KRYLTZÓFF'S STORY.

NEKHLÚDOFF grew especially fond of Kryltzóff, a consumptive young man condemned to hard labour, who was going with the same gang as Katúsha. Nekhlúdoff had made his acquaintance already in Ekáterinburg, and had talked with him several times on the road after that. Once, in summer, Nekhlúdoff spent nearly the whole of a day with him at a halting station, and Kryltzóff, having once started talking, told him his story and how he had become a revolutionist. Up to the time of his imprisonment his story was soon told. He lost his father, a rich landed proprietor in the south of Russia, when still a child. He was the only son, and his mother brought him up. He learned easily in the university, as well as the gymnasium, and was first in the mathematical faculty in his year. He had the offer of a

scholarship from the University to enable him to study abroad. But he delayed taking a decision. He loved a girl and was thinking of marriage, and of taking part in the rural administration. He wished to do everything, and could not make up his mind what to choose. At this time some fellow-students at the university asked him for money for a common cause. He knew that this common cause was the revolutionary cause, which he was not interested in at the time, but he gave the money from a sense of comradeship and vanity, and lest it should be thought that he was afraid. Those who received the money were caught, a note was found which proved that the money had been given by Kryltzóff: he was arrested, and first kept at the police station, then imprisoned.

"In the prison where I was put," Kryltzóff went on to relate (he was sitting on the high bed shelf, his elbows on his knees, with sunken chest, the beautiful, intelligent eyes with which he looked at Nekhlúdoff glistening feverishly)—"they were not specially strict. We managed to converse, not only by tapping the wall, but could walk about the corridors, share our provisions and our tobacco, and in the evenings we even sang in chorus. I had a fine voice—yes, if it had not been for mother it would have been all right, even pleasant and interesting. Here I made the acquaintance of the famous Petróff—he afterwards killed himself with a piece of glass at the fortress—and also of others. But I was not yet a revolutionist. I also became acquainted with my neighbours in the cells next to mine. They were both caught with Polish proclamations and arrested for the same cause, and were tried for an attempt to escape from the convoy when they were being taken to the railway station. One was a Pole, Lózinsky; the other a Jew, Rozóvsky. Yes. Well, this Rozóvsky was quite a boy. He said he was seventeen, but he looked fifteen —thin, small, active, with black, sparkling eyes, and, like most Jews, very musical. His voice was still break-

ing, and yet he sang beautifully. Yes. I saw them both taken to be tried. They were taken in the morning. They returned in the evening, and said they were condemned to death. No one had expected it. Their case was so unimportant; they only tried to get away from the convoy, and had not even wounded any one. And then it was so unnatural to execute such a child as Rozóvsky. And we in prison all came to the conclusion that it was only done to frighten them, and would not be confirmed. At first we were excited, and then we comforted ourselves, and life went on as before. Yes. Well, one evening a watchman comes to my door and mysteriously announces to me that carpenters had arrived and were putting up the gallows. At first I did not understand. What's that? What gallows? But the watchman was so excited that I saw at once it was for our two. I wished to tap and communicate with my comrades, but was afraid those two would hear. The comrades were also silent. Evidently everybody knew. In the corridors and in the cells everything was as still as death all that evening. They did not tap the wall nor sing. At ten the watchman came again and announced that a hangman had arrived from Moscow. He said it and went away. I began calling him back. Suddenly I heard Rozóvsky shouting to me across the corridor: 'What's the matter? Why do you call him?' I answered something about asking him to get me some tobacco, but he seemed to guess, and asked me: 'Why did we not sing to-night; why did we not tap the walls?' I do not remember what I said, but I went away so as not to speak to him. Yes; it was a terrible night. I listened to every sound all night. Suddenly, towards morning, I heard doors opening and somebody walking—many persons. I went up to my window. There was a lamp burning in the corridor. The first to pass was the inspector. He was stout, and seemed a resolute, self-satisfied man, but he looked ghastly pale, downcast, and seemed frightened; then his assistant, gloomy but

resolute; behind them the watchman. They passed my door and stopped at the next, and I heard the assistant calling out in a strange voice: 'Lózinsky, get up and put on clean linen!' Yes. Then I heard the creaking of the door. They entered into his cell. Then I heard Lózinsky's steps going to the opposite side of the corridor. I could only see the inspector. He stood quite pale, and buttoned and unbuttoned his coat, shrugging his shoulders. Yes. Then, as if frightened of something, he moved out of the way. It was Lózinsky who passed him and came up to my door. A handsome young fellow he was, you know, of that nice Polish type: broad shouldered, his head covered with fine, fair, curly hair as with a cap, and with beautiful blue eyes. So blooming, so fresh, so healthy. He stopped in front of my window, so that I could see the whole of his face. A dreadful, gaunt, livid face. 'Kryltzóff, have you any cigarettes?' I wished to pass him some, but the assistant hurriedly pulled out his cigarette case and passed it to him. He took out one, the assistant struck a match, and he lit the cigarette and began to smoke, and seemed to be thinking. Then, as if he had remembered something, he began to speak. 'It is cruel and unjust. I have committed no crime. I—' I saw something quiver in his white young throat, from which I could not take my eyes, and he stopped. Yes. At that moment I hear Rozóvsky shouting in his fine, Jewish voice. Lózinsky threw away the cigarette and stepped from the door. And Rozóvsky appeared at the window. His childish face, with the limpid black eyes, was red and moist. He also had clean linen on. The trousers were too wide, and he kept pulling them up, and trembled all over. He approached his pitiful face to my window. 'Kryltzóff, it's true that the doctor has prescribed cough mixture for me, is it not? I am not well. I'll take some more of the mixture.' No one answered, and he looked inquiringly, now at me, now at the inspector. What he meant to say I never made out. Yes. Sud-

denly the assistant again put on a stern expression, and called out in a kind of squeaking tone: 'Now, then, no nonsense. Let us go.' Rozóvsky seemed incapable of understanding what awaited him, and hurried, almost ran, in front of him all along the corridor. But then he drew back, and I could hear his shrill voice and his cries, then the trampling of feet, and general hubbub. He was shrieking and sobbing. The sounds came fainter and fainter, and at last the door rattled and all was quiet. Yes. And so they hanged them. Throttled them both with a rope. A watchman, another one, saw it done, and told me that Lózinsky did not resist; but Rozóvsky struggled for a long time, so that they had to pull him on to the scaffold and to force his head into the noose. Yes; this watchman was a stupid fellow. He said: 'They told me, sir, that it would be frightful: but it was not at all frightful. After they were hanged they only shrugged their shoulders twice, like this.' (He showed how the shoulders convulsively rose and fell.) 'Then the hangman pulled a bit, so as to tighten the noose, and it was all up, and they never budged.'" And Kryltzóff repeated the watchman's words, "Not at all frightful," and tried to smile, but burst into sobs instead.

For a long time after that he kept silent, breathing heavily and repressing the sobs that were choking him.

"From that time I became a revolutionist. Yes," he said, when he was quieter and finished his story in a few words. He belonged to the *Narodovólstvo*, and was even at the head of the *disorganising* group, whose object was to terrorise the Government, so that it should give up its power of its own accord. With this object he travelled to Petersburg, to Kiev, to Odessa and abroad, and was everywhere successful. A man in whom he had full confidence betrayed him. He was arrested, tried, but the sentence was mitigated to one of hard labour for life.

He went into consumption while in prison, and in the

conditions in which he was now placed, he had scarcely more than a few months longer to live. This he knew, but did not repent of his action, but said that if he had another life he would use it in the same way—to destroy the conditions in which such things as he had seen were possible.

This man's story and his intimacy with him, explained to Nekhlúdoff much that he had not previously understood.

CHAPTER VII.

NEKHLÚDOFF SEEKS AN INTERVIEW WITH MÁSLOVA.

On the day when the convoy officer had the encounter with the prisoners at the halting station, about the child, Nekhlúdoff, who had spent the night at the village inn, awoke late, and was some time writing letters to post at the next Government town, so that he left the inn later than usual, and did not overtake the gang on the road as he had done on previous occasions, but reached the village where the next halting station was, as it was growing dusk.

Having dried himself at the inn, which was kept by an elderly woman who had an extraordinarily fat, white neck, he had his tea in a clean room decorated with a great number of *icons* and pictures, and then hurried away to the halting station to ask the officer for an interview with Katúsha. At the six last halting stations he could not get this permission from any of the officers. Though they had been changed several times, not one of them would allow Nekhlúdoff inside the halting stations, so that he had not seen Katúsha for more than a week. This strictness was occasioned by the fact that an important prison official was expected to pass that way. Now this official had passed, without looking in at the gang after all, and Nekhlúdoff hoped that the officer who had taken charge of the gang in the morning

would allow him an interview with the prisoners, as former officers had done.

The landlady offered Nekhlúdoff a trap to drive him to the halting station, situated at the farther end of the village, but Nekhlúdoff preferred to walk. A young labourer, a broad-shouldered young fellow of herculean dimensions, with enormous top-boots freshly blackened with strongly smelling tar, offered himself as a guide.

A dense mist obscured the sky, and it was so dark that when the young fellow was three steps in advance of him Nekhlúdoff could not see him unless the light of some window happened to fall on him; but he could hear the heavy boots wading through the deep, sticky slush. After passing the open place in front of the church, and the long street with its rows of windows shining brightly in the darkness, Nekhlúdoff followed his guide to the outskirts of the village, where it was pitch dark. But soon here, too, rays of light, streaming through the mist from the lamps in front of the halting station, became discernible through the darkness. The reddish spots of light grew bigger and bigger; at last the stakes of the palisade, the moving figure of the sentinel, a post painted with white and black stripes, and the sentinel's box, became visible.

The sentinel called his usual "Who goes there?" as they approached, and seeing they were strangers, treated them with such severity that he would not even allow them to wait by the palisade. But Nekhlúdoff's guide was not abashed by this severity.

"Halloo, lad! why so fierce? You go and rouse your boss while we wait here!"

The sentinel gave no answer, but shouted something in at the gate and stood looking at the broad-shouldered young labourer scraping the mud off Nekhlúdoff's boots with a chip of wood by the light of the lamp. From behind the palisade came the hum of male and female voices. In about three minutes more something rattled, the gate opened, and a sergeant with his cloak thrown

over his shoulders, stepped out of the darkness into the lamplight.

The sergeant was not as strict as the sentinel, but he was extremely inquisitive. He insisted on knowing what Nekhlúdoff wanted the officer for, and who he was, evidently scenting his booty and anxious not to let it escape. Nekhlúdoff said he had come on special business, and would show his gratitude; and would the sergeant take a note for him to the officer? The sergeant took the note, nodded, and went away. Some time after, the gate rattled again, and women carrying baskets, boxes, jugs and sacks came out, loudly chattering in their peculiar Siberian dialect as they stepped over the threshold of the gate. None of them wore peasant costumes; all were dressed town fashion, wearing jackets and fur-lined cloaks; their skirts were tucked up high, and their heads wrapped up in shawls. They examined Nekhlúdoff and his guide curiously by the light of the lamp. One of them showed evident pleasure at the sight of the broad-shouldered fellow, and affectionately administered to him a dose of Siberian abuse.

"You demon, what are you doing here? The devil take you!" she said, addressing him.

"I've been showing this traveller here the way," answered the young fellow. "And what have you been bringing here?"

"Dairy produce, and I am to bring more in the morning."

"They did not want to keep you the night, eh?" asked the young fellow.

"You be damned, you liar!" she called out, laughing. "Eh, but come along with us as far as the village."

The guide said something in answer that made not only the women but also the sentinel laugh, and turning to Nekhlúdoff, he said:

"You'll find your way alone? Won't get lost, will you?"

"I shall find it all right."

"When you have passed the church it's the second from the two-storied house. Oh, and here, take my staff," he said, handing the stick that he was carrying, and which was longer than himself, to Nekhlúdoff; and splashing through the mud with his enormous boots, he disappeared in the darkness, together with the women.

His voice, mingling with the voices of the women, was still audible through the fog when the gate again rattled, and the sergeant appeared and asked Nekhlúdoff to follow him to the officer.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEKHLÚDOFF AND THE OFFICER.

This halting station, like all such stations along the Siberian road, was surrounded by a courtyard fenced in with a palisade of sharp-pointed stakes, and consisted of three one-storied houses. One of them, the largest, with grated windows, was for the prisoners; another for the convoy soldiers, and the third, in which was the office, for the officers. There were lights in the windows of all the three houses, and, like all such lights, they promised (here in a specially deceptive manner) something cosy inside the walls. Lamps were burning before the porches of the houses, and about five lamps more along the walls lit up the yard

The sergeant led Nekhlúdoff along a plank which lay across the yard up to the porch of the smallest of the houses. When he had gone up the three steps of the porch he let Nekhlúdoff pass before him into the anteroom, in which a small lamp was burning, and which was filled with smoky fumes. By the stove a soldier in a coarse shirt, with a necktie and black trousers, and with one top-boot on, stood blowing the charcoal in a

samovár, using the other boot as bellows.* When he saw Nekhlúdoff, the soldier left the *samovár*, helped him off with his waterproof, and then went into the inner room.

"He has come, your honor."

"Well, ask him in," came an angry voice.

"Go in at the door," said the soldier, and went back to the *samovár*.

In the next room an officer with fair moustaches and a very red face, dressed in an Austrian jacket that closely fitted his broad chest and shoulders, sat at a covered table, on which were the remains of his dinner and two bottles. There was a strong smell of tobacco and of some very strong, cheap scent in the warm room. On seeing Nekhlúdoff the officer rose and gazed ironically and suspiciously, as it seemed, at the newcomer.

"What is it you want?" he asked; and, not waiting for a reply, he shouted through the open door:

"Bernóff, the *samovár!* What are you about?"

"Coming at once."

"You'll get it 'at once,' so that you'll remember it," shouted the officer, and his eyes flashed.

"I'm coming," shouted the soldier, and brought in the *samovár*.

Nekhlúdoff waited while the soldier placed the *samovár* on the table. When the officer had followed the soldier out of the room with his cruel little eyes, looking as if they were aiming where best to hit him, he made the tea and got a four-cornered decanter and some Albert biscuits out of his travelling case. Having placed all this on the cloth he again turned to Nekhlúdoff. "Well, how can I be of service to you?"

"I should like to be allowed to visit a prisoner," said Nekhlúdoff, without sitting down.

* The long boots worn in Russia have concertina-like sides, and when held to the chimney of the *samovár* (tea urn) can be used instead of bellows to make the charcoal inside burn up.

"A political one? That's forbidden by the law," said the officer.

"The woman I mean is not a political prisoner," said Nekhlúdoff.

"Yes; but pray take a seat," said the officer. Nekhlúdoff sat down.

"She is not a political one, but at my request she has been allowed by the higher authorities to join the political prisoners——"

"Oh, yes, I know," interrupted the other; "a little dark one! Well, yes, that can be managed. Won't you smoke?"

He moved a box of cigarettes towards Nekhlúdoff, and, having carefully poured out two tumblers of tea, he passed one to Nekhlúdoff. "If you please," he said.

"Thank you; I should like to see——"

"The night is long. You'll have plenty of time. I shall order her to be sent out to you."

"But could I not see her where she is? Why need she be sent for?" Nekhlúdoff said.

"In to the political prisoners? It is against the law."

"I have been allowed to go in several times. If there is any danger of my passing anything in to them, I could do it through her just as well."

"Oh, no; she would be searched," said the officer, and laughed in an unpleasant manner.

"Well, why not search me?"

"All right; we'll manage without that," said the officer, opening the decanter, and holding it out towards Nekhlúdoff's tumbler of tea. "May I? No? Well, just as you like. When you are living here in Siberia one is only too glad to meet an educated person. Ours is very sad work, as you know, and when one is used to better things it is very hard. The idea they have of us is that convoy officers are coarse, uneducated men, and no one seems to remember that we have been born for a very different position."

This officer's red face, his scents, his rings, and especially his unpleasant laughter disgusted Nekhlúdoff very much; but to-day, as during the whole of his journey, he was in that serious, attentive state which did not allow him to behave slightingly or disdainfully towards any man, but made him feel the necessity of speaking to every one "entirely," as he expressed to himself this relation to men. When he had heard the officer and understood his state of mind, he said in a serious manner:

"I think that in your position too, some comfort could be found in helping the suffering people."

"What are their sufferings? You don't know what those people are."

"They are not special people," said Nekhlúdoff; "they are just such people as others, and some of them are quite innocent."

"Of course, there are all sorts among them, and naturally one pities them. Others won't let anything off, but I try to lighten their condition where I can. It's better that I should suffer, but not they. Others keep to the law in every detail, even as far as to shoot; but I show pity. May I?—Take another," he said, and poured out another tumbler of tea for Nekhlúdoff.

"And who is she, this woman that you want to see?" he asked.

"It is an unfortunate woman who got into a brothel, and was there falsely accused of poisoning, and she is a very good woman," Nekhlúdoff answered.

The officer shook his head. "Yes, it does happen. I can tell you about a certain Emma who lived in Kazan. She was a Hungarian by birth, but she had quite Persian eyes," he continued, unable to restrain a smile at the recollection. "There was so much *chic* about her that a countess——"

Nekhlúdoff interrupted the officer and returned to the former topic of conversation.

"I think that you could lighten the condition of the

people while they are in your charge. And in acting that way I am sure you would find great joy!" said Nekhlúdoff, trying to pronounce as distinctly as possible, as he might if talking to a foreigner or a child.

The officer looked at Nekhlúdoff, impatiently waiting for him to stop, so that he might continue the tale about the Hungarian with Persian eyes, who evidently presented herself very vividly to his imagination and quite absorbed his attention.

"Yes, of course, this is all quite true," he said, "and I do pity them; but I should like to tell you about Emma. What do you think she did——?"

"It does not interest me," said Nekhlúdoff, "and I will tell you straight, that though I was myself very different at one time, I now hate that kind of relation to women."

The officer gave Nekhlúdoff a frightened look.

"Won't you take some more tea?" he said.

"No, thank you."

"Bernóff!" the officer called, "take the gentleman to Vakoúloff. Tell him to let him into the separate political room; he may remain there till the inspection."

CHAPTER IX.

THE POLITICAL PRISONERS.

Accompanied by the orderly, Nekhlúdoff went out into the courtyard, which was dimly lit up by the red light of the lamps.

"Where to?" asked the convoy sergeant, addressing the orderly.

"Into the separate cell, No. 5."

"You can't pass here; the boss has gone to the village and taken the keys."

"Well, then, come this way."

The soldier led Nekhlúdoff along a board to another

entrance. While still in the yard Nekhlúdoff could hear the din of voices and general commotion going on inside, as in a beehive when the bees are preparing to swarm; but when he came nearer, and the door opened, the din grew louder, and changed into distinct sounds of shouting, abuse, and laughter. He heard the clatter of chains, and smelt the well-known foul air. This din of voices and the clatter of the chains, together with the close smell, always flowed into one tormenting sensation and produced in Nekhlúdoff a feeling of moral nausea which grew into physical sickness, the two feelings mingling with and heightening each other.

The first thing Nekhlúdoff saw on entering, was a large, stinking tub. A corridor into which several doors opened led from the entrance. The first was the family room, then the bachelors' room, and at the very end two small rooms were set apart for the political prisoners.

The building, which was arranged to hold one hundred and fifty prisoners, was so crowded now that there were four hundred and fifty inside, that the prisoners could not all get into the rooms, but filled the passage too. Some were sitting or lying on the floor, some were going out with empty teapots, or bringing them back filled with boiling water. Among the latter was Tarás. He overtook Nekhlúdoff and greeted him affectionately. The kind face of Tarás was disfigured by dark bruises on his nose and under his eye.

"What has happened to you?" asked Nekhlúdoff.

"Yes, something did happen," Tarás said, with a smile.

"All because of the woman," added a prisoner, who followed Tarás; "he's had a row with Blind Fédka."

"And how's Theodosia?"

"She's all right. Here I am bringing her the water for her tea," Tarás answered, and went into the family room.

Nekhlúdoff looked in at the door. The room was

crowded with women and men, some of whom were on and some under the bed shelves; it was full of steam from the wet clothes that were drying, and the chatter of women's voices was unceasing. The next door led into the bachelors' room. This room was still more crowded; even the doorway and the passage in front of it were blocked by a noisy crowd of men, in wet garments, busy doing or deciding something or other. The convoy sergeant explained that it was the prisoners appointed to buy provisions, paying off out of the food money what was owing to a sharper, who had won from, or lent money to, the prisoners, and receiving back little tickets made of playing cards. When they saw the convoy soldier and a gentleman, those who were nearest became silent, and followed them with looks of ill-will. Among them Nekhlúdoff noticed the criminal Fédoroff, whom he knew, and who always kept a miserable lad with a swollen appearance and raised eyebrows, beside him; and also a disgusting, noseless, pock-marked tramp, who was notorious among the prisoners because he killed his comrade in the marshes while trying to escape, and had, it was rumoured, fed on his flesh. The tramp stood in the passage with his wet cloak thrown over one shoulder, looking mockingly and boldly at Nekhlúdoff, and did not move out of the way. Nekhlúdoff passed him by.

Though this kind of scene had now become quite familiar to him, though he had during the last three months seen these four hundred criminal prisoners over and over again in many different circumstances—in the heat, enveloped in clouds of dust which they raised as they dragged their chained feet along the road, and at the resting places by the way inside the halting stations; and out in the court-yards in warm weather, where the most horrible scenes of barefaced debauchery had occurred, yet every time he came among them, and felt their attention fixed upon him as it was now, shame and consciousness of his sin against them tormented him.

To this sense of shame and guilt was added an unconquerable feeling of loathing and horror. He knew that, placed in a position such as theirs, they could not be other than they were, and yet he was unable to stifle his disgust.

"It's well for them grub-suckers," Nekhlúdoff heard some one say in a hoarse voice as he approached the room of the political prisoners. Then followed a word of obscene abuse, and spiteful, mocking laughter.

CHAPTER X.

MAKÁR DÉVKIN.

When they had passed the bachelors' room the sergeant who accompanied Nekhlúdoff left him, promising to come for him before the inspection should take place. As soon as the sergeant was gone, a prisoner, quickly stepping with his bare feet and holding up the chains, came close up to Nekhlúdoff, enveloping him in the strong, acid smell of perspiration, and said, in a mysterious whisper:

"Help the lad, sir; he's got into an awful mess; been drinking. To-day he's given his name as Karmánoff at the inspection. Take his part, sir; we dare not, or they'll kill us," and, looking uneasily round, he turned away.

This is what had happened. The criminal Karmánoff had persuaded a young fellow who resembled him in appearance, and was sentenced to exile, to change names with him, and go to the mines in his place, letting him (Karmánoff) go to exile instead. Nekhlúdoff knew all this. Some convict had told him about this exchange the week before. He nodded as a sign that he understood, and would do what he could, and continued his way without looking round.

Nekhlúdoff knew the convict who spoke to him, and

was surprised at his action. When in Ekáterinburg this convict had asked Nekhlúdoff to get a permission for his wife to follow him. The convict was a man of medium size and of the most ordinary peasant type, about thirty years old. He was condemned to hard labour for an attempt to murder and rob. His name was Makár Dévkin. His crime was a very curious one. In the account he gave of it to Nekhlúdoff, he said it was not his but his *devil's* doing. He said that a traveller had come to his father's house and hired his sledge to drive him to a village twenty-six miles off, for two roubles. Makár's father told him to drive the stranger. Makár harnessed the horse, dressed, and sat down to drink tea with the stranger. The stranger related at the tea-table that he was going to be married, and had five hundred roubles, which he had earned in Moscow, with him. When he had heard this, Makár went out into the yard and put an axe into the sledge under the straw. "And I did not myself know why I was taking the axe," he said. "'Take the axe,' says *he*, and I took it. We got in and started. We drove along all right; I even forgot about the axe. Well, we were getting near the village; only about four miles more to go. The way from the cross-road to the high road was up hill, and I got out. I walked behind the sledge and *he* whispers to me, 'What are you thinking about? When you get to the top of the hill you will meet people along the highway, and then there will be the village. He will carry the money away; if you mean to do it, now's the time.' I stooped over the sledge as if to arrange the straw, and the axe seemed to jump into my hand of itself. The man turned round. 'What are you doing?' I lifted the axe and tried to knock him down, but he was quick, jumped out, and took hold of my hands. 'What are you doing, you villain?' He threw me down into the snow, and I did not even struggle, but gave in at once. He bound my arms with his girdle, threw me into the sledge, and took me straight to the police sta-

tion. I was imprisoned and tried. The commune gave me a good character, said that I was a good man, and that nothing wrong had been noticed about me. The masters for whom I worked also spoke well of me, but we had no money to engage a lawyer, and so I was condemned to four years' hard labour."

It was this man who, wishing to save a fellow-villager, knowing that he was risking his life thereby, told Nekhlúdoff the prisoner's secret, for doing which (if found out) he would certainly be throttled.

CHAPTER XI.

MÁSLOVA AND HER COMPANIONS.

THE political prisoners were kept in two small rooms, the doors of which opened into a part of the passage partitioned off from the rest. Nekhlúdoff on entering into this part of the passage, saw Símonson in his rubber jacket and with a log of pine wood in his hands, crouching in front of a stove, the door of which trembled, drawn in by the heat inside.

When he saw Nekhlúdoff he looked up at him from under his protruding brow, and gave him his hand without rising.

"I am glad you have come; I want to speak to you," he said, looking Nekhlúdoff straight in the eyes with an expression of importance.

"Yes; what is it?" Nekhlúdoff asked.

"It will do later on; I am busy just now," and Símonson turned again towards the stove, which he was heating according to a theory of his own, so as to lose as little heat energy as possible.

Nekhlúdoff was going to enter in at the first door, when Máslova, stooping and pushing a large heap of rubbish and dust towards the stove with a handleless birch broom, came out of the other. She had a white

jacket on, her skirt was tucked up, and a kerchief, drawn to her eyebrows, protected her hair from the dust. When she saw Nekhlúdoff, she drew herself up, flushing and animated, let go the broom, wiped her hands on her skirt, and stopped right in front of him.

"You are tidying up the apartments, I see," said Nekhlúdoff, shaking hands.

"Yes; my old occupation," and she smiled. "But the dirt! You can't imagine what it is. We have been cleaning and cleaning. Well, is the plaid dry?" she asked, turning to Símonson.

"Almost," Símonson answered, giving her a strange look, which struck Nekhlúdoff.

"All right; I'll come for it, and will bring the cloaks to dry. Our people are all in here," she said to Nekhlúdoff, pointing to the first door as she went in at the second.

Nekhlúdoff opened the door and entered a small room dimly lit by a little metal lamp which was standing low down on a bedshelf. It was cold in the room, and there was a smell of the dust (which had not had time to settle), of damp and tobacco smoke. Only those who were close to the lamp were clearly visible, the beds were in the shade and wavering shadows glided over the walls. Two men, appointed as caterers, who had gone to fetch boiling water and provisions, were away, but most of the political prisoners were gathered together in the small room. There was Nekhlúdoff's old acquaintance, Véra Doúkhova, with her large, frightened eyes, and the swollen vein on her forehead, in a grey jacket, with short hair, and thinner and yellower than ever. She had a newspaper spread out in front of her and sat rolling cigarettes with a jerky movement of her hands.

Emily Rántzeva, whom Nekhlúdoff considered to be the pleasantest of the political prisoners, was also here. She looked after the housekeeping, and managed to spread a feeling of home comfort even in the midst of

the most trying surroundings. She sat beside the lamp, with her sleeves rolled up, wiping cups and mugs, and placing them, with her deft, red and sunburnt hands, on a cloth that was spread on the bedshelf. Rántzeva was a plain-looking young woman, with a clever and mild expression of face, which, when she smiled, had a way of suddenly becoming merry, animated and captivating. It was with such a smile that she now welcomed Nekhlúdoff.

"Why, we thought you had gone back to Russia," she said.

Here in a dark corner was also Mary Pávlovna, busy with a little, fair-haired girl, who kept prattling in her sweet, childish accents.

"How nice that you have come," Mary Pávlovna said to Nekhlúdoff. "Have you seen Katúsha? And we have a visitor here," and she pointed to the little girl.

Here was also Anatóle Kryltzóff with felt boots on, sitting in a far corner with his feet under him, doubled up and shivering, his arms folded in the sleeves of his cloak, and looking at Nekhlúdoff with feverish eyes. Nekhlúdoff was going up to him, but to the right of the door a man with spectacles and reddish curls, dressed in a rubber jacket, sat talking to the pretty, smiling Grábetz. This was the celebrated revolutionist Novodvóroff. Nekhlúdoff hastened to greet him. He was in a particular hurry about it because this man was the only one among all the political prisoners whom he disliked. Novodvóroff's eyes glistened through his spectacles as he looked at Nekhlúdoff and held his narrow hand out to him.

"Well, are you having a pleasant journey?" he asked, with apparent irony.

"Yes, there is much that is interesting," Nekhlúdoff answered, as if he did not notice the irony but took the question for politeness, and passed on to Kryltzóff.

Though Nekhlúdoff appeared indifferent, he was really far from indifferent, and these words of Novod-

vóroff, showing his evident desire to say or do something unpleasant, interfered with the state of kindness in which Nekhlúdoff found himself, and he felt depressed and sad.

"Well, how are you?" he asked, pressing Kryltzóff's cold and trembling hand.

"Pretty well, only I cannot get warm; I got wet through," Kryltzóff answered, quickly replacing his hands into the sleeves of his cloak. "And here it's also beastly cold. There, look, the window-panes are broken," and he pointed to the broken panes behind the iron bars. "And how are you? Why have you not been to see us?"

"I was not allowed to, the authorities were so strict; but to-day the officer is lenient."

"Lenient, indeed," Kryltzóff remarked. "Ask Mary what she did this morning."

Mary Pávlovna, from her place in the corner, related what had happened about the little girl that morning when they left the halting-station.

"I think it is absolutely necessary to make a collective protest," said Véra Doúkhova, in a determined tone, and yet looking now at one, now at another, with a frightened, undecided look. "Vóldemar Símonson did protest, but that is not sufficient."

"What protest?" muttered Kryltzóff, cross and frowning. Her lack of simplicity, her artificial tone and nervousness, had evidently long been irritating him.

"Are you looking for Katúsha?" he asked, addressing Nekhlúdoff. "She is working all the time. She has cleaned this and the men's room, and now she has gone to clean the women's! Only it is not possible to clean away the fleas. And what is Mary doing there?" he asked, nodding towards the corner where Mary Pávlovna sat.

"She is combing out her adopted daughter's hair," replied Rántzeva.

"But won't she let the insects loose on us?" asked Kryltzóff.

"No, no; I am very careful. She is a clean little girl now. You take her," said Mary, turning to Rántzeva, "while I go and help Katúsha, and I will also bring him his plaid."

Rántzeva took the little girl on her lap, pressing the plump, bare, little arms to her bosom with a mother's tenderness, and gave her a bit of sugar. As Mary Pávlovna left the room, two men came in with boiling water and provisions.

CHAPTER XII.

NABÁTOFF AND MARKÉL.

One of the men who came in was a short, thin, young man, who had a cloth-covered sheepskin coat on, and high top-boots. He stepped lightly and quickly, carrying two steaming teapots, and holding a loaf wrapped in a cloth under his arm.

"Well, so our Prince has put in an appearance again," he said, as he placed the teapots beside the cups, and handed the bread to Rántzeva. "We have bought wonderful things," he continued, as he took off his sheepskin and flung it over the heads of the others onto the shelf-bed. "Markél has bought milk and eggs. Why, we'll have a regular ball to-day. And Rántzeva is spreading out her æsthetic cleanliness," he said, and looked with a smile at Rántzeva; "and now she will make the tea."

The whole presence of this man—his motion, his voice, his look—seemed to breathe vigour and merriment. The other newcomer was just the reverse; he looked despondent and sad. He was short, bony, had very prominent cheek bones, a sallow complexion, thin lips, and beautiful greenish eyes, rather far apart. He

wore an old wadded coat, top-boots and goloshes, and was carrying two pots of milk and two round boxes made of birch bark, which he placed in front of Rántzeva. He bowed to Nekhlúdoff, bending only his neck, with his eyes fixed on him. Then, having reluctantly given him his damp hand to shake, he began to take out the provisions.

Both these political prisoners were of the people. The first was Nabátoff, a peasant; the second, Markél Kondrátieff, a factory hand. Markél did not come among the revolutionists till he was quite a man; Nabátoff joined them when only eighteen. After leaving the village school, Nabátoff entered the gymnasium, owing to his exceptional talents, and maintained himself by giving lessons all the time he studied there; and when leaving the school, he won the gold medal. He did not go to the university because, while still in the seventh class of the gymnasium, he made up his mind to go among the people and enlighten his neglected brethren. This he did, first getting a place as a Government clerk in a large village. He was soon arrested because he read to the peasants and arranged a co-operative industrial association among them. The authorities kept him imprisoned for eight months, and then set him free, but he remained under police supervision. As soon as he was liberated he went to another village, got a place as schoolmaster, and did the same as he had done in the first village. He was again taken up, and was kept fourteen months in prison, where his convictions became yet stronger.

After that he was exiled to the Perm Government, whence he escaped. Then he was put to prison for seven months, and after that exiled to Archangel. Again he tried to escape and was re-arrested, and was condemned to be exiled to the Yakoutsk Government; so that half his life since he reached manhood was passed in prison and exile. All these adventures did not embitter him nor weaken his energy, but rather

stimulated it. He was a lively young fellow, with a splendid digestion, always active, gay and vigorous. He never repented of anything, never looked far ahead, and used all his powers, his cleverness, his practical knowledge, to act in the present. When free, he worked towards the aim he had set himself—the enlightening and the uniting of the working men, especially the country labourers. When in prison he was just as energetic and practical in finding means to come in contact with the outer world, and in arranging his own life and the life of his group as comfortably as the conditions would allow. Above all things, he was a communist. He wanted, as it seemed to him, nothing for himself, and contented himself with very little, but demanded very much for the group of his comrades, and could work for it, either physically or mentally, day and night, without sleep or food. As a peasant he had been industrious, observant, clever at his work, and naturally self-controlled, polite without any effort, and attentive not only to the wishes but also the opinions of others. His widowed mother, an illiterate, superstitious, old peasant woman, was still living, and Nabátoff helped her, and used to visit her while he was free. During the time he spent at home he entered into all the interests of his mother's life, helped her in her work, and continued his intercourse with former playfellows, smoked cheap tobacco with them in so-called "dog's feet," * took part in their fist fights, and explained to them how they were all being deceived by the State, and how they ought to disentangle themselves out of the deception they were kept in. When he thought or spoke of what a revolution would do, he always imagined the people, from whom he had himself sprung, left in very nearly the same conditions as before, only with sufficient land, and without the gentry and without officials. The revolution, according to him,

* Dog's foot is a kind of cigarette that the peasants smoke, made with a bit of paper and bent at one end into a hook.

—and in this he differed from Novodvóroff and Novodvóroff's follower, Markél Kondrátieff,—should not alter the elementary forms of the life of the people, should not break down the whole edifice, but should only alter the inner walls of the beautiful, strong, enormous old structure he loved so dearly. He was also a typical peasant in his views on religion: never thinking about metaphysical questions, about the origin of all origins, or about the future life. God was to him (as also to Arago) an hypothesis which he had not needed, as yet. He was not concerned about the origin of the world, nor whether Moses or Darwin was right. Darwinism, which seemed so important to his companions, was to him only the same kind of plaything of the mind as the creation in six days.

The question how the world had originated did not interest him just because the question how it would be best to live in this world was ever before him. He never thought about future life, always bearing in the depth of his soul the firm and quiet conviction, inherited from his forefathers and common to all labourers on the land, that, just as in the world of plants and animals nothing ceases to exist, but only continually changes its form: the manure into grain, the grain into food, the tadpole into a frog, the caterpillar into a butterfly, the acorn into an oak, so man also does not perish, but only undergoes change. He believed in this, and therefore always looked death straight in the face, and bravely bore the sufferings that lead towards it, but did not care, and did not know how, to speak about it. He loved work, was always employed in some practical business, and put his comrades in the way of the same kind of practical work.

The other political prisoner from among the people, Markél Kondrátieff, was a very different kind of man. He began to work at the age of fifteen, and took to smoking and drinking in order to stifle a dense sense of being wronged. He first realised he was wronged one Christ-

mas, when they (the factory children) were invited to a Christmas tree arranged by his employer's wife, where he received a farthing whistle, an apple, a gilt walnut, and a fig, while the employer's children had presents given them which seemed gifts from fairyland, and had cost, as he afterwards heard, more than fifty roubles. When he was about twenty a noted revolutionist came to their factory to work as a factory girl, and, noticing his superior qualities, began giving books and pamphlets to Kondrátieff, and talked and explained to him his position, and the remedy for it. When the possibility of freeing himself and others from their oppressed state rose clearly in his mind, the injustice of this state appeared more cruel and more terrible than ever, and he longed passionately, not only for freedom, but also for the punishment of those who had arranged and who kept up this cruel injustice. Kondrátieff devoted himself passionately to the acquirement of knowledge. It was not clear to him how knowledge would bring about the realisation of the social ideal, but he believed that the knowledge that had shown him the injustice of the state in which he lived would also abolish the injustice itself. Besides, knowledge would, in his opinion, raise him above others. Therefore he left off drinking and smoking, and devoted all his leisure time to study. The revolutionist gave him lessons, and his thirst for every kind of knowledge, and the facility with which he absorbed it, surprised her. In two years he had mastered algebra, geometry, history—of which he was specially fond,—and had made acquaintance with artistic, critical, and especially socialistic, literature. The revolutionist was arrested, and Kondrátieff with her, forbidden books having been found in their possession, and they were imprisoned, and then exiled to the Vológda Government. There Kondrátieff became acquainted with Novodvóroff, and read a great deal more revolutionary literature, remembered it all, and became still firmer in his socialistic views. While in exile he became leader in a large

strike, which ended in the destruction of a factory and the murder of the director. He was again arrested and condemned to Siberia.

His religious views were of the same negative nature as his views of the existing economic conditions. Having seen the absurdity of the religion in which he was brought up, and having gained freedom from it with great effort, and at first with fear but later with rapture, he did not tire of viciously and venomously ridiculing priests and religious dogmas, as if wishing to revenge himself for the deception that had been practised on him.

He was ascetic by habit, contenting himself with very little, and, like all those used to work from childhood, and whose muscles have been developed, he could work much and easily, and was quick at any manual labour; but what he valued most was the leisure in prisons and at the halting stations, which enabled him to continue his studies. He was now studying the first volume of Karl Marx, and carefully hid the book in his sack as if it were a great treasure. He behaved with reserve and indifference to all his comrades except Novodvóroff, to whom he was greatly attached and whose arguments on all subjects he accepted as unanswerable truths.

He had an indefinite contempt for women, whom he looked upon as a hindrance in all needful business. But he pitied Máslova and was gentle with her, for he considered her an example of the way the lower are exploited by the upper classes. The same reason made him dislike Nekhlúdoff, so that he talked little with him, and never pressed Nekhlúdoff's hand, but when greeting him only held out his own to be pressed.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOVE AFFAIRS OF THE EXILES.

The stove had burned up and got warm, the tea was made and poured out into mugs and cups, and milk was added to it; rusks, fresh rye and wheat bread, hard-boiled eggs, butter, and calf's head and feet were placed on the cloth. Everybody moved towards the part of the shelf beds which took the place of the table and sat eating and talking. Rántzeva sat on a box pouring out the tea. The rest crowded round her, only Kryltzóff, who had taken off his wet cloak and wrapped himself in his dry plaid, lay in his own place talking to Nekhlúdoff.

After the cold and damp march and the dirt and disorder they had found here; after the pains they had taken to get it tidy and, after having drunk hot tea and eaten,—they were all in the best and brightest of spirits.

The fact that the tramp of feet and the screams and abuse of the criminals reached them through the wall, reminding them of their surroundings, seemed only to increase the sense of coziness. As on an island in the midst of the sea, these people felt themselves, for a brief interval, not swamped by the degradation and sufferings which surrounded them; this made their spirits rise, and excited them. They talked about everything except their present position and that which awaited them. Then, as generally happens among young men, and especially among women, if they are forced to remain together as these people were, all sorts of agreements and disagreements and attractions, curiously blended, had sprung up among them. Almost all of them were in love. Novodvóroff was in love with the pretty, smiling Grábetz. This Grábetz was a young, thoughtless girl who had gone in for a course of study, perfectly indifferent to revolutionary questions, but succumbing to

the influence of the day, she compromised herself in some way and was exiled. The chief interest of her life during the time of her trial, in prison and in exile, was her success with men, just as it had been when she was free. Now, on the way, she comforted herself with the fact that Novodvóroff had taken a fancy to her, and she fell in love with him. Véra Doúkhova, who was very prone to fall in love herself, but did not awaken love in others though she was always hoping for mutual love, was sometimes drawn to Nabátoff, then to Novodvóroff. Kryltzóff felt something like love for Mary Pávlovna. He loved her with a man's love, but knowing how she regarded this sort of love, hid his feelings under the guise of friendship and gratitude for the tenderness with which she attended to his wants. Nabátoff and Rántzeva were attached to each other by very complicated ties. Just as Mary Pávlovna was a perfectly chaste maiden, in the same way Rántzeva was perfectly chaste as her own husband's wife.

When a schoolgirl of only sixteen, she fell in love with Rántzeva, a student of the Petersburg University, and married him before he left the university, when she was only nineteen years old. During his fourth year at the university her husband had become involved in the students' rows, was exiled from Petersburg, and turned revolutionist. She left the medical courses she was attending, followed him, and also turned revolutionist. If she had not considered her husband the cleverest and best of men, she would not have fallen in love with him; and if she had not fallen in love, would not have married; but having fallen in love and married him whom she thought the best and cleverest of men, she naturally looked upon life and its aims in the way the best and cleverest of men looked at them. At first he thought the aim of life was to learn, and she looked upon study as the aim of life. He became a revolutionist, and so did she. He could demonstrate very clearly that the existing state of things could not go on, and that it was

everybody's duty to fight this state and to try to bring about conditions in which the individual could develop freely, etc.; and she imagined that she really thought and felt all this, but in reality she only regarded everything her husband thought as absolute truth, and only sought for perfect agreement, perfect identification of her own soul with his as that alone gave her full moral satisfaction.

The parting with her husband and their child (whom her mother took) was very hard to bear; but she bore it firmly and quietly, since it was for her husband's sake, and for that cause which she had not the slightest doubt was true, since he served it. She was always with her husband in thought, and did not love and could not love any other now, any more than she could when with him. But Nabátoff's devoted and pure love touched and excited her. This moral, firm man, her husband's friend, tried to treat her as a sister, but something more appeared in his behaviour to her, and this somewhat frightened them both, yet gave colour to their life of hardship.

So that in all this circle only Mary Pávlovna and Kondrátieff were quite free from love affairs.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONVERSATIONS IN PRISON.

Expecting to have a private talk with Katúsha, as usual, after tea, Nehlúdoff sat by the side of Kryltzóff, conversing with him. Among other things he told him the story of Makár's crime and about his request to him. Kryltzóff listened attentively, gazing at Nekhlúdoff with glistening eyes.

"Yes," said Kryltzóff suddenly; "I often think that here we are going side by side with them, and who are they? The same for whose sake we are going, and yet

we not only do not know them, but do not even wish to know them. And they, even worse than that, they hate us and look upon us as enemies. Isn't it terrible?"

"There is nothing terrible about it," broke in Novodvóroff. "The masses always worship power only. The Government is in power and they worship it, and hate us. To-morrow we shall have the power and they will worship us," he said with his grating voice. At that moment a volley of abuse and the rattle of chains sounded from behind the wall. Something was heard thumping against it, and screams and shrieks. Some one was being beaten, and some one was calling out, "Murder! help!"

"Hear them, the beasts! What intercourse can there be between us and such as them?" quietly remarked Novodvóroff.

"You call them beasts, and Nekhlúdoff was just telling me about such an action!" irritably retorted Kryltzóff, and went on to say how Makár was risking his life to save a fellow-villager. "That is not the action of a beast: it is heroism."

"Sentimentality!" Novodvóroff ejaculated ironically. "It is difficult for us to understand the emotions of these people and the motives on which they act. You see generosity in the act, and it may be simply jealousy of that other criminal."

"How is it that you never wish to see anything good in another?" Mary Pávlovna said, suddenly, flaring up.

"How can one see what does not exist?"

"Of course it exists when a man takes the risk of a terrible death."

"I think," said Novodvóroff, "that if we mean to do our work, the first condition is that" (here Kondrátieff put down the book he was reading by the lamplight and began to listen attentively to his master's words) "we should not give way to fancy, but look at things as they are. We should do all in our power for the masses, and expect nothing in return. The masses can only be

the object of our activity, but cannot be our fellow-workers as long as they remain in that state of inertia they are in at present," he went on, as if delivering a lecture. "Therefore, to expect help from them before the process of development—that process which we are preparing them for—has taken place, is delusive."

"What process of development?" Kryltzóff began, flushing all over. "We say that we are against arbitrary rule and despotism: and is this not the most awful despotism?"

"No despotism whatever," quietly rejoined Novodvóroff. "I am only saying that I know the path that the people must travel, and can show them that path."

"But how can you be sure that the path you show is the true path? Is this not the same kind of despotism that lay at the bottom of the persecutions of Inquisition, all persecutions, and the French revolution? They, too, knew the one true way by means of their science."

"Their having erred is no proof that I am going to err. Besides, there is a great difference between the ravings of idealists and the facts based on sound, economic science." Novodvóroff's voice filled the room; he alone continued to speak, all the rest were silent.

"They are always disputing," Mary Pávlovna said, when there was a moment's silence.

"And you yourself, what do you think about it?" Nekhlúdoff asked her.

"I think Kryltzóff is right when he says we should not force our views on the people."

"And you, Katúsha?" asked Nekhlúdoff with a smile, waiting anxiously for her answer, fearing she would say something awkward.

"I think the common people are wronged," she said, and blushed scarlet. "I think they are dreadfully wronged."

"That's right, Máslova, quite right," cried Nabátoff. "They are terribly wronged—the people—and they

must not be wronged, and therein lies the whole of our task."

"A curious idea of the object of revolution," Novodvóroff remarked crossly, and began to smoke.

"I cannot talk to him," said Kryltzóff in a whisper, and was silent.

"And it is much better not to talk," Nekhlúdoff said.

CHAPTER XV.

NOVODVÓROFF.

ALTHOUGH Novodvóroff was highly esteemed by all the revolutionists, though he was very learned and considered very wise, Nekhlúdoff reckoned him among those who, being revolutionists and below the average moral level, were very far below it. The intellectual powers of this man—his numerator—were great; but his opinion of himself—his denominator—was immeasurably great and had far outgrown his intellectual powers.

His inner life was of a nature directly opposite to that of Símonson's. Símonson was one of those people (of a predominantly masculine type) whose actions follow the dictates of their reason, and are determined by it. Novodvóroff belonged, on the contrary, to the class of people of a feminine type, whose reason is directed partly towards the attainment of aims set by their feelings, partly to the justification of acts suggested by their feelings. The whole of Novodvóroff's revolutionary activity, though he could explain it very eloquently and very convincingly, appeared to Nekhlúdoff to be founded on nothing but ambition and the desire for supremacy. At first his capacity for assimilating the thoughts of others and expressing them correctly had given him a position of supremacy among pupils and teachers in the gymnasium and the university, where qualities such as his are highly prized, and he was satisfied. When he had fin-

ished his studies and received his diploma he suddenly altered his views, and from a modern Liberal he turned into a rabid Narodovóletz, in order (so Kryltzóff, who did not like him, said) to gain supremacy in another sphere.

As he was devoid of those moral and æsthetic qualities which call forth doubts and hesitation, he very soon acquired a position in the revolutionary world which satisfied him—that of the leader of a party. Having once chosen a direction he never doubted or hesitated, and was therefore certain that he never made a mistake. Everything seemed quite simple, clear and certain. And the narrowness and one-sidedness of his views did make everything seem simple and clear; one only had to be logical, as he said. His self-assurance was so great that it either repelled people or made them submit to him. As he carried on his work among very young people, who were led by his boundless self-assurance to believe him very profound and wise, the majority did submit to him, and he had great success in revolutionary circles. His activity was directed to the preparation of a rising, in which he was to usurp the power and call together a council. A programme, composed by him, should be proposed before the council, and he felt sure that this programme of his solved every problem, and that it would be impossible not to carry it out.

His comrades respected but did not love him. He did not love any one, and looked upon all men of note as rivals, and would have willingly treated them as old male monkeys treat young ones if he could have done it. He would have torn all mental power, every capacity, from other men, so that they should not interfere with the display of his talents. He behaved well only to those who bowed before him. Now, on the journey, he behaved well to Kondrátieff (who was influenced by his propaganda), to Véra Doúkhova, and pretty little Grábetz, who were both in love with him. Although

in principle he was in favour of the woman's movement, yet in the depth of his soul he considered all women stupid and insignificant, except those with whom he was sentimentally in love (as he was now in love with Grábetz), and such women he considered to be exceptional, he alone being capable of discerning their merits.

The question of the relations of the sexes he also looked upon as thoroughly solved by accepting free union.

He had one nominal and one real wife, from both of whom he was separated, having come to the conclusion that there was no real love between them, and now he thought of entering on a free union with Grábetz. Novodvóroff despised Nekhlúdoff for "playing the fool," as he termed it, with Máslova, but especially for the freedom Nekhlúdoff took of considering the defects of the existing system, and the methods of correcting those defects, in a manner which was not only not exactly the same as Novodvóroff's, but was Nekhlúdoff's own—a prince's (*i.e.*, a fool's) manner. Nekhlúdoff felt this relation of Novodvóroff's towards him, and knew to his sorrow that, in spite of the state of good will in which he found himself on this journey, he could not help paying this man in his own coin, and could not stifle the strong antipathy he felt for him.

CHAPTER XVI.

SÍMONSON SPEAKS TO NEKHLÚDOFF.

The voices of officials sounded from the next room. All the prisoners were silent, and a sergeant, followed by two convoy soldiers, entered. The time of the inspection had come. The sergeant counted every one, and when Nekhlúdoff's turn came he addressed him with familiarity.

"You must not stay any longer, Prince, after the inspection; you must go now."

Nekhlúdoff knew what this meant, went up to the sergeant and shoved a three-rouble note into his hand.

"Ah, well, what is one to do with you; stay a bit longer, if you like." The sergeant was about to go when another sergeant followed by a convict, a spare man with a thin beard and a bruise under his eye, came in.

"It's about the girl I have come," said the convict.

"Here's daddy come," came the ringing accents of a child's voice, and a flaxen head appeared from behind Rántzeva, who, with Katúsha's and Mary Pávlovna's help, was making a new garment for the child out of one of Rántzeva's own petticoats.

"Yes, daughter, it's me," Bouzóvkin, the prisoner, said softly.

"She is quite comfortable here," said Mary Pávlovna, looking with pity at Bouzóvkin's bruised face. "Leave her with us."

"The ladies are making me new clothes," said the girl, pointing to Rántzeva's sewing—"ni-i-ice re-ed ones," she went on, prattling.

"Do you wish to sleep with us?" asked Rántzeva, caressing the child.

"Yes, I wish. And daddy, too."

"No, daddy can't. Well, leave her then," she said, turning to the father.

"Yes, you may leave her," said the first sergeant, and went out with the other.

As soon as they were out of the room Nabátoff went up to Bouzóvkin, slapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"I say, old fellow, is it true that Karmánoff wishes to exchange?"

Bouzóvkin's kindly, gentle face turned suddenly sad and a veil seemed to dim his eyes.

"We have heard nothing—hardly," he said, and with

the same dimness still over his eyes he turned to the child.

"Well, Aksútka, it seems you're to make yourself comfortable with the ladies," and he hurried away.

"It's true about the exchange, and he knows it very well," said Nabátoff.

"What are you going to do?"

"I shall tell the authorities in the next town. I know both prisoners by sight," said Nekhlúdoff.

All were silent, fearing a recommencement of the dispute.

Símonson, who had been lying with his arms thrown back behind his head, and not speaking, rose, and walked up to Nekhlúdoff with determination, carefully passing round those who were sitting.

"Could you listen to me now?"

"Of course," and Nekhlúdoff rose and followed him.

Katúsha looked up with an expression of suspense, and meeting Nekhlúdoff's eyes, she blushed and shook her head.

"What I want to speak to you about is this," Símonson began, when they had come out into the passage. In the passage the din of the criminals' voices and shouts sounded louder. Nekhlúdoff made a face, but Símonson did not seem to take any notice.

"Knowing of your relations to Katerína Máslova," he began seriously and frankly, with his kind eyes looking straight into Nekhlúdoff's face, "I consider it my duty——" He was obliged to stop because two voices were heard disputing and shouting, both at once, close to the door.

"I tell you, blockhead, they are not mine," one voice shouted.

"May you choke, you devil," snorted the other.

At this moment Mary Pávlovna came out into the passage.

"How can one talk here?" she said; "go in, Véra is alone there," and she went in at the second door, and

entered a tiny room, evidently meant for a solitary cell, which was now placed at the disposal of the political women prisoners. Véra Doúkhova lay covered up, head and all, on the bed.

"She has got a headache, and is asleep, so she cannot hear you, and I will go away," said Mary Pávlovna.

"On the contrary, stay here," said Símonson; "I have no secrets from any one, certainly none from you."

"All right," said Mary Pávlovna, and moving her whole body from side to side, like a child, so as to get farther back on to the bed, she settled down to listen, her beautiful hazel eyes seeming to look somewhere far away.

"Well, then, this is my business," Símonson repeated. "Knowing of your relations to Katerína Máslova, I consider myself bound to explain to you my relations to her."

Nekhlúdoff could not help admiring the simplicity and truthfulness with which Símonson spoke to him.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I should like to marry Katerína Máslova——"

"How strange!" said Mary Pávlovna, fixing her eyes on Símonson.

"—And so I made up my mind to ask her to be my wife," Símonson continued.

"What can I do? It depends on her," said Nekhlúdoff.

"Yes; but she will not come to any decision without you."

"Why?"

"Because as long as your relations with her are unsettled she cannot make up her mind."

"As far as I am concerned, it is finally settled. I should like to do what I consider to be my duty, and also to lighten her fate, but on no account would I wish to put any restraint on her."

"Yes, but she does not wish to accept your sacrifice."

"It is no sacrifice."

"And I know that this decision of hers is final."

"Well, then, there is no need to speak to me," said Nekhlúdoff.

"She wants you to acknowledge that you think as she does."

"How can I acknowledge that I must not do what I consider to be my duty? All I can say is that I am not free, but she is."

Símonson was silent; then, after thinking a little, he said: "Very well, then, I'll tell her. You must not think I am in love with her," he continued; "I love her as a splendid, unique, human being who has suffered much. I want nothing from her. I have only a deep longing to help her, to lighten her posi——"

Nekhlúdoff was surprised to hear the trembling in Símonson's voice.

"—To lighten her position," Símonson continued. "If she does not wish to accept your help, let her accept mine. If she consents, I shall ask to be sent to the place where she will be imprisoned. Four years are not an eternity. I would live near her, and perhaps might lighten her fate——" and he again stopped, too agitated to continue.

"What am I to say?" said Nekhlúdoff. "I am very glad she has found such a protector as you——"

"That's what I wanted to know," Símonson interrupted. "I wanted to know if, loving her and wishing her happiness, you would consider it good for her to marry me?"

"Oh, yes," said Nekhlúdoff decidedly.

"It all depends on her; I only wish that this suffering soul should find rest," said Símonson, with such childlike tenderness as no one could have expected from so morose-looking a man.

Símonson rose, and stretching his lips out to Nekhlúdoff, smiled shyly and kissed him.

"So I shall tell her," and he went away.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO SAY."

"WHAT do you think of that?" said Mary Pávlovna. "In love—quite in love. Now, that's a thing I never should have expected, that Vóldemar Símonson should be in love, and in the silliest, most boyish manner. It is strange, and, to say the truth, it is sad," and she sighed.

"But she? Katúsha? How do you think she looks at it?" Nekhlúdoff asked.

"She?" Mary Pávlovna paused, evidently wishing to give as exact an answer as possible. "She? Well, you see, in spite of her past she has one of the most moral natures and such fine feelings. She loves you—loves you well, and is happy to be able to do you even the negative good of not letting you get entangled with her. Marriage with you would be a terrible fall for her, worse than all that's past, and therefore she will never consent to it. And yet your presence troubles her."

"Well, what am I to do? Ought I to vanish?"

Mary Pávlovna smiled her sweet, childlike smile, and said, "Yes, partly."

"How is one to vanish partly?"

"I am talking nonsense. But as for her, I should like to tell you that she probably sees the silliness of this rapturous kind of love (he has not spoken to her), and is both flattered and afraid of it. I am not competent to judge in such affairs, you know, still I believe that on his part it is the most ordinary man's feeling, though it is masked. He says that this love arouses his energy and is platonic, but I know that even if it is exceptional, still at the bottom it is degrading."

Mary Pávlovna had wandered from the subject, having started on her favourite theme.

"Well, but what am I to do?" Nekhlúdoff asked.

"I think you should tell her everything; it is always best that everything should be clear. Have a talk with her; I will call her. Shall I?" said Mary Pávlovna.

"Yes; if you please," said Nekhlúdoff, and Mary Pávlovna went.

A strange feeling overcame Nekhlúdoff when he was alone in the little room with the sleeping Véra Doúkhova, listening to her soft breathing, broken now and then by moans, and to the incessant din that came through the two doors that separated him from the criminals. What Símonson had told him freed him from the self-imposed duty, which had seemed hard and strange to him in his weak moments, and yet he now felt something that was not merely unpleasant but painful.

He had a feeling that this offer of Símonson's destroyed the exceptional character of his sacrifice, and thereby lessened its value in his own and others' eyes; if so good a man, who was not bound to her by any kind of tie, wanted to join his fate to hers, then this sacrifice was not so great. There may have also been an admixture of ordinary jealousy. He had got so used to her love that he did not like to admit that she loved another.

Then it also upset the plans he had formed of living near her while she was doing her term. If she married Símonson his presence would be unnecessary, and he would have to form new plans.

Before he had time to analyse his feelings the loud din of the prisoners' voices came in with a rush (something special was going on among them to-day) as the door opened to let Katúsha in.

She stepped briskly close up to him and said, "Mary Pávlovna has sent me."

"Yes, I must have a talk with you. Sit down. Vóldemar Símonson has been speaking to me."

She sat down and folded her hands in her lap and

seemed quite calm, but hardly had Nekhlúdoff uttered Símonson's name when she flushed crimson.

"What did he say?" she asked.

"He told me he wanted to marry you."

Her face suddenly puckered up with pain, but she said nothing and only cast down her eyes.

"He is asking for my consent or my advice. I told him that it all depends entirely on you—that you must decide."

"Ah, what does it all mean? Why?" she muttered, and looked in his eyes with that peculiar squint that always strangely affected Nekhlúdoff.

They sat silent for some seconds looking into each other's eyes, and this look told much to both of them.

"You must decide," Nekhlúdoff repeated.

"What am I to decide? Everything has long been decided."

"No; you must decide whether you will accept Vóldemar Símonson's offer," said Nekhlúdoff.

"What sort of a wife can I be—I, a convict? Why should I ruin Vóldemar Símonson, too?" she said, with a frown.

"Well, but if the sentence should be mitigated."

"Oh, let me alone. I have nothing more to say," she said, and rose to leave the room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEVÉROFF'S FATE.

When, following Katúsha, Nekhlúdoff returned to the men's room, he found every one there in agitation. Nabátoff, who went about all over the place, and who got to know everybody and noticed everything, had just brought news which staggered them all. The news was that he had discovered a note on a wall, written by the revolutionist Pétlin, who had been sentenced to hard

labour, and who every one thought had long since reached the Kára; and now it turned out that he had passed this way quite recently, the only political prisoner among criminal convicts.

"On the 17th of August," so ran the note, "I was sent off alone with criminals. Nevéroff was with me, but hanged himself in the lunatic asylum in Kazán. I am well and in good spirits and hope for the best."

All were discussing Pétlin's position and the possible reasons for Nevéroff's suicide. Only Kryltzóff sat silent and preoccupied, his glistening eyes gazing fixedly in front of him.

"My husband told me that Nevéroff had a vision while still in the Petropávlovsky Prison," said Rántzeva.

"Yes, he was a poet, a dreamer; this sort of people cannot stand solitary confinement," said Novodvóroff. "Now, I never gave my imagination vent when in solitary confinement, but arranged my days most systematically, and in this way always bore it very well."

"One can put up with anything. Why, I used sometimes to be quite glad when they locked me up," said Nabátoff cheerfully, wishing to dispel the general depression. "A fellow's afraid of everything; of being arrested himself and of entangling others, and of spoiling the whole business, and then he gets locked up, and all responsibility is at an end, and he can rest; he can just sit and smoke."

"You knew him well?" asked Mary Pávlovna, glancing anxiously at the altered, haggard expression of Kryltzóff's face.

"Nevéroff a dreamer?" Kryltzóff suddenly began, panting for breath as if he had been shouting or singing for a long time. "Nevéroff was a man 'such as the earth bears few of,' as our doorkeepers used to express it. Yes, he had a nature like crystal, you could see him right through; he could not lie, he could not dissemble; not simply thin skinned, but with all his nerves

laid bare, as if he were flayed. Yes, his was a complicated, rich nature, not such a—— But where is the use of talking! . . ." —He paused, and then added with an angry frown—"We dispute whether we must first educate the people and then alter the forms of social life, or first alter the forms of life,—and then we dispute how we are to struggle: by peaceful propaganda or by terrorism?— We dispute. But *they* do not dispute—they know their business; they don't care whether dozens, hundreds of men perish—and what men! No; that the best should perish is just what they want. Yes, Herzen said that when the Decembrists were withdrawn from circulation the average level of our society sank. I should think so, indeed. Then Herzen himself and his fellows were withdrawn; and now the Nevéroffs. . . ."

"They can't all be got rid off," said Nabátoff, in his cheerful tones. "There will always be enough left to continue the breed."

"No, there won't, if we show pity to *them*," Kryltzóff said, raising his voice; and not letting himself be interrupted, "Give me a cigarette."

"Oh, Anatole, it is not good for you," said Mary Pávlovna. "Please do not smoke."

"Ah, leave me alone," he said, angrily, and lit a cigarette, but at once began to cough and to retch, as if he were going to be sick. Having cleared his throat though, he went on:

"What we have been doing is not the thing at all. Not to argue, but for all to unite—to destroy *them*—that's it."

"But *they* are also human beings," said Nekhlúdoff.

"No, *they* are not human,—men who can do what they are doing—— No—— It is said that some new kind of bombs and balloons have been invented. Well, one ought to go up in such a balloon and sprinkle bombs down on them as if they were bugs, until they are all ex-

terminated——. Yes. Because——" he tried to continue, but, flushing all over, began coughing worse than before, and a stream of blood rushed from his mouth.

Nabátoff ran to get snow. Mary Pávlovna brought valerian drops and offered them to him, but he, breathing quickly and heavily, pushed her away with his thin, white hand, and kept his eyes closed. When the snow and cold water had eased Kryltzóff a little, and he had been put to bed, Nekhlúdoff, having said good-night to everybody, went out with the sergeant, who had been waiting some time for him.

The criminals were now quiet, and most of them were asleep. Though the people were lying on and under the bed-shelves and in the space between, they could not all be placed inside the rooms, and some of them lay in the passage with their sacks under their heads and covered with their cloaks. Moans, snores, and sleepy voices came through the open doors and sounded through the passage. Everywhere lay compact heaps of human beings, covered with prison cloaks. Only a few men who were sitting in the bachelors' room by the light of a candle end, which they put out when they noticed the sergeant, were awake, and an old man who sat naked under the lamp in the passage picking the vermin off his shirt. The foul air in the political prisoners' rooms seemed pure compared to the stinking closeness here. The smoking lamp shone dimly as through a mist, and it was difficult to breathe. Stepping along the passage, one had to look carefully for an empty space, and, having put down one foot, place had to be found for the other. Three persons, who had evidently found no room even in the passage, lay in the anteroom, close to the stinking and leaking tub. One of these was an old idiot, whom Nekhlúdoff had often seen marching with the gang; another was a boy about twelve; he lay between the two convicts, with his head on one of their legs.

When he had passed out of the gate Nekhlúdoff took

a deep breath and long continued to breathe in deep draughts of the frosty air.

CHAPTER XIX.

"WHY IT IS DONE."

It had cleared up and was starlight. Except in a few places, the mud was frozen hard when Nekhlúdoff returned to his inn and knocked at one of its dark windows. The broad-shouldered labourer came barefooted to open the door for him and let him in. Through a door on the right, leading to the back premises, came the loud snoring of the carters who slept there, and the sound of many horses chewing oats came from the yard. The front room, where a red lamp was burning in front of the *ícons*, smelt of wormwood and perspiration, and some one with mighty lungs was snoring behind a partition. Nekhlúdoff undressed, put his leather travelling pillow on the oilcloth sofa, spread out his rug and lay down, thinking over all he had seen and heard that day; the boy sleeping on the liquid that oozed from the stinking tub, with his head on the convict's leg, seemed more dreadful than all else.

Unexpected and important as his conversation with Símonson and Katúsha that evening had been, he did not dwell on it; his situation in relation to that subject was so complicated and indefinite that he drove the thought from his mind. But the picture of those unfortunate beings, inhaling the noisome air, and lying in the liquid oozing out of the stinking tub, especially that of the boy, with his innocent face, asleep on the leg of a criminal, came all the more vividly to his mind, and he could not get it out of his head.

To know that somewhere far away there are men who torture other men by inflicting all sorts of humiliations and inhuman degradation and sufferings on them, or for

three months incessantly to look on while men were inflicting these humiliations and sufferings on other men is a very different thing. And Nekhlúdoff felt it. More than once during these three months he asked himself, "Am I mad because I see what others do not, or are they mad, who do these things that I see?"

Yet they (and there were many of them) did what seemed so astonishing and terrible to him with such quiet assurance that what they were doing was necessary, and was important and useful work, that it was hard to believe they were mad; nor could he, conscious of the clearness of his thoughts, believe he was mad; and all this kept him in a state of continual perplexity.

This is how the things he saw during these three months impressed Nekhlúdoff: From among the people who were free, those were chosen, by means of trials and by the administration, who were the most nervous, the most hot tempered, the most excitable, the most gifted, and the strongest, but the least careful and cunning. These people, not a whit more dangerous than many of those who remained free, were first locked up in prisons, transported to Siberia, where they were provided for and kept months and years in perfect idleness, and away from nature, their families, and from useful work—that is, away from the conditions necessary for a natural and moral life. This firstly.

Secondly, these people were subjected to all sorts of unnecessary indignity in these different places—chains, shaven heads, shameful clothing—that is, they were deprived of the chief motives that induce the weak to live good lives: the regard for public opinion, the sense of shame and the consciousness of human dignity.

Thirdly, their lives being in continual danger—not to mention exceptional cases of sun-stroke, drowning, and fires; from the infectious diseases common in places of confinement, from exhaustion and from blows,—these people always lived in that condition in which the best and most moral men, impelled by the feeling of self-

defence, commit (and excuse others who commit) the most terribly cruel actions.

Fourthly, these people were forced to associate with others who were particularly depraved by life, and especially by these very institutions: with rakes, murderers and villains, who act on those not yet corrupted as leaven acts on dough.

And, fifthly, the fact that all sorts of violence, cruelty, and inhumanity, are not only tolerated, but even permitted by the government when it suits its purposes, was impressed on them most forcibly by the inhuman treatment they were subjected to: by the sufferings inflicted on children, women and old men; by floggings with rods and whips; by rewards offered for bringing a fugitive back, dead or alive; by the separation of husbands and wives, and the uniting them with the wives and husbands of others for sexual intercourse; by shooting or hanging them. To people deprived of their freedom, and who were in want and misery, acts of violence were evidently still more permissible.

All these institutions seemed purposely devised for the production of depravity and vice, condensed to such a degree that no other conditions could produce it, and for the spreading of this condensed depravity and vice broadcast among the whole population.

"It is just as if a problem had been set to find the best, the surest means of depraving the greatest number of persons," thought Nekhlúdoff, while investigating the deeds that were being done in the prisons and halting stations. Every year hundreds of thousands were brought to the highest pitch of depravity, and when completely depraved they were set free to carry the depravity they had caught in prison among the people. In the prisons of Tumén, Ekáterinburg, Tomsk, and at the halting stations Nekhlúdoff saw how successfully the object society seemed to have set itself was attained.

Ordinary, simple men with a conception of the de-

mands of the social and Christian Russian peasant morality, lost this conception, and formed a new one, founded chiefly on the idea that any outrage or violence was justifiable if it seemed profitable. After living in a prison, those people became conscious with the whole of their being that, judging by what was happening to themselves, all those moral laws of respect and sympathy for others, which church and the moral teachers preach, were really set aside, and that, therefore, they, too, need not keep those laws. Nekhlúdoff noticed the effects of prison life on all the prisoners he knew—on Fédoroff, on Makár, and even on Tarás, who, after two months among the convicts, struck Nekhlúdoff by the want of morality in his arguments. Nekhlúdoff found out during his journey that tramps, escaping into the marshes, persuade comrades to escape with them, and then kill them and feed on their flesh. (He saw a living man who was accused of this, and acknowledged the fact.) And the most terrible part was that this was not a solitary, but a continually recurring case.

Only by a special cultivation of vice, such as was perpetrated in these establishments, could a Russian be brought to the state of these tramps, who had anticipated Nietzsche's newest teaching, and held that everything was possible and nothing forbidden, and who spread this teaching first among the convicts and then among the people in general.

The only explanation ever given of all that was being done was that it aimed at the prevention of crime, at inspiring awe, at correcting offenders, and at dealing out to them "lawful vengeance," as was written in books. But in reality nothing in the least resembling any of these results came to pass. Instead of vice being put a stop to, it only spread further; instead of being frightened, the criminals were encouraged (many a tramp returned to prison of his own free will). Instead of being corrected, every kind of vice was systematically instilled, while the desire for vengeance was not weak-

ened by the measures of the government, but was instilled into the people who had none of it.

"Then why is it done?" Nekhlúdoff asked himself, but could find no answer.

And what seemed most surprising was that all this was not being done accidentally, not by mistake, not once, but that it had continued for centuries, with this difference only, that at first the people's nostrils used to be torn and their ears cut; then they were branded, and now they were manacled and transported by steam instead of on the old carts. The arguments brought forward by those in government service, who said that the things which aroused his indignation were simply due to the imperfect arrangements of the places of confinement, and that they could all be put to rights if prisons of a modern type were built, did not satisfy Nekhlúdoff, because he knew that what revolted him was not the consequence of a better or worse arrangement of the prisons. He had read of model prisons with electric bells, of executions by electricity, recommended by Tarde; but this refined kind of violence revolted him even more.

What revolted Nekhlúdoff most was that there were men in the law courts and in the ministry who received large salaries, taken from the people, for referring to books written by men like themselves and with like motives, and sorting actions that violated laws made by themselves, according to different statutes; and, in obedience to these statutes, sending those guilty of such actions to places where they were completely at the mercy of cruel, hardened inspectors, jailers, and convoy soldiers, where millions of them perished body and soul.

Now that he had a closer knowledge of prisons, Nekhlúdoff found out that all those vices which developed among the prisoners—drunkenness, gambling, cruelty, and all these terrible crimes, even cannibalism—were not casual, or due to degeneration, or to the existence of monstrosities of the criminal type, as science, going

hand in hand with the Government, explained it, but were an unavoidable consequence of the incomprehensible delusion that men may punish one another. Nekhlúdoff saw that cannibalism did not commence in the marshes, but in the ministry. He saw that his brother-in-law, for example, and, in fact, all the lawyers and officials, from the usher to the minister, do not care in the least for justice, or the good of the people about whom they talked, but only for the roubles they were paid for doing the things that were the source whence all this degradation and suffering flowed. This was quite evident.

"Can it be, then, that all this is done simply through misapprehension? Could it not be managed that all these officials should have their salaries secured to them, and a premium paid them besides, so that they should leave off doing all that they were doing now?" Nekhlúdoff thought, and in spite of the fleas, that seemed to spring up round him like water from a fountain whenever he moved, he fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER XX.

THE JOURNEY RESUMED.

The carters had left the inn long before Nekhlúdoff awoke. The landlady had had her tea, and came in wiping her fat, perspiring neck with her handkerchief, and said that a soldier had brought a note from the halting station. The note was from Mary Pávlovna. She wrote that Kryltzóff's attack was more serious than they had imagined. "We wished him to be left behind and to remain with him, but this has not been allowed, so we shall take him on; but we fear the worst. Please arrange so that if he should be left in the next town, one of us might remain with him. If in order to get permission to stay I must marry him, I am, of course, ready to do so."

Nekhlúdoff sent the young labourer to the post station to order horses, and began packing up hurriedly. Before he had drunk his second tumbler of tea, the three-horsed post-cart drove up to the porch with ringing bells, the wheels rattling on the frozen mud as on stones. Nekhlúdoff paid the fat-necked landlady, hurried out, got into the cart, and gave orders to the driver to go on as fast as possible, to overtake the gang. Just past the gates of the communal pasture ground they did overtake the carts, loaded with sacks and sick prisoners, rattling over the frozen mud that was just beginning to be rolled smooth by the wheels. The officer was not there, he had gone in advance. The soldiers, who had evidently been drinking, followed, chatting merrily, by the side of the road. There were a great many carts. In each of the first carts sat six invalid criminal convicts, close packed. On each of the two last were three political prisoners: Novodvóroff, Grábetz and Kondrátieff sat on one, Rántezva, Nabátoff and the woman to whom Mary Pávlovna had given up her own place, on the other. On one of the carts lay Kryltzóff on a heap of hay, with a pillow under his head, Mary Pávlovna sitting by him on the edge of the cart. Nekhlúdoff ordered his driver to stop, got out and went up to Kryltzóff. One of the tipsy soldiers waved his hand towards Nekhlúdoff, but he paid no attention, and started walking by Kryltzóff's side holding on to the side of the cart with his hand. Dressed in a sheepskin coat and with a fur cap on his head and his mouth bound up with a handkerchief, Kryltzóff seemed paler and thinner than ever. His beautiful eyes looked very large and brilliant. Shaken from side to side by the jolting of the cart, he lay with his eyes fixed on Nekhlúdoff; but when asked about his health he only closed his eyes and angrily shook his head. All his energy seemed to be needed to bear the jolting of the cart. Mary Pávlovna was on the other side. She exchanged a significant glance with Nekhlúdoff, which expressed all her anxiety about Krylt-

zóff's state, and then she began to talk at once in a cheerful manner.

"It seems the officer is ashamed of himself," she shouted, so as to be heard above the rattle of the wheels. "Bouzóvkin's manacles have been removed, and he is carrying his little girl himself. Katúsha and Símonson are with him, and Véra, too. She has taken my place."

Kryltzóff said something that could not be heard because of the noise, and frowning in the effort to repress his cough, shook his head. Then Nekhlúdoff stooped towards him so as to hear, and Kryltzóff, freeing his mouth of the handkerchief, whispered:

"Much better now. Only not to catch cold.

Nekhlúdoff nodded in acquiescence, and again exchanged a glance with Mary Pávlovna.

"How about the problem of the three bodies?" whispered Kryltzóff, smiling with great difficulty. "The solution is difficult."

Nekhlúdoff did not understand, but Mary Pávlovna explained that he meant the well-known mathematical problem which defined the position of the sun, moon and earth, to which Kryltzóff compared the relations between Nekhlúdoff, Katúsha and Símonson. Kryltzóff nodded, to show that Mary Pávlovna had explained his joke correctly.

"The decision does not lie with me," Nekhlúdoff said.

"Did you get my note? Will you do it?" Mary Pávlovna asked.

"Certainly," answered Nekhlúdoff; and noticing a look of displeasure on Kryltzóff's face, he returned to his conveyance, got in, and holding with both hands to the sides of the cart, which jolted with him over the ruts of the rough road, he passed the gang, which, with its grey cloaks and sheepskin coats, chains and manacles, stretched over three-quarters of a mile of the road. On the opposite side of the road Nekhlúdoff noticed Katúsha's blue shawl, Véra Doúkhova's black coat, and Símonson's crocheted cap and white worsted stockings,

with bands like those of sandals, tied round him. Símonson was walking with the women and carrying on a heated discussion.

When they saw Nekhlúdoff they bowed to him, and Símonson raised his hat in a solemn manner. Nekhlúdoff, having nothing to say, did not stop and was soon ahead of the carts. Having again got on to a smoother part of the road, they drove still more quickly, but they had continually to turn aside to pass long rows of carts that were moving along the road in both directions.

The road, which was cut up by deep ruts, lay through a thick pine forest, mingled with birch trees and larches, bright with yellow leaves they had not yet shed. By the time Nekhlúdoff had passed about half the gang, he reached the end of the forest. Fields now lay stretched along both sides of the road, and the crosses and cupolas of a monastery appeared in the distance. The clouds had dispersed; the weather had cleared up completely; the leaves, the frozen puddles, and the gilt crosses and cupolas of the monastery glittered brightly in the sun that had risen above the forest. A little to the right, mountains began to gleam white in the blue-grey distance. The trap entered a large village; the village street was full of people, both Russians and other nationalities, wearing peculiar caps and cloaks. Tipsy men and women crowded and chattered round booths, *traktirs*, public houses and carts. The vicinity of a town was noticeable.

Giving a pull and a lash of the whip to the horse on his right, the driver sat down sideways on the right edge of the seat, so that the reins hung over that side, and with the evident desire of showing off, he drove quickly down to the river, which had to be crossed by a ferry. The raft was coming towards them and had reached the middle of the stream. About twenty carts were waiting to cross. Nekhlúdoff had not long to wait. The raft, which had been pulled far up the stream, quickly approached the landing, carried by the swift

waters. The tall, silent, broad-shouldered, muscular ferryman, dressed in sheepskins, threw the ropes and moored the raft with practised hand, landed the carts that were on it, and put those that were waiting on the bank on board. The whole raft was filled with vehicles, and horses shuffling at the sight of the water. The broad, swift river splashed against the sides of the ferry-boats, tightening their moorings.

When the raft was full, and Nekhlúdoff's cart, with the horses taken out of it, stood closely surrounded by others on the side of the raft, the ferryman barred the entrance, and, paying no heed to the prayers of those who had not found room on the raft, unfastened the ropes and set off.

All was quiet on the raft; one could hear nothing but the tramp of the ferryman's boots and the horses changing from foot to foot.

CHAPTER XXI.

"JUST A WORTHLESS TRAMP."

NEKHLÚDOFF stood on the edge of the raft looking at the broad river. Two pictures kept rising in his mind. One, that of Kryltzóff, unprepared for death and dying, made a heavy, sorrowful impression on him. The other, that of Katúsha, full of energy, having gained the love of such a man as Símonson, and found a true and solid path towards righteousness, should have been pleasant, yet it also created a heavy impression on Nekhlúdoff's mind, and he could not conquer this impression.

The vibrating sounds of a big brass bell reached them from the town. Nekhlúdoff's driver, who stood by his side, and the other men on the raft, raised their caps and crossed themselves, all except a short, dishevelled old man who stood close to the railings, and whom Nekhlúdoff had not noticed before. He did not cross him-

self, but raised his head and looked at Nekhlúdoff. This old man wore a patched coat, cloth trousers, and worn and patched shoes. He had a small wallet on his back, and a high fur cap, with the fur much rubbed, on his head.

"Why don't you pray, old chap?" asked Nekhlúdoff's driver as he replaced and straightened his cap. "Are you unbaptized?"

"Who's one to pray to?" asked the old man quickly, in a determinately aggressive tone.

"To whom? To God, of course," said the driver sarcastically.

"And you just show me where he is—this god."

There was something so serious and firm in the old man's expression, that the driver felt that he had to do with a strong-minded man, and was a bit abashed; but trying not to show this, not to be silenced and not to be put to shame before the crowd that was observing them, he answered quickly:

"Where? In heaven, of course."

"And have you been up there?"

"Whether I've been or not, every one knows that you must pray to God."

"No one has ever seen God at any time. The only begotten Son who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared Him," said the old man, in the same rapid manner, and with a severe frown on his brow.

"It's clear you are not a Christian, but a hole worshipper. You pray to a hole," said the driver, shoving the handle of his whip into his girdle, and pulling straight the harness on one of the horses.

Some one laughed.

"What is your faith, Dad?" asked a middle-aged man who stood by his cart, on the same side of the raft.

"I have no kind of faith, because I believe no one—no one but myself," said the old man, as quickly and decidedly as before.

"How can you believe yourself?" Nekhlúdoff asked,

entering into a conversation with him. "You might make a mistake."

"Never in your life," the old man said decidedly, with a toss of his head.

"Then, why are there different faiths?" Nekhlúdoff asked.

"It's just because men believe others and do not believe themselves, that there are different faiths. I also believed others, and lost myself as in a swamp—lost myself so that I had no hope of finding my way out. Old Believers and New Believers and Judaisers and Khlystý and Popóvtzy, and Bézpopovótzy and Avstriáks and Molokáns and Skoptzý—every faith praises itself only, and so they all creep about like blind puppies. There are many faiths, but the spirit is one—in me, and in you, and in him. So that if every one believes himself all will be united; every one be himself, and all will be as one."

The old man spoke loudly, and often looked round, evidently wishing that as many as possible should hear him.

"And have you long held this faith?"

"I? A long time. This is the twenty-third year that they persecute me."

"Persecute you! How?"

"As they persecuted Christ, so they persecute me. They seize me, and take me before the courts, and before the priests, the Scribes and the Pharisees. Once they put me into a madhouse; but they can do nothing because I am free. They say, 'What is your name?' thinking I shall name myself. But I do not give myself a name. I have given up everything: I have no name, no place, no country, nor anything. I am just myself. 'What is your name?' 'Man.' 'How old are you?' I say, 'I do not count my years and cannot count them, because I always was, I always shall be.' 'Who are your parents?' 'I have no parents except God and Mother Earth. God is my father.' 'And the

Tsar? Do you recognize the Tsar?' they say. I say, 'Why not? He is his own Tsar, and I am my own Tsar.' 'Where's the good of talking to him?' they say; and I say, 'I do not ask you to talk to me.' And so they begin tormenting me."

"And where are you going now?" asked Nekhlúdoff.

"Where God will lead me. I work when I can find work, and when I can't, I beg."

The old man noticed that the raft was approaching the bank, and stopped, turning round at the bystanders with a look of triumph.

Nekhlúdoff got out his purse and offered some money to the old man, but he refused, saying:

"I do not accept this sort of thing—bread I do accept."

"Well, then, excuse me."

"There is nothing to excuse; you have not offended me, and it is not possible to offend me." And the old man put the wallet he had taken off, again on his back. Meanwhile, the post-cart had been landed and the horses harnessed.

"I wonder you should care to talk to him, sir," said the driver, when Nekhlúdoff, having tipped the brawny ferryman, got into the cart again. "He is just a worthless tramp."

CHAPTER XXII.

NEKHLÚDOFF SEES THE GENERAL.

When they got to the top of the bank the driver turned to Nekhlúdoff.

"Which hotel am I to drive to?"

"Which is the best?"

"Nothing could be better than the 'Siberian,' but Dúkoff's is also good."

"Drive to whichever you like."

The driver again seated himself sideways and drove

faster. The town was like all such towns. The same kind of houses, with attic windows and green roofs, the same kind of Cathedral, the same kind of shops and stores in the principal street, and even the same kind of policemen. Only the houses were almost all of them wooden, and the streets were not paved. In one of the chief streets the driver stopped at the door of an hotel, but there was no room to be had there, so he drove to another. And here Nekhlúdoff, after two months, once again found himself in surroundings such as he had been accustomed to, as far as comfort and cleanliness went. Though the room he was shown to was simple enough, yet Nekhlúdoff felt greatly relieved to be there after two months of post-carts, country inns and halting stations. His first business was to clean himself of the lice which he had never been able to get thoroughly rid of after visiting a halting station. When he had unpacked he went to the Russian bath, after which he made himself fit to be seen in a town, put on a starched shirt, trousers that had got rather creased along the seams, a frock-coat, and an overcoat, and prepared to visit the Governor of the district. The hotel-keeper called an *isvóstchik*, whose well-fed Kirghíz horse and vibrating trap soon brought Nekhlúdoff to the large porch of a big building, in front of which stood sentinels and a policeman. The house had a garden in front and at the back, where, among the aspen and birch trees which spread out their bare branches, there grew thick dark green pines and firs. The General was not well, and did not receive; but Nekhlúdoff asked the footman to hand in his card all the same, and the footman came back with a favourable reply.

"You are asked to come in."

The hall, the footman, the orderly, the staircase, the dancing-room with its well-polished floor, were very much the same as in Petersburg, only more imposing and rather dirtier. Nekhlúdoff was shown into the cabinet.

The General, a bloated, potato-nosed man of a sanguine disposition, with large bumps on his forehead, puffs under his eyes, and a bald head, sat wrapped in a Tartar silk dressing-gown, smoking a cigarette and sipping his tea out of a tumbler in a silver holder.

"How do you do, my dear sir? Excuse my dressing-gown; it is better so than if I had not received you at all," he said, pulling up his dressing-gown over his fat neck, with its deep folds at the nape. "I am not quite well, and do not go out. What has brought you to our remote region?"

"I am accompanying a gang of prisoners, among whom there is a person closely connected with me," said Nekhlúdoff, "and now I have come to see your Excellence partly in behalf of this person, and partly about another business." The General took a whiff and a sip of tea, put his cigarette into a malachite ashpan, and with his narrow eyes fixed on Nekhlúdoff, sat listening seriously, only interrupting him once to offer a cigarette.

The General belonged to the learned type of military men who believe that liberal and humane views can be reconciled with their profession. But, being by nature a kind and intelligent man, he soon felt the impossibility of such a reconciliation. So not to feel the inner discord in which he lived, he gave himself up more and more to the habit of drinking, so prevalent among military men, and was now suffering from what doctors term "alcoholism." He was imbued with alcohol, and if he drank any kind of liquor he became tipsy. Yet strong drink was an absolute necessity to him; he could not live without it; so he was quite drunk every evening, but had grown so used to this state that he did not reel nor talk any special nonsense. And if he did talk nonsense, it was accepted as wisdom, because of the important and high position which he occupied. Only in the morning, just at the time Nekhlúdoff came to see him, was he like a reasonable being,—could understand what was said to him, and exemplify, more or less aptly, a

proverb he was fond of repeating: "*He's tipsy, but he's wise, so he's pleasant in two ways.*"

The higher authorities knew he was a drunkard, but he was more educated than the rest, though his education had stopped at the spot where drunkenness had got hold of him. He was bold, adroit, of imposing appearance, and showed tact even when tipsy; therefore, he was appointed to, and was allowed to retain, so public and responsible an office.

Nekhlúdoff told him that the person he was interested in was a woman, that she was sentenced, though innocent, and that a petition had been sent to the Emperor in her behalf.

"Yes. Well?" said the General.

"I was promised in Petersburg that the news concerning her fate should be sent to me not later than this month and to this place——"

The General stretched his hand, with its stumpy fingers, towards the table, and rang a bell, still looking at Nekhlúdoff and puffing at his cigarette.

"So I would like to ask you that this woman should be allowed to remain here until the answer to her petition comes."

The footman, an orderly in uniform, came in.

"Ask if Anna Vasílievna is up," said the General to the orderly, "and bring some more tea." Then, turning to Nekhlúdoff, "Yes, and what else?"

"My other request concerns a political prisoner who is with the same gang."

"Dear me," said the General, with a significant shake of the head.

"He is seriously ill—dying—and he will probably be left here in the hospital. So one of the women prisoners would like to stay behind with him."

"She is no relation of his?"

"No, but she is willing to marry him if that will enable her to remain."

The General looked fixedly with twinkling eyes at his

interlocutor, and evidently with a wish to discomfit him, listened, smoking in silence.

When Nekhlúdoff had finished, the General took a book off the table, and wetting his finger, quickly turned over the pages and found the statute relating to marriage.

"What is she sentenced to?" he asked, looking up from the book.

"She? To hard labour."

"Well, then, the position of one sentenced to that, cannot be bettered by marriage."

"Yes, but——"

"Excuse me. Even if a free man should marry her, she would have to serve her term. The question in such cases is, whose is the heavier punishment, hers or his?"

"They are both sentenced to hard labour."

"Very well; so they are quits," said the General, with a laugh. "She's got what he has, only, as he is sick, he may be left behind, and of course what can be done to lighten his fate shall be done. But as for her, even if she did marry him, she could not remain behind."

"Her Excellence is having her coffee," the footman announced.

The General nodded and continued:

"However, I shall think about it. What are their names? Put them down here."

Nekhlúdoff wrote down the names.

Nekhlúdoff's request to be allowed to see the dying man the General answered by saying, "Neither can I do that. Of course I do not suspect you, but you take an interest in him and in the others, and you have money, and here with us anything can be done with money. I have been told to put down bribery. But how can I put down bribery when everybody takes bribes? And the lower their rank the more ready they are to be bribed. How can one find it out across more than three thousand miles? There any official is a little

Tsar, just as I am here," and he laughed. "You in all likelihood have been to see the political prisoners; you gave money, and got permission," he said, with a smile. "Is it not so?"

"Yes, it is."

"I quite understand that you had to do it. You pity a political prisoner and wish to see him. And the inspector or the convoy soldier accepts, because he has a salary of twice twenty copecks, and a family, and he can't help accepting it. In his place and in yours I should have acted in the same way as you and he did. But in my position I do not permit myself to swerve an inch from the letter of the law, just because I am a man and might be influenced by pity. I am a member of the executive, and I have been placed in a position of trust on certain conditions, and these conditions I must carry out. Well, so this business is finished. And now let us hear what is going on in the metropolis;" and the General began questioning with the evident desire to hear the news, and to show how very humane he was.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SENTENCE COMMUTED.

"By-the-way, where are you staying?" asked the General as he was taking leave of Nekhlúdoff. "At Dúk's? Well, it's horrid enough there. Come and dine with us at five o'clock. You speak English?"

"Yes, I do."

"That's good. You see, an English traveller has just arrived here. He is studying the question of transportation and examining the prisons of Siberia. Well, he is dining with us to-night, and you come and meet him. We dine at five, and my wife expects punctuality. Then I will also give you an answer what to do

about that woman, and perhaps it may be possible to leave some one behind with the sick prisoner."

Having made his bow to the General, Nekhlúdoff drove to the post-office, feeling himself in an extremely animated and energetic frame of mind.

The post-office was a low-vaulted room. Several officials sat behind a counter serving the people, of whom there was quite a crowd. One official sat with his head bent to one side and kept stamping the envelopes, which he slipped dexterously under the stamp. Nekhlúdoff had not long to wait. As soon as he had given his name, everything that had come for him by post was at once handed to him. There was a good deal: letters, and money, and books, and the last number of the *Messenger of Europe*. Nekhlúdoff took all these things to a wooden bench on which a soldier with a book in his hand sat waiting for something, took the seat by his side, and began sorting the letters. Among them was one registered letter in a very good envelope, with a distinctly stamped bright red seal. He broke the seal, and seeing a letter from Selenín enclosing some official paper, he felt the blood rush to his face, and his heart stood still. It was the answer to Katúsha's petition. What would that answer be? Nekhlúdoff glanced hurriedly through the letter, written in an illegibly small, hard, and cramped hand, and breathed a sigh of relief. The answer was a favourable one.

"Dear friend," wrote Selenín, "our last talk has made a profound impression on me. You were right concerning Máslova. I looked carefully through the case and see that a shocking injustice has been done her. It could be remedied only by the Committee of Petitions before which you laid it. I managed to assist at the examination of the case, and I enclose herewith the copy of the mitigation of the sentence. Your aunt, the Countess Katerína Ivánovna, gave me the address to which I am sending this. The original document has been sent to the place where she was imprisoned before

her trial, and will from there be probably sent at once to the principal Government office in Siberia. I hasten to communicate this glad news to you and warmly press your hand. Yours,

"SELENÍN."

The document ran thus: "His Majesty's office for the reception of petitions, addressed to his Imperial Name"—here followed the date and various affixed technicalities—"by order of the Chief of his Majesty's office for the reception of petitions addressed to his Imperial Name. The *meschánka* Katerína Máslova is hereby informed that his Imperial Majesty, with reference to her most loyal petition, condescending to her request, deigns to order that her sentence to hard labour should be commuted to one of exile to the less distant districts of Siberia."

This was joyful and important news; all that Nekhlúdoff could have hoped for Katúsha, and for himself also, had happened. It was true that the new position she was in brought new complications with it. While she was a convict, marriage with her could only be fictitious, and would have had no meaning except that he would have been in a position to alleviate her condition. And now there was nothing to prevent their living together, and Nekhlúdoff had not prepared himself for that. And, besides, what of her relations to Símonson? What was the meaning of her words yesterday? If she consented to a union with Símonson, would it be well? He could not unravel all these questions, and gave up thinking about it. "It will all clear itself up later on," he thought; "I must not think about it now, but convey the glad news to her as soon as possible, and set her free." He thought that the copy of the document he had received would suffice, so when he left the post-office he told the *isvóstchik* to drive him to the prison.

Though he had received no order from the governor to visit the prison that morning, he knew by experience that it was easy to get from the subordinates what the

higher officials would not grant, so now he meant to try and get into the prison to bring Katúsha the joyful news, and perhaps to get her set free, and at the same time to inquire about Kryltzóff's state of health and tell him and Mary Pávlovna what the General had said. The prison inspector was a tall, imposing-looking man, with moustaches and whiskers that twisted towards the corners of his mouth. He received Nekhlúdoff very gravely, and told him plainly that he could not grant an outsider permission to interview the prisoners without a special order from his chief. To Nekhlúdoff's remark that he had been allowed to visit the prisoners even in the cities he answered:

"That may be so, but I do not allow it," and his tone implied, "You city gentlemen may think to surprise and perplex us, but we in Eastern Siberia also know what the law is, and may even teach it you." The copy of a document straight from the Emperor's own office did not have any effect on the prison inspector either. He decidedly refused to let Nekhlúdoff come inside the prison walls. He only smiled contemptuously at Nekhlúdoff's naïve conclusion, that the copy he had received would suffice to set Máslova free, and declared that a direct order from his own superiors would be needed before any one could be set at liberty. The only things he agreed to do were to communicate to Máslova that a mitigation had arrived for her, and to promise that he would not detain her an hour after the order from his chief to liberate her should arrive. He would also give no news of Kryltzóff, saying he could not even tell if there were such a prisoner; and so Nekhlúdoff, having accomplished next to nothing, got into his trap and drove back to his hotel.

The strictness of the inspector was chiefly due to the fact that an epidemic of typhus had broken out in the prison, owing to twice the number of persons that it was intended for being crowded in it. The *isvóstchik* who drove Nekhlúdoff said, "Quite a lot of people are

dying in the prison every day, some kind of disease has sprung up among them, so that as many as twenty are buried in one day."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GENERAL'S HOUSEHOLD.

In spite of his ineffectual attempt at the prison, Nekhlúdoff, still in the same vigorous, energetic frame of mind, went to the Governor's office to see if the original of the document had arrived for Máslova. It had not arrived, so Nekhlúdoff went back to the hotel and wrote without delay to Selenín and the advocate about it. When he had finished writing he looked at his watch and saw it was time to go to the General's dinner party.

On the way he again began wondering how Katúsha would receive the news of the mitigation of her sentence. Where would she be settled? How should he live with her? What about Símonson? What would his relations to her be? He remembered the change that had taken place in her, and this reminded him of her past. "I must forget it for the present," he thought, and again hastened to drive her out of his mind. "When the time comes I shall see," he said to himself, and began to think of what he ought to say to the General.

The dinner at the General's, given in the luxurious style to which Nekhlúdoff had been accustomed, and that is usual among rich people and high officials, was extremely enjoyable after he had been so long deprived not only of luxury but even of the most ordinary comforts. The mistress of the house was a Petersburg *grande dame* of the old school, a maid of honour at the court of Nicholas I., who spoke French quite naturally and Russian very unnaturally. She held herself very erect, and she kept her elbows close to her waist when

moving her hands. She was quietly and somewhat sadly considerate for her husband, and extremely kind to all her visitors, though with a tinge of difference in her behaviour according to their position. She received Nekhlúdoff as if he were one of themselves; and her fine, almost imperceptible flattery made him once again aware of his virtues, and gave him a sense of satisfaction. She made him feel that she knew of that honest though rather singular step of his which had brought him to Siberia, and held him to be an exceptional man. This refined flattery, and the elegance and luxury of the General's house had the effect of making Nekhlúdoff succumb to the enjoyment of the handsome surroundings, the delicate dishes, and the ease and pleasure of intercourse with educated people of his own class, so that the surroundings in the midst of which he had lived for the last months seemed a dream from which he had awakened to reality. Besides those of the household: the General's daughter, her husband, and an aide-de-camp,—there were present an Englishman, a merchant interested in gold mines, and the Governor of a distant Siberian town. All these people seemed pleasant to Nekhlúdoff.

The Englishman, a healthy man with a rosy complexion, who spoke very bad French, but whose command of his own language was very good and oratorically impressive, had seen a great deal, and was very interesting to listen to when he spoke about America, India, Japan and Siberia.

The young merchant interested in the gold mines (the son of a peasant) in evening dress made in London, with diamond studs to his shirt, possessing a fine library, contributing freely to philanthropic work, and holding liberal European views,—seemed pleasant and interesting to Nekhlúdoff, as a sample of a quite new and good type of civilised European culture, grafted on a healthy, uncultivated peasant stem.

The Governor of the distant Siberian town was that

same ex-Director of a Department who had been so much talked about in Petersburg at the time Nekhlúdoff was there. He was plump, with thin curly hair, soft blue eyes, carefully-tended white hands with rings on the fingers, and a pleasant smile; and was very big in the lower part of his body. The master of the house valued this Governor because, surrounded by bribe takers, he alone took no bribes. The mistress of the house, who was very fond of music and a very good pianist herself, valued him because he was a good musician and played duets with her.

Nekhlúdoff was in such good humour that even this man was not unpleasant to him, in spite of what he knew of his vices. The bright, energetic aide-de-camp, with his bluey grey chin, who was continually offering his services, pleased Nekhlúdoff by his good nature. But it was the charming young couple, the General's daughter and her husband, that pleased Nekhlúdoff best. The daughter was a plain-looking, simple-minded young woman, wholly absorbed in her two first children. Her husband, whom she had fallen in love with and married after a long struggle with her parents, was a Liberal, who had taken honours at the Moscow University, a modest and intellectual young man in Government service, who made up statistics, and studied chiefly the native tribes, whom he liked and tried to save from extinction.

All of them were not only kind and attentive to Nekhlúdoff, but evidently pleased to see him, as a new and interesting acquaintance. The General, who came in to dinner in uniform and with a white cross round his neck, greeted Nekhlúdoff as a friend, and asked the visitors to the side table to take a glass of *vódka* and something to whet their appetites. The General asked Nekhlúdoff what he had been doing since he left that morning, and Nekhlúdoff told him he had been to the post-office and had received news that the sentence on the person he had spoken about in the morning would

be mitigated, and again asked for a permission to visit the prison.

The General, apparently displeased that business should be mentioned at dinner, frowned and said nothing.

"Have a glass of *vódka*?" he asked, addressing the Englishman, who had just come up to the table. The Englishman drank a glass, and said he had been to see the cathedral and the factory, but would like to visit the great transportation prison.

"Oh, that will just fit in," said the General to Nekhlúdoff. "You will be able to go together. Give them a pass," he added, turning to his aide-de-camp.

"When would you like to go?" Nekhlúdoff asked.

"I prefer visiting the prisons in the evening," the Englishman answered. "All are indoors and there is no preparation; you find them all as they are."

"Ah, he would like to see it in all its glory! Let him do so. I have written about it and no attention has been paid to it. Let them find out from foreign publications," the General said, and went up to the dinner table, where the mistress of the house was showing the visitors their places. Nekhlúdoff sat between his hostess and the Englishman. In front of him sat the General's daughter and the ex-Director of the Government department in Petersburg. The conversation at dinner was carried on by fits and starts: now it was India that the Englishman talked about; now the Tonkin expedition that the General strongly disapproved of; now the universal bribery and corruption in Siberia. All these topics did not interest Nekhlúdoff much.

But after dinner, over their coffee, Nekhlúdoff and the Englishman began a very interesting conversation about Gladstone, and Nekhlúdoff thought he had said many clever things which were noticed by his interlocutor. And Nekhlúdoff felt it more and more pleasant to be sipping his coffee seated in an easy-chair, among amiable, well-bred people. And when at the English-

man's request the hostess went up to the piano with the ex-Director of the Government department, and they began to play in well-practised style Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Nekhlúdoff fell into a mental state of perfect self-satisfaction, to which he had long been a stranger, as though he had only just found out what a good fellow he was.

The grand piano was a splendid instrument, the Symphony was well performed. At least, so it seemed to Nekhlúdoff, who knew and liked that Symphony. Listening to the beautiful andante, he felt a tickling in his nose, he was so touched by his many virtues.

Nekhlúdoff thanked his hostess for the enjoyment that he had been deprived of for so long, and was about to say good-bye and go, when the daughter of the house came up to him with a determined look, and said, with a blush: "You asked about my children; would you like to see them?"

"She thinks that everybody wants to see her children," said her mother, smiling at her daughter's winning tactlessness. "The Prince is not at all interested."

"On the contrary, I am very much interested," said Nekhlúdoff, touched by this overflowing, happy mother-love. "Please let me see them."

"She's taking the Prince to see her babies," the General shouted, laughing from the card-table, where he sat with his son-in-law, the mine owner, and the aide-de-camp. "Go, go, pay your tribute."

The young woman, visibly excited by the thought that judgment was about to be passed on her children, went quickly towards the inner apartments, followed by Nekhlúdoff. In the third, a lofty room, papered with white, and lit up by a shaded lamp, stood two small cots, a nurse with a white cape on her shoulders sitting between; she had a kindly, true Siberian face, with its high cheek-bones.

The nurse rose and bowed. The mother stooped over

the first cot, in which a little two-year-old girl lay peacefully sleeping with her little mouth open and her long, curling hair tumbled over the pillow.

"This is Katie," said the mother, straightening the white and blue crochet coverlet, from under which a little white foot had pushed itself out.

"Is she not pretty? She's only two years old, you know."

"Lovely."

"And this is Vasiúk, as 'grandpapa' calls him. Quite a different type. A Siberian, is he not?"

"A splendid boy," said Nekhlúdoff, as he looked at the little fatty lying asleep on his stomach.

"Yes," said the mother, with a smile full of meaning.

Nekhlúdoff recalled to his mind chains, shaved heads, fighting and debauchery, the dying Kryltzóff, Katúsha and the whole of her past; and he began to feel envious, and to wish for what he saw here, which now seemed to him pure and refined happiness.

After having repeatedly expressed his admiration of the children, thereby at least partially satisfying their mother, who eagerly drank in this praise, he followed her back to the drawing-room, where the Englishman was waiting for him to go and visit the prison, as they had arranged. Having taken leave of their hosts, old and young, the Englishman and Nekhlúdoff went out into the porch of the house.

The weather had changed. It was snowing, and the snow fell densely in large flakes and already covered the road, the roof, and the trees in the garden, the steps of the porch, the roof of the trap and the back of the horse.

The Englishman had a trap of his own, and Nekhlúdoff, having told the coachman to drive to the prison, called his *isvóstchik* and got in with the heavy sense of having to fulfil an unpleasant duty, and followed the Englishman over the soft snow through which the wheels turned with difficulty.

CHAPTER XXV.

MÁSLOVA'S DECISION.

THE dismal prison house with its sentinel and lamp burning under the gateway, produced an even more dismal impression, with its long row of lighted windows, than it had done in the morning, in spite of the white covering that now lay over everything—the porch, the roof, and the walls.

The imposing Inspector came up to the gate, read the pass that had been given to Nekhlúdoff and the Englishman by the light of the lamp, and shrugged his fine shoulders in surprise; but, in obedience to the order, asked the visitors to follow him in. He led them through the courtyard, and then in at a door to the right and up a staircase into the office. He offered them a seat and asked what he could do for them; and when he heard that Nekhlúdoff would like to see Máslova at once, he sent a jailer to fetch her. Then he prepared himself to answer the questions which the Englishman began to put to him, Nekhlúdoff acting as interpreter.

"How many persons is the prison built to hold?" the Englishman asked. "How many are confined in it? How many men? How many women? Children? How many sentenced to the mines? How many exiles? How many sick persons?"

Nekhlúdoff translated the Englishman's and the Inspector's words without paying any attention to their meaning, and felt an awkwardness he had not in the least expected at the thought of the impending interview. When, in the midst of a sentence he was translating for the Englishman, he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and the office door opened, and, as had happened many times before, a jailer came in, followed by

Katúsha, and he saw her with a kerchief tied round her head and in a prison jacket, a heavy sensation came over him. "I wish to live, I want a family, children, I want a human life." These thoughts flashed through his mind as she entered the room with rapid steps and blinking her eyes.

He rose and made a few steps to meet her, and her face appeared hard and unpleasant to him. It was again as it had been at the time when she reproached him. She flushed and turned pale, her fingers nervously twisting a corner of her jacket; she looked up at him, then cast down her eyes.

"You know that a mitigation has come?"

"Yes, the jailer told me."

"So that as soon as the original document arrives you may come away and settle where you like. We shall consider——"

She interrupted him hurriedly. "What have I to consider? Where Vóldemar Símonson goes, there I shall follow." In spite of her excitement she was in she raised her eyes to Nekhlúdoff's, and pronounced these words quickly and distinctly, as if she had prepared what she had to say.

"Indeed!"

"Well, Dmítri Ivánovitch, you see he wishes me to live with him— –" and she stopped, quite frightened, and corrected herself. "He wishes me to be near him. What more can I desire? I must look upon it as happiness. What else is there for me——?"

"One of two things," thought he. "Either she has fallen in love with Símonson and does not in the least require the sacrifice I imagined I was bringing her, or she still loves me and refuses me for my own sake, and is burning her ships by uniting her fate with Símonson." And Nekhlúdoff felt ashamed, and knew that he was blushing.

"And you, yourself, do you love him?" he asked.

"Loving or not loving, what does it matter? I have

given up all that. And then Vóldemar Símonson is quite an exceptional man."

"Yes, of course," Nekhlúdoff began. "He is a splendid man, and I think——"

But she again interrupted him, as if afraid that he might say too much, or that she should not say all. "No, Dmítri Ivánovitch, you must forgive me if I am not doing what you wish," and she looked at him with those unfathomable, squinting eyes of hers. "Yes, it evidently must be so. You must live, too."

She said just what he had been telling himself a few moments before, but he no longer thought so now but felt very differently. He was not only ashamed, but felt sorry to lose all he was losing with her. "I did not expect this," he said.

"Why should you live here and suffer? You have suffered enough," she said and smiled.

"I have not suffered. It was good for me, and I should like to go on serving you if I could."

"We do not want anything," she said, and looked at him. "You have done so much for me as it is. If it had not been for you——" She wished to say more, but her voice trembled.

"You certainly have no reason to thank *me*," Nekhlúdoff said.

"Where is the use of our reckoning? God will make up our accounts," she said, and her black eyes began to glisten with the tears that filled them.

"What a good woman you are," he said.

"I, good?" she said through her tears; and a pathetic smile lit up her face.

"Are you ready?" the Englishman asked.

"Directly," replied Nekhlúdoff, and asked her about Kryltzóff.

She mastered her emotion, and quietly told him all she knew. Kryltzóff was very weak and had been sent into the infirmary. Mary Pávlovna was very anxious, and had asked to be allowed to go to the

infirmary as a nurse, but could not get the permission.

"Am I to go?" she asked, noticing that the Englishman was waiting.

"I will not say good-bye; I shall see you again," said Nekhlúdoff, holding out his hand.

"Forgive me," she said, so low that he could hardly hear her. Their eyes met, and Nekhlúdoff knew by the strange look of her squinting eyes, and the pathetic smile with which she said not "Good-bye," but "Forgive me," that of the two reasons that might have led to her resolution, the second was the real one. She loved him, and thought that by uniting herself to him she would be spoiling his life. By going with Símonson she thought she would be setting Nekhlúdoff free, and felt glad that she had done what she meant to do; and yet she suffered at parting from him.

She pressed his hand, turned quickly, and left the room.

Nekhlúdoff was ready to go, but saw that the Englishman was noting something down, and did not disturb him, but sat down on a wooden seat by the wall; and suddenly a feeling of terrible weariness came over him. It was not a sleepless night that had tired him, not the journey, not the excitement, but he felt terribly tired of living. He leaned against the back of the bench, shut his eyes and in a moment fell into a deep, heavy sleep.

"Well, would you like to look round the cells now?" the Inspector asked.

Nekhlúdoff looked up and was surprised to find himself where he was. The Englishman had finished his notes, and expressed a wish to see the cells.

Nekhlúdoff, tired and indifferent, followed him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ENGLISH VISITOR.

When they had passed the anteroom and the sickening, stinking corridor, in which to their astonishment they saw two prisoners making water on to the floor, the Englishman and Nekhlúdoff, accompanied by the Inspector, entered the first cell, where those sentenced to hard labour were confined. The beds took up the middle of the cell, and the prisoners were all in bed. There were about 70 of them. When the visitors entered, all the prisoners jumped up and stood beside the beds, excepting two, a young man who was in a state of high fever, and an old man who did nothing but groan.

The Englishman asked if the young man had long been ill. The Inspector said that he was taken ill in the morning, but that the old man had long been suffering with pains in the stomach, but could not be removed, as the infirmary was overfilled. The Englishman shook his head disapprovingly, said he would like to say a few words to these people, asking Nekhlúdoff to interpret. It turned out that besides studying the places of exile and the prisons of Siberia, the Englishman had another object in view, that of preaching salvation through faith and by the redemption.

"Tell them," he said, "that Christ died for them. If they believe in this they shall be saved." While he spoke, all the prisoners stood silent with their arms at their sides. "This book, tell them," he continued, "says all about it. Can any of them read?"

There were more than 20 who could.

The Englishman took several bound Testaments out of a hand-bag, and many strong hands, with their hard, black nails, stretched out from beneath the coarse shirt

sleeves towards him. He gave away two Testaments in this cell.

The same thing happened in the second cell. There was the same foul air, the same *icon* hanging between the windows, the same tub to the left of the door, and they were all lying side by side close to one another, and jumped up in the same manner and stood stretched full length with their arms by their sides, all but three, two of whom sat up, and one remained lying and did not even look at the new-comers; these three were also ill. The Englishman made the same speech and again gave away two books.

In the third room four were ill. When the Englishman asked why the sick were not put all together, into one cell, the Inspector said that they did not wish it themselves, that their diseases were not infectious, and that the medical assistant watched them and attended to them.

"He has not set foot here for a fortnight," muttered a voice.

The Inspector did not say anything, and led the way to the next cell. Again the door was unlocked, and all got up and stood silent; and again the Englishman gave away Testaments. It was the same in the fifth and sixth cells, in those to the right, and those to the left.

From those sentenced to hard labour they went on to the exiles.

From the exiles to those evicted by the Commune, and those who followed of their own free will.

Everywhere men, cold, hungry, idle, infected, degraded, imprisoned, were shown off like wild beasts.

The Englishman, having given away the appointed number of Testaments, stopped giving any more, and made no more speeches. The oppressing sight, and especially the stifling atmosphere, quelled even his energy, and he went from cell to cell saying nothing but "All right" to the Inspector's remarks about what prisoners there were in each cell.

Nekhlúdoff followed as in a dream, unable either to refuse to go on, or to go away, and with the same feelings of weariness and hopelessness.

CHAPTER XXVII.

KRYLTZÓFF AT REST.

In one of the exiles' cells, Nekhlúdoff, to his surprise, recognised the strange old man he had seen crossing the ferry that morning. This old man was sitting on the floor by the beds, barefooted, with only a dirty cinder-coloured shirt on, torn on one shoulder, and similar trousers. He looked severely and enquiringly at the new-comers. His emaciated body, visible through the holes of his shirt, looked miserably weak, but in his face was even more concentrated seriousness and animation than when Nekhlúdoff saw him crossing the ferry. As in all the other cells, so here also the prisoners jumped up and stood erect when the official entered, but the old man remained sitting. His eyes glittered and his brows frowned with wrath.

"Get up!" the Inspector called out to him.

The old man did not rise, and only smiled contemptuously.

"Thy servants are standing before thee. I am not thy servant. Thou bearest the seal——" The old man pointed to the Inspector's forehead.

"Wha-a-t?" said the Inspector threateningly, and made a step towards him.

"I know this man," Nekhlúdoff hastened to say; "what is he imprisoned for?"

"The police have sent him here because he has no passport. We ask them not to send such, but they will do it," said the Inspector, casting an angry side-look at the old man.

"And so it seems thou, too, art one of Antichrist's army?" the old man said to Nekhlúdoff.

"No, I am a visitor," said Nekhlúdoff.

"What, hast thou come to see how Antichrist tortures men? There, look, he has locked them up in a cage, a whole army of them. Men should eat bread in the sweat of their brow. And he has locked them up with no work to do, and feeds them like swine, so that they should turn into beasts."

"What is he saying?" asked the Englishman.

Nekhlúdoff told him the old man was blaming the Inspector for keeping men imprisoned.

"Ask him how he thinks one should treat those who do not keep to the laws," said the Englishman.

Nekhlúdoff translated the question. The old man laughed in a strange manner, showing his teeth.

"The laws?" he repeated with contempt. "He first robbed everybody, took all the earth, all the rights away from men, killed all those who were against him, and then wrote laws, forbidding robbery and murder. He should have written these laws before."

Nekhlúdoff translated. The Englishman smiled. "Well, anyhow, ask him how one should treat thieves and murderers at present?"

Nekhlúdoff again translated his question.

"Tell him he should take the seal of Antichrist off himself," the old man said, frowning severely; "then there will be no thieves and murderers. Tell him so."

"He is crazy," said the Englishman, when Nekhlúdoff had translated the old man's words; and shrugging his shoulders he left the cell.

"Do thy business and leave them alone. Every one for himself. God knows whom to execute, whom to forgive, and we do not know," said the old man. "Every man be his own chief, then the chiefs will not be wanted. Go, go!" he added, angrily frowning and looking with glittering eyes at Nekhlúdoff, who lingered in the cell. "Hast thou not looked long enough on how the servants of Antichrist feed lice on men? Go, go!"

Nekhlúdoff left the cell and joined the Englishman,

who was standing by an open door with the Inspector, asking what the cell was for.

"It is the mortuary."

"Oh," said the Englishman, and expressed the wish to go in.

The mortuary was an ordinary cell, not very large. A small lamp hung on the wall and dimly lit up sacks and logs of wood that were piled up in one corner, and four dead bodies lay on the bed-shelves to the right. The first body had a coarse linen shirt and trousers on; it was that of a tall man with a small beard, and half his head shaved. The body was quite rigid; the bluish hands that had evidently been folded on the breast, had separated; the legs were also apart, and the bare feet were sticking out. Next to him lay a barefooted old woman in a white petticoat, her head, with its thin plait of hair, uncovered, with a small, pinched, yellow face and a sharp nose. Beyond her was another man with something lilac on. This colour reminded Nekhlúdoff of something. He came nearer and looked at the body. The small, pointed beard sticking upwards, the firm, well-shaped nose, the high, white forehead, the thin, curly hair; he recognised the familiar features and could hardly believe his eyes. Yesterday he had seen this face, angry, excited, and full of suffering; now it was quiet, motionless, and terribly beautiful. Yes, it was Kryltzóff, or at any rate the trace that his material existence had left behind. "Why had he suffered? Why had he lived? Does he now understand?" Nekhlúdoff thought, and there seemed to be no answer, seemed to be nothing but death, and he felt faint. Without taking leave of the Englishman, Nekhlúdoff asked the Inspector to lead him out into the yard, and feeling the absolute necessity of being alone to think over all that had happened that evening, he drove back to his hotel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A NEW LIFE DAWNS FOR NEKHLÚDOFF.

NEKHLÚDOFF did not go to bed, but paced up and down his room for a long time. His business with Katúsha was at an end. He was not wanted, and this made him sad and ashamed. His other business was not only unfinished, but troubled him more than ever and demanded his activity. All this horrible evil that he had seen and learned to know lately, and especially to-day in that awful prison, this evil, which had killed that dear Kryltzóff, ruled, and was triumphant, and he could foresee no possibility of conquering or even knowing how to conquer it. Those hundreds and thousands of degraded human beings locked up in the noisome prisons by indifferent generals, *procureurs*, inspectors, rose up in his imagination; he remembered the strange, free old man accusing the officials, and therefore considered mad, and among the corpses the beautiful waxen face of Kryltzóff, who had died in anger. And again the question as to whether he was mad or those who considered they were in their right minds while they committed all these deeds, stood before him with renewed force and demanded an answer.

Tired of pacing up and down, tired of thinking, he sat down on the sofa near the lamp and mechanically opened the Testament which the Englishman had given him as a remembrance, and which he had thrown on the table when he emptied his pockets on coming in.

"It is said one can find an answer to everything here," he thought, and opened the Testament at random and began reading Matt. xviii. 1–4:

"*In that hour came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who then is greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And he called to him a little child, and set him in the*

midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

"Yes, yes, that is true," he said, remembering that he had known the peace and joy of life when he had humbled himself.

"*And whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me: but whoso shall cause one of these little ones which believe on me to stumble, it is profitable for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be sunk in the depths of the sea.*" *(Matt. xviii. 5, 6.)*

"What is this for, 'Whosoever shall receive?' Receive where? And what does 'in my name' mean?" he asked, feeling that these words did not tell him anything. "And why 'the millstone round his neck' and 'the depths of the sea?' No, that is not it: it is not clear," and he remembered how more than once in his life he had taken to reading the Gospels, and how want of clearness in these passages had repulsed him. He went on to read the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th verses about the occasions of stumbling, and that they must come, and about punishment by casting men into hell fire, and some kind of angels who see the face of the Father in Heaven. "What a pity that this is so incoherent," he thought, "yet one feels that there is something good in it."

"*For the Son of Man came to save that which was lost,*" he continued to read.

"*How think ye? If any man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and go unto the mountains, and seek that which goeth astray? And if so be that he find it,*

verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth over it more than over the ninety and nine which have not gone astray.

"*Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.*" (*v. 11–14.*)

"Yes, it is not the will of the Father that they should perish, and here they are perishing by hundreds and thousands. And there is no possibility of saving them," he thought.

"*Then came Peter, and said to him, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Until seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but until seventy times seven.*

"*Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would make a reckoning with his servants. And when he begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents. But forasmuch as he had not wherewith to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The servant therefore fell down and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, I will pay thee all. And the lord of that servant, being moved with compassion, released him and forgave him the debt. But that servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him a hundred pence: and he laid hold on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay what thou owest. So his fellow-servant fell down and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee. And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay that which was due. So when his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were exceeding sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. Then his lord called him unto him, and saith to him, Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt*

because thou besoughtest me: shouldst not thou also have had mercy on thy fellow-servant, even as I had mercy on thee?" (v. 21–33.)

"And is this all?" Nekhlúdoff suddenly exclaimed aloud, and the inner voice of the whole of his being said, "Yes, it is all."

And it happened to Nekhlúdoff, as it often happens to men who are living a spiritual life. The thought that seemed strange at first, and paradoxical, or even to be only a joke, being confirmed more and more often by life's experience, suddenly appeared as the simplest, truest certainty. In this way the idea that the only certain means of salvation from the terrible evil from which men are suffering is that they should always acknowledge themselves to be sinning against God, and therefore unable to punish or correct others, became clear to him. It became clear to him that all the dreadful evil he had been witnessing in prisons and jails, and the quiet self-satisfaction of the perpetrators of this evil, were the consequences of men trying to do what was impossible; trying to correct evil while evil themselves; vicious men were trying to correct other vicious men, and thought they could do it by using mechanical means. And the only consequence of all this was, that the needs and cupidity of some men induced them to take up this so-called punishment and correction as a profession, and themselves become utterly corrupt, and go on unceasingly depraving those whom they torment. Now he saw clearly whence came all the terrors he had seen, and what ought to be done to put a stop to them. The answer he had been unable to find was the same that Christ gave to Peter. It was that we should forgive always an infinite number of times, because there are no men who have not sinned themselves, and therefore none who may punish or correct others.

"But surely it cannot be so simple," thought Nekhlúdoff, and yet he saw with certainty, strange as it had

seemed at first, that it was not only a theoretical but also a practical solution of the question. The usual objection, "What is one to do with the evil doers? Surely not let them go unpunished?" no longer confused him. This objection might have a meaning if it were proved that punishment lessened crime, or improved the criminal; but when the contrary is proved, and it is evident that it is not in people's power to correct each other, the only reasonable thing to do is to leave off doing the things which are not only useless, but harmful, immoral, and cruel.

For many centuries people who were considered criminals have been tortured. Well, and have they ceased to exist? No; their numbers have been increased, not alone by the criminals corrupted by punishment, but also by those lawful criminals, the judges, *procureurs*, magistrates and jailers, who judge and punish men. Nekhlúdoff now understood that society, and order in general, exist, not because of these lawful criminals who judge and punish others, but because in spite of men being thus depraved, they still pity and love one another.

Hoping to find a confirmation of his thought in the Gospel, Nekhlúdoff began reading it from the beginning. When he had read the Sermon on the Mount, which had always touched him, he, for the first time, saw in it to-day not beautiful abstract thoughts, setting forth for the most part exaggerated and impossible demands, but simple, clear, practical laws. If these laws were carried out in practice (and this is quite possible) they would establish perfectly new and surprising conditions of social life, in which the violence that filled Nekhlúdoff with such indignation, would cease of itself. Not only this, but the greatest blessing attainable by men, the kingdom of heaven on earth, would be established. There were five of these laws.

The first commandment (Matt. v. 21–26), that man should not only do no murder, but even not be angry with his brother; should not consider any one worth-

less: "Raca," and if he has quarrelled with any one he should make it up with him before bringing his gift to God—*i.e.*, before praying.

The second commandment (Matt. v. 27–32), that man should not only not commit adultery but should not even seek for enjoyment in a woman's beauty; and if he has once come together with a woman he should never be faithless to her.

The third commandment (Matt. v. 33–37), that man should never bind himself by oath.

The fourth commandment (Matt. v. 38–42) that man should not only not demand an eye for an eye, but when struck on one cheek should hold out the other; should forgive an offence, and bear it humbly, and never refuse the service others demand of him.

The fifth commandment (Matt. v. 43–48), that man should not only not hate his enemy and not fight him, but love him, help him, serve him.

Nekhlúdoff sat staring at the lamp, and his heart stood still. Recalling the monstrous confusion of the life we lead, he distinctly saw what that life could be if men were brought up to obey these rules; and rapture such as he had long not felt, filled his soul. Just as if after long days of weariness and suffering he had suddenly found ease and freedom.

He did not sleep all night, and as it happens to many and many a man who reads the Gospels, he understood for the first time the full meaning of the words read so often before but passed by unnoticed. He drank in all these necessary, important, and joyful revelations as a sponge imbibes water. And all he read seemed so familiar, and seemed to confirm, to form into a conception, what he had known long ago but had never realised and never quite believed. Now he realised and believed it, and not only realised and believed that if men would obey these laws they would obtain the highest blessing to which they can attain, he also realised and believed that the only duty of every man is to fulfil these

laws; that in this lies the only reasonable meaning of life; that every deviation from these laws is a mistake which is immediately followed by retribution. This flowed from the whole of the teaching, and was most strongly and clearly illustrated in the parable of the vineyard.

The husbandmen imagined that the vineyard in which they were sent to work for their master was their own, that all that was in it was made for them, and that their business was to enjoy life in this vineyard, forgetting the Master and killing all those who reminded them of his existence. "Are we do not doing the same," Nekhlúdoff thought, "when we imagine ourselves to be masters of our lives, and that life is given us for enjoyment? This evidently is an incongruity. We were sent here by some one's will and for some reason. And we have concluded that we live only for our own joy, and of course we feel unhappy, as labourers do when not fulfilling their Master's orders. The Master's will is expressed in these commandments. If men will only fulfil these laws, the kingdom of heaven will be established on earth, and men will receive the greatest good that they can attain.

"'*Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.*'

"And so here it is,—the business of my life. Scarcely have I finished one, and another is commenced." And a perfectly new life dawned that night for Nekhlúdoff, not because he had entered into new conditions of life, but because everything he did after that night had a new and quite different significance. How this new period of his life will end, time alone will prove.

FINIS.

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